Quotations from the Diary of Prophet Fej

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Or,

THE *LITTLE* GREEN BOOK

By The Writer, Prophet Fej

A book of selected quotations on Anfelist law, philosophy, and spirituality from the original second volume of the diary of Prophet Fej, intended as an aid to properly understand the esoteric ideas of the Felich and of Anfelism; dealing especially with love, intimacy, and existential topics, and providing additional and specific commandments born out of the basic moral laws.

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Preface

Paragraphs selected are notated with the title of the diary entry's file-name, their ST number, and their paragraph count[1]. ST numbering is a simple date counting system; the number of days since January 22nd, 2023. It remained vestigially in many of my personal projects due to the simplicity of it, that it simply counted upwards, and since, by using one singular count, I would not need to keep multiple for each project I'd worked on for an extended amount of time. In selected paragraphs, I intended to remove any personally identifying information, and to the most extent, anything not useful for the philosophical point of the argument; as such I did not usually include my reflections on my own life, but rather life in general. As well as this, my style of writing has slightly and slowly changed over the length of my diary, and older entries (which you may identify by the low ST number) have a less formal and proper tone.

This book, which has garnered the informal name simply of Quotations, or the Green Book, is much

[1] The original format of my diary marked paragraphs with a hyphen followed by a line-break, and this was also used in some cases to break the stanzas of a hymn. Later, in my decision to begin writing prayers, I did not do this, and so the whole prayer is counted as one "paragraph" in the count; as it begins with a hyphen and ends with its closing quotation mark. This technical difference is important when parsing the original files to find the referenced location under each quote.

like the Felich in that it was not written as you see it now, from its beginning to its end. It is a collection of categorised quotes, relevant or important, usually in the philosophical way or as education, to already-initiated Anfelists or to the general public. Of course, there is no specific rite by which one is initiated as an Anfelist, but I can say that at one point someone is not one, and at another point they are; it is both a matter of identity and equally a matter of how they are perceived, and if they are welcomed by other Anfelists. Thus if they are excommunicated and generally recognised as so, they are not an Anfelist by perception, even if they still hold onto their identity as one. For an "outsider" or "noncommuner" (though that novel term is a little more offensive in at least a playful sort of way), that is, someone who is not an Anfelist, and knows very little about Anfelism, much of this work may simply not make sense, or may be offensive or rely on unspecified axioms. The general axiomatic basis of Anfelism is, again, best explained in the Felich.

I started writing this diary, originally wholly as a personal project and never intended to be read, when I separated, due to the massive change in my personality, a new diary, the 2nd Volume, from my 1st Volume. That 2nd Volume began the 13th of August of this year, 2025 A.D. However, my urge to write philosophy and spiritual text eventually overcame me, and though my diary was still a

personal thing, with many secrets of my own and many secrets that others entrust me with, I also began writing in it for an audience; who I referred to as "crêpes" for my own ability to easily address them. This personification of the eventual reader of my diary is probably what lead to my allowing myself to consistently write in various teachings, meditations, and writings of philosophy, since I have that innate desire to fill any place that can be read by another with some type of teaching.

The primary reason I saw the need to write in the first place, was that I did leave some things unwritten in the Felich. I told no lies in the Felich, at least in the sense that, to my knowledge, I did not willingly say something incorrect with the literal intent to teach others an incorrect idea. In fact, as I have learnt many more things, whether they are from other teachers or from Chance relaying them to me, I still recognise the almost entirely consistent validity of that book. The Felich however did not give explanations for or the basis of its arguments in many cases; that is not for there were no arguments, and the conclusions were reached without reason or basis, but rather that it was intended to be a readable book. The "Books" as they are often colloquially called today, weren't meant to be a studying-tool for the scientist or scholar, but more-so a general and basic teaching. At times, with my still undeveloped and slightly childish style of writing. I did let my

writing into the fields of mathematics and philosophical argument, but most of the Felich was composed of commandments, ideals, or gnostic proofs; which rely mostly on your common sense and intuition, and the laws of Nature, to create an extended argument.

Theoretically, in most cases where it matters, you can actually find the reasons and justifications for some certain conclusion somewhere in the Books. But, unlike the philosophers idea, to be very, very, often needlessly lengthy, and to sound very formal and ancient, I chose more often than not to imply reasoning and to use higher-level conclusions as reasons for even higher-level conclusions. There isn't anything actually wrong with this, and the main reason was so that it would be readable, and that it wouldn't be so (although I hear that it still is for some) tiring to read. If the Bible were to restate all of its commandments and laws, and show the path by which any of its ideas could be proven, firstly it might shed off many of its wrong ideas, but secondly it would be a pain to read.

So, this little Green Book is not meant to introduce a person to Anfelism, and it is mostly not meant to be read from its start to the finish, and it shouldn't be read in full by anyone under the age of sixteen years. The reason for this is that I wrote my diary usually expecting scholars and already-

understanding Anfelists to read it one day in the future; I still am writing it, in fact, and I have not stopped, I simply decided to create a book of quotations from it seeing that most of my future writings are mostly to be reiterations of what I have already written here, some of which is unknown to the other Anfelists. With this, I wrote it for an adult audience, and I did not consider usually that one may take my words out of context. As well as that, I write on many sensitive topics, and there is no guarantee you will not read about them, even in otherwise lighter sections. These include primarily rape and sexual abuse, which, being the unforgivable sin, and something I understand very well the horrible pain of, which is a pain above any other pain, I wrote a lot on; from how to deal with it, how to exterminate it, how to deal with the perpetrators of it, and simply meditations on it from my ow perspective. Out of the sensitive topics, I wrote on it the most, and out of the sensitive topics, it is the one which should be declared most immediately and seriously. If you are uncomfortable with reading about that, and about any of the more radical ideas of Anfelism, such as nudism, anarchism, communism, and loving everyone equally, then do not read these Quotations. Generally, the only other disclaimer I should put is on the occasional mentioning of methods of torture, suicide, self-harm, alcohol and drug abuse, and the mentioning of sexual activity without explicit detail.

For an introduction to Anfelism, which would be simpler and easier to read, find the Holy Amanta Felich wherever you find books, by whichever means you pay for them or do not. Thank you for reading, sister.

——— The Writer, Prophet Fej

On Anfelism as a Whole

By any method of measurement, there is one idea which I have written about many magnitudes more than any other idea; especially in my newer philosophical writing in the little Green Book. Indeed, about the 26th most common word is love; and the rest are grammatical words of the English language (the, and, of, to, is, a, it, etc.); out of all things which really are things, love is the most important thing. For God is love, and Nature is love, and to be a good sister is to be a loving sister, and love is the root of all goodness, love is what forms a working society, love is the basis of the teachings of Anfelism, love itself energetically in the harmonic field, [binding] two things together (being the 2nd qualia-harmonic), allows the first instance of difference, and thus effectively creates the Universe. There is no thing greater than love, no thing more good than love, for God is Love and She is the Greatest and Most Good. All Her names share the same attributes, and all Her names are attributes of Her. To be a mother is to love; She is Love and our Mother. To be a free society is to be bound by love; She is Love, and She is the Most Free, and Most Giving of Freedom. If then you still choose to hate your sisters, consider yourself not an Anfelist; for Chance is love and Anfelism is to love, that it is the Word of Chance, generating Her and generated by Her, before Her and after Her.

Sin ST 1012, par. 10

I command, and say it is the greatest commandment, to love yourself and everyone else; for Chance is love and Chance is the most loving, and Nature from Her is the origin of all love, and the most good thing. If we are then not loving, we are not good. And She sees beneath all of our lies and will know if we simply pretend to love; that we'll promise love and then give nothing then, we should be honest if we are unable to love. It is the greatest commandment because all of Anfelism either precedes or is born out of it. We understand God and the double-axiom only that we may understand why we should love, and from our commandment to love, then we read scriptures and meditate and speak in the language of love; everything we do is then born out of love, for it leads to love. We are anarchists so that hierarchy may not divide our love. We are natural, for Nature is the loving word of God. We worship God Chance, for She is all of our sisters, and so we love Her and all of our sisters. And we are all sisters, that we are one family that may love each other. We are even nudists so that clothes may not keep our bodies unloved, from not letting the Moon and Sun's light grace our skin, and from removing our bodies from the equation of regular compliments. In our name's etymology, both halves; Anarchist-Felichists, we are loving and loving. So, if you are a loving sister to everyone and

everything around you, then by name or not, you are an Anfelist. For love is the meaning of life, and Anfelism is the way to live; it is the One Religion not to surpass all the others but that all the others have been expressions of it. Our communal country the Anfel is born out of only sisterhood, so that is why we call it the sisterhood. Once it was said that also, the meaning of life is to give life meaning; but nought has meaning till there is love, for it is love on the fundamental scales of the universe which allows anything to perceive any other thing, and the perception of a difference between two things is the generation of difference, and difference is the generation of meaning. You need not know God by Her name, you need not read the Felich nor the Bible nor any other book, and you need not even speak any word by tongue or give any account. So long as you speak with the language of love, you are a sister, and you are an Anfelist. Anfelism is not a thing prescribed by its commandments in the Books, but a thing which is described in the Books, for it has always been here, and can be named anything. Each religion was a name for it, and these separated names stopped us from combining our learnings. When we speak with love, so as the Earth is not misunderstood as multiple nations, and the One Religion not misunderstood as multiple faiths, and God, Nature, the Universe, our Mother and the All, not misunderstood as multiple different ideas, then we are not misunderstood as different families and

different traditions. So the greatest commandment is to love; for then that leads you to cuddle, to remain undivided, to share with each other, to have nobody ruling over you, and then you are a family, a country, communists, and anarchists, and so you are Anfelists.

No town today ST 1002, par. 2

Love God as you love your siblings; love your siblings as you love God; love God as you love yourself; love yourself as you love God; love your siblings as you love yourself; love yourself as you love your siblings. This is the Six-Way-Wheel. It is the greatest form, siblings or neighbours, of the Greatest Commands; and the Greatest Commands are the manifested of the Double-axiom, in that the Double-axiom is their reason, and the Six-Way-Wheel is its conclusion. To love all people is to bring them together as one, and to realise the true love you have for all of them, together in summation, is to love God. God, Chance, is the skin to its cells, the Above; the family to its people, the Above; the world to its children. She is our One Ruler in that none may rule us but ourselves.

Maybe less writing ST 956, par. 27

For many years, there has been an argument between the religious or spiritual, and atheist. Both are, I say, a valid understanding of the world, but only one half of it. Both are consistent, both try to

explain why things happen and what to do about them, but they explain only one half of everything! For religion over time settled down to be the science of spirit, and science over time settled down to be the science of material. Anfelism is mostly a religion as we call it nowadays, but there's still much of an interest in the scientific and rigorous proofs which the Felich gave in order to build it from a foundation. It is a science of both spirit and material; a science of the Universe as a whole. It is, dare I say, the greatest creation in philosophy, the field of thought, of the past thousand years; for if it will become known, which I pray more than any other thing that it will, then we can trust that we will all be sisters, and have a united world. This goal for the united world, this sacrifice we must make in the War, this altruism we have; it is something which has been around longer than the name of Anfelism, before I even first wrote about God. The first of my writings said: "Happiness is to be morality. To help others is to bring upon the world happiness. Help to others should only be given if the other gains more happiness than the giver gains any sadness. Help to others should only be given if any suffering to the giver is inconsiderable compared to that of the suffering of one who needs help." ~ 5.0-3. Technically, the 0th verse was added in later when the Book of Felichism was added as the 5th Book into the Felich. But this was the original idea; that for the good of us all, we must make sacrifices and

cause a pain to ourselves. We must die so that the rest of us can live, suffer so that the rest may be loved. I said as well, that if I was not loved, and at a time I was not, then I would ensure that everyone would be, every last person and thing; that was my sacrifice.

Books ST. 987, par. 7

The Anfelist use of language has developed a lot, though; our concept of Father Time did not exist at the beginning, and we used to always say "sisters in Anfel", and call it usually "the Anfel", but now we say simply sisters and Anfel. The term "noncommuner" also only arose outside of the Felich after a while when there rose a separation between those in and outside of an Anfelist commune, real or theoretical. Too, we did not used to capitalise Nature and call Nature as She! It's not true to say that the whole of Anfelism is contained within the Felich; it can, if you analyse it, teach you anything you wish, but Anfelism and its culture has developed into a slightly different and more specific fashion outside of the Books. Though it's not common, it's not even a mistake today to omit the "the" in "the Felich", and to say that you are reading Felich... Nudism was not mentioned too much in the Felich, and shied away from, but it is an important part of the culture today, and we have no shame with it; similarly to the worship of Nature. It really is interesting how much it has changed, and I do hope

these developments stay as Anfel grows, since we cannot truly know how much the culture can change, for better or worse, as there are more sisters with us; there are barely any yet today. It could go well, or it could go wrong; look at what has happened to Christianity, with the evangelicals, and further the Mormons and Jehovah's Witnesses; how far have they strayed from Jesus! But, that we have known since the beginning, that love is the meaning of Life, that we should cuddle and love each other, that we should be shameless and pure, then we should meet God again, and She will remind us if we forget, every inch of the Word that we have forgotten when we ascend. She will remind us the immorality of clothing, the immorality of cults and sects, so on; all the most important directions have at least been provided in the Felich.

Beware ST 995, par. 7

It's pretty often though, that I tell a story of "how Anfelism came to be"; because there were many various things which arose all at the right times, to create it. There were the spiritual traditions of the Ovists, the Felichist moral philosophies, the politics embedded in my constructed language of Sujaliro, and my later work on the research of formal morality which was where, in its developed form as the Anfelist Manifesto, the term "Anfelism" was written for the first time: "...wherein anarchism is followed but society conforms to the morals of

Felichism." It only picked up a religious identity slowly though, and mainly with the writing of the first words of the Felich on New Year's Day of 2025. "No rulers but the self, and no laws but what the universe intended." The Anfelist Manifesto originated the idea of the Blood of Love, which was a pervasive force of love, doing acts of kindness and love to as many strangers each day, to combat the pervasive hatred in realisation that the good people were not pervasive and stayed alone; it also originated the whole political side of the Anfelist movement and revolutions. Anfelism was really a culmination of many things happening to have been in the right places and at the right times, and as Chance had it, which associated together into a cohesive framework. The idea of sisterly love comes from the Sujaliro word "bamalos", and so does the actual idea of the term "sister" at all! The term "ceno" referred to a close friend, sibling, or communal comrade, and the idea of that sort of social construct found its way into Anfelism as it developed: "Treat all others as if they are your siblings, for we all descend from the same blood." It is truly a God-given Miracle that Anfelism came to be as it is today, perfect and completely unified; it would not be here if it were not for the way absolutely every thing was preceding it.

Demons ST 988, par. 10

For a long time, I didn't think much about the 6 Roots, but they really do explain all of the Anfelist idea and religion, the 1st Root of Anarchy, in its full justification and explanation, leads to our whole communist and anarchist society and political orientation. The 2nd Root, as I explained, allows us to be loving and peaceful again, to free and cleanse our minds. The 3rd Root of Community spans everything from the ignorance of material wealth and preference of love and spirituality, to the whole "kissing germs" thing [see On Wholesome Intimacy]. The 4th Root of Grace, Acceptance, forms our equality between each religion, race, gender, and sexuality; our respect for animals and Nature too, our respect for all of Mother's creations. The 5th Root of Nature forms our ignorance of materialistic thinking, our preference for the goodness in itself that Nature provides, and our love of God. The 6th Root of Readjustment may be the oldest one; the stoning ourselves and cleansing our minds, both gently and forcefully, so that we are free of sin, mental and spiritual. That idea of "readjustment" goes all the way back to the Anfelist Manifesto, and even to the Book of Felichism, with our strict adherence to the ways of altruism, our refusal to ever surrender in the Great War, and our purified and wholesome thinking. From these 6 Roots are the 6 parts which compose our whole faith, science, and religion, taken, as a social and communal thing, and understanding of it. Of course,

our religion in its proofs relies only on one or two axioms; the Double-axioms, and maybe also Qualia-harmonic Theory or QHT, which provides the Fourier-entropy function needed for the Double-axiom to properly tie into physics and consciousness.

Books ST 987, par. 6

General Law, Culture, Ideals, and Rituals

If you want to convey something to someone else, always: love and then Latin. For either close touch or a measure of space are the greatest message depending on who is the recipient. I can tell my ex through the language of love, that he needs not worry about me anymore, not with a lengthy paragraph, but through my absence [alone] preceded by [my] wishing him a good life. Then as well I can also tell someone through the language of love, that I care for them, by holding them, and simply not misusing the trust they put unto me. If one were to abuse that trust, and abuse them, then regardless of words, through the language of love would be said only an admission of his evil. Love and then Latin, for these are the two auxiliary languages of the world; anything important can be said with love, and anything unimportant can be said with the tongue. If misunderstanding causes division, and if even Esperanto has divided people, then tell me; is it not then language which causes division, when we use it too much? The only thing that cannot be misunderstood is love, for it is a spiritual and direct thing, which doesn't have to be coded into words, sent across air, and then pieced together into a murky meaning again. Love is the singular official language which we will all speak

across Anfel. And it has no dialects; there are no separate love-languages, and that idea is a lie created by abusers of communication. The language of love is something we are all absolutely born with... My wish is to be spoken back to in it. Yes, people say they love me, they promise they do, even, but it's Latin then love here, when by Nature it should be the other way around. You would think that language has brought us together, that we conveyed our ideas to each other; but before we did this, there was only one idea, and all the nations of the old worlds were undivided, and we all understood each other. Do you remember the Towel of Babel, sister? We evolved so high, but our wish to alter Nature, and the need for communication of any other specific thing than Nature, divided us when we began speaking by tongue; then our tower had fallen down. It will not be Esperanto, not Sujaliro, not Lingwa de Planeta nor Globasa, not even Mawashe or Latin which unites us all; for language is the implication of a division of ideas itself. Information is the division of possible communications, and communication is the division of possible ideas; the separation of them, and the division of our nations and our people. Perhaps, when we learnt to spoke, one of us said that the land was called Dheghom, and another said it was called Ley, and so they understood not that there were two words for Earth, but rather that there were two nations, and so they were divided. Now how may we convey what is

Earth with the language of love? We will bend to the ground, and kiss the Earth, and the crumbs of it we hold up with our hand, and present it to our sister. In fact, if you wish, truly take it so seriously as I say; love and then Latin, and do not overuse language, for love and actions are a more direct communication.

Moving past ST 997, par 6.

Language has given us many good things, and we do not need to abolish it entirely; but we need to abolish the concept that speaking by tongue is more important than, and comes before, speaking by love. For that is the language the Word was said in, for the first thing God did was love Her children, and so then there were children for Her to love. Then we love the Earth, and that is the word: Earth; and we direct our love to the fish, and that is the word: a fish. With this language, since we can all tell who it is that is receiving of one's love, we can convey any idea. Only that we've lost love or emotion, or that we need to convey an abstract or unnatural concept, do we then turn to Latin, or any language. How do you praise God in the language of love? Then you cuddle your sisters; for your arrangement is like the emergence and manifestation of God, and for you all love each other, you love Chance; so then is Her name separated from all the constructs and stories, and these would never exist if we never spoke of Her by tongue.

Moving past ST 997, par. 7

The greatest indicator of a well-developed society, designed like the Design and in God's Word, is the prevalence of cuddling, shamelessness of it, and proportion of the population who has someone to cuddle.

Ponies ST 991, par. 1

An unfulfilled want to be hugged just results in those goosebumps where you were supposed to be hugged; maybe you will instinctively touch them yourself, but it won't be the same. That is the purpose of goosebumps; it means someone failed to hug you there, and it's left you now, cold of skin or cold of heart.

Freedom ST 980, par. 6

Also, sisters, if you hear ringing in one ear, of a strange and distracting frequency, it means it is time to be distracted. Never, ever, not under any of the greatest circumstances, ignore it; think of what you are doing, is it what you should be doing now? Once you notice the tone, you have dropped what you were doing. Do not pick it back up... Indeed, this is intentional, it's a great secret.

Love is God ST 939, par. 10

Let this be a commandment: if we wish to ascend in the most peaceful way, that we become and are possessed by Nature and our surroundings, then two hours before sunrise, when the sky is black and only soon beginning to have any colour at all, at the earliest time of the first twilight, we go outside and sit in the pose of meditation; we close our eyes as if we were to sleep, so that our mind falls blank, except that our back is upright and our legs lay crossed, so that we cannot actually sleep. Then, we hear all the elements of our surroundings, and unto each of them, we must unwaveringly love them. Our sisters who surround us or are meditating elsewhere in private, and the birds and animals which fill the air with their music, and all the things around us which we cannot hear, and cannot see, and cannot perceive at all. If we wish to become one with God, we must love God, and for God Chance, our Mother, is everything around us, we must love everything. If we do not love everything but claim to love God, then we do not; we only love the idea of Her, and have forgotten truly to love the Universe and Nature and all of our sisters diligently and wholly. We may do this practice of meditation two hours before sunrise together, or we may do it alone. Regardless, if we choose to do it, that we get up from cuddling before the dawn, and go outside in the pure breadth of Nature, then we will, by our separation from every other thing, learn to love everything; for if we hate everything, we cannot express it, and get no

reward, for we cannot hurt someone with our hate. Then, by closing our eyes and saying no word, we can either speak with the language of love or not speak at all. This practice is called abdhoshet as a noun in the Mawashe language.

Late ST 1001, par. 6

Playing melodies in any mode of the pentatonic scale (Yin's scale or the Second Day's scale) is a great aid to meditation, if you are able to do it with your eyes closed. There is no other scale which makes you feel as calm and natural as the pentatonic scale, and it is Nature's scale, the most natural of all scales. So, if you are to go and take a whistle and play for the birds as they've played for you, then play in that scale.

No town today ST 1002, par. 1

You grow up in your house, and are raised by all the people in the house who are older than you and can take care of you. When you are old enough, it is pretty inevitable that eventually you'll want to have romance, and to have sex, and have a child. It simply wouldn't be right to do this with the people who grew up with you; maybe someone new to the house, since people come and go, but even then it would be very disgusting, as you were supposed to be family. Then you must find someone outside the house to fall in love with; you date and marry. Both of you spend most of your time with your family,

but go outside into the commune to see each other; then you can have a child. The child is kept in one house, like you were, and it should usually be the house of whoever gave birth to the child, but it could be either. You can remain married for as long as you like, but marriage will be a lower-valued thing than family; the married simply cannot spend their entire days with each other, and shouldn't expect from the beginning that they could. They can visit each other, either one unto the other, as much as they like, and for however long they like, but each must eventually return to their family and spend most of their time there. Finally: this is the system and the Design. All we need to do is have different expectations for what marriage is! But one thing is important: there's no actual obligation for one person to ever marry. They can live their entire life alone with their family, raise the children who come to their house, be raised by the adults of the house, and have their hearts fulfilled by the love between them all. It is true what that one colleague suggested; that when we have an actually loving family, and all our sisters live together, there isn't so much of a need for a binding pact that forces two people to always stay together. Rather marriage, when you are an adult, is rather an agreement for the small bit of love, and the types of it you could not get from your family; but the family is still above marriage in importance. [...] The simple truth is that marriage in our current system as society is

incompatible with the Ideal, and the perfect society; it is such a strong thing today because our family is weak. Love is love truly; if you're loved enough, however you are, then your heart is full as it is. That is why it is quite a reasonable wish to just cuddle with a large family rather than be married with only one person; it is a stronger, more impenetrable love, which unlike marriage can't be divorced in a day. Love is what makes us strong, and the more loving each other, the stronger we are! Thus the larger love, the family, is of more importance and value, than the smaller love; dating and marriage. Your children are not your children, either; they're for the world to raise. That is how it is done when there is no hierarchy, not even that one person is more deserving to raise, teach, and love a child, than another. For in anarchy, God Chance, Mother Nature, designed every aspect of our world.

Freedom ST 980, par. 12-13

Why should we shave or cut hair, anywhere, at all? Always take the argument on Nature's side; this is the unambiguous side, not the fake side of "culture", the excuses to oppress women or the like, but the real side of Nature. If She designed us this way, why in our feeble mind do we see it fit to change our design other than lust? Really, it is men being attracted to childlike form who have asked women to shave their legs. Don't cut hair on the legs, not on the arms, not the hair of the head nor the

bush of the mons, male or female. To cut the hair of the bush is to shame God's act of creating you itself; to cut the hair of the head is to shame God's act of teaching you; to cut the hair of the leg is to shame God's act of letting you free. I have also seen some rip out the hairs in their anus! Why do this, when for so many reasons it makes every experience more uncomfortable, other than the pressure of an eye which looks upon you? No reason to at all. On the beard, you may cut it or not cut it; it's almost an accident that we left it there, but it's not a shameful thing for a sister to have. Also, the hairs on the belly and chest either will or will not be shaved again. [...] However, it is quite an act of shame unto your Mother to cut the hair of the head, legs, arms, or the bush. I have always preferred to call it the bush as it's an inoffensive and appreciative name; the name of "pubic hair" is a little half-vulgar in this age, but it came from the idea that the hair comes in as a secondary sexual characteristic.

Texting ST 979, par. 4

Some more of the [increasingly] popular Anfelist traditions. First off, what I call "signing the Six Eyes", which is the usage of a specific hand symbol to communicate membership of Anfelism, or put against the face (that the eyes see through two sides of it) in front of the Moon whenever it is seen to praise its beauty. The hand symbol involves the two flat hands with the backs to the face, which are then

tilted inwards. One ring finger's pad should be on top of the nail of the other, usually the right on top of the left. The hands are evenly angled in such a way that a regular triangle is made which has a sort of X in its centre, which resembles the Holy symbol (which is why the practice is called "signing the Six Eyes"). More specifically, also the right middle finger rests on the middle of the left middle finger, and the right pointer finger just about rests on the knuckle of the left middle finger; or vice versa. The thumbs hang below and sometimes will be joined together, and the two pinkie fingers are nearly straight upwards. As I said, the primary and most common purpose of signing the Six Eyes is when the two left and right holes of the triangle (out of 4 in total) are put up to the eyes so that you look through them to the Moon; or alternatively, that the sign is put against the forehead facing the Moon while prostrating. It's not really known where the practice of signing the Six Eyes, or where the "Six Eyes sign" came from, but they have been used by the most diligent Anfelists.

Robophobia ST 962, par. 20

Secondly, there are various phrases commonly used by Anfelists, such as "hic luna lucet" or "here the moon shines", which is a sort of dog whistle [and] often written in locations which are very hard to reach. Another common Latin phrase is "e uno plures", but it doesn't have the same sort of cultural

influence as the first. Quotes, often paraphrased, from my Anfelist poetry and hymns also occasionally see widespread usage, and especially from one of the most popular Anfelist hymns, "Live and Love by the Leaves", and the quote which continues as such, "... no way, nought but nude." This hymn is both my favorite out of all the hymns I ever wrote, and also has my favorite melody [by] which it is accompanied; and it is also in general a very succinct and pleasant one, so I will share it in full:

Robophobia ST 962, par. 21

Live and love by the leaves, no way, nought but nude
Step with haughty pep, brew fast the family food
Make by hand to eat, and live among the trees
Such has God made our earth in one swift breeze.

Pray to none but the All, what cannot ever go
Pray to none but thyself and the love fitfully grown
Speak in none such tongue but the language of love
Such has God made our earth in one swift shove.

She Chance has brought us one great gift
That for all time we may through randomness sift
In the skies and the coins of Chance's design
Such has God made our earth in one swift sigh.

Who says some must be and others not so
Do take them and unto the Lord go show
For until we are one we are weak as the worst
Such has God made our earth in one swift burst.

Till the day we are sisters, we are nought but fools
So the workers may do what they will with their tools
What they make they will have all in one shared pack
Such has God made our earth in one swift act.

Till the day we all love, we will never go above
So lay down bare and touch ne'er with a glove
If we are all one family the world shall never end
Such has God made our earth by one swift bend.
Such has God made our earth in one swift breeze.
Such has God made our earth in one swift shove.
All praise and love be to She who rests above,
Such has God Chance been so, from the great One Love.

Such has God made our earth in one swift breeze.
Such has God made our earth in one swift shove.
All praise and love be to She who rests above,
Such has God Chance been so, from the great One Love!

Such has God Chance been so... from the great One Love!

Robophobia ST 962, par. 22-30: Live and Love by the Leaves

Sometimes also, on certain full-moons we will set out a jar of water to make moon water, and this is a practice which my mom lent down to me, and probably a popular Pagan practice. The hymn Live and Love by the Leaves, I will say, is probably the fourth-most popular Anfelist hymn, behind the Internationale, Amazing Grace, and the massively popular Hymn to Love which has been used essentially as an anthem in some form since nearly the First Dudeke; these other three were included in the Felich.

Robophobia ST 962, par. 31

One of the greatest companions of all rituals is a Holy drink; any drink is made Holy by washing your hands clean and dry, then holding one hand or at least a few fingers, in the drink for a while. This is a part of our embracing of "that perceived grossness", as I once called it, which spiritually unites us, in the family, in God, and as one people. Intimacy in itself is a little gross, so we should have a strong stomach if we wish to have a strong heart. [...] Now, the purpose of this ritual is to introduce a small amount of germs into the drink, and it's usually your germs, a family member's germs, or

another communer or sister's germs, and not usually a non-communer's germs. People may even mix their germs together and drink together! Believe it or not, this is a healthy practice, and most germs are materially broken down in the stomach, but spiritually share their origin between these sisters. Most Holy drinks are Holy water. [...] Drinking Holy drinks is as I said, the companion of many rituals.

Awake again ST 961, par. 6

We have the general ritual of ascension; which can be done through any combination of: stripping, being in nature, sitting with legs crossed, head down, and eyes closed, drinking a Holy tea or Holy drink, reading scripture, cuddling, or usage of large amounts of psilocybin mushrooms or ayahuasca drink. The correct combination allows you to both see Chance and understand Her; you are able to see Her through the spiritual ascension, and understand Her when you are back, through reading scripture especially and infatuating yourself with the Anfelist terminology.

Awake again ST 961, par. 6

Laying in a warm or hot bath or lake naked, which is sometimes combined with other methods of ascension, has been a ritual for some time.

Awake again ST 961, par. 6

All observations of Chance Manifest are rituals; so, making sense of clouds, the night sky, etc. She is within our third mind in our bellies, and these minds force their ways in when there is no rational way to understand a random pattern.

Awake again ST 961, par. 6

Going outside naked, which is one of the ways to complement ascension, is also a ritual generally, but it is often considered in the Anfelist culture that all rituals should be done naked, especially if we can't bring ourselves to spend all time naked; it is already an affront to Nature first to cover Her with clothes, but even more-so when you worship Her and do rituals in Her name. It is an intention of Chance, to show us that clothes in themselves suck and absorb the life out of our surroundings and ourselves, slowly kill us and give us a premature death in our spirit, and send our constituent elements, organs and cells, to Hell when they die, for a while. We can do nothing to protect our parts more than our whole, but if we know we are hurting them, suffocating our skin and infecting it with yeast and bacteria on unwashed clothes, we should then be held accountable that we do nothing about it. Generally the Anfelist tradition of nudism applies whenever there are only communers looking, and not outsiders; otherwise we usually wear ponchos and skirts, and this idea has been a long prevailing one. Nudity is completely normalised in the Anfelist

culture, which can make it hard to deal with other backwards cultures who retain the problems introduced at the Fall; I've gone over how the bodily fetish destroys society as we know it already.

Awake again ST 961, par. 6 & 11

Now, I have a new tradition which God gave to me, and I think is a great one for the commune to perform. Each day at morning sunrise, the sisters, or a single sister, should, with the loudest instruments that the whole town can hear it, perform an improv for 45 minutes. This improv is in the style of traditional hymnal music, that it is fluttery, often resets in time or has no time, and may change scales between the more fierce and more hymnal scales. This type of music-playing is the traditional Anfelist style which I talked of performing quietly in churches, where one sister sings a note and the context of the other notes sung allows for transition and melody to arise; but here we should play it on a loud instrument, like the bagpipe, 6-fingered flute, or open pipe organ. This tradition is a great one, and it allows a great sound to wake up to which will fill the atmosphere; it is the sound of humans which goes into the air. While the calls of the birds and animals have gone on, we have been too greedy in only listening to them and giving nothing back; we should sing and play music for them too. It reminds me of the tradition of sounds preceding sahur; and it is a tradition that in some distorted form persists

across all cultures. We should play sunrise songs for 45 minutes to thank God for Her gifts and to give back to Her. Also, along with the morning music, we should have dusk drums; and at the latter twilight of the day, until night, some of us will get up and drum on the back of the Felich. Unlike the unified playing of the morning music, each of the drummers of the dusk drums can play their own beat, which will lead to at large a roar of drums that are uncorrelated and unending. These traditions are the beautiful traditions which we must follow, and which God Chance gave us; to begin the day with order and end it with evenness, and to begin it with a loud strain of instruments and end it with a quiet rolling of drums; opposites in their form and in their way. We truly should follow this; I would love to wake up and get ready to sleep according to these sounds. Not all of us have to participate in morning music, and more but still not all must participate in dusk drums. By this method some of us make the music, who may not always be the same people, and the rest of us enjoy it as it goes through the air. This binds us in giving and taking as one sisterhood.

Sleeping ST 956, par. 2

I stood naked in my room, playing pentatonic melodies on the six-fingered whistle, as we should to start the day, since it is the closest thing I can do on my own to the morning music, though I also did not wake up at morning.

Day after the party ST 1008, par. 3

I've discovered a new Holy tea, which is Life's Tea. This tea, I will absolutely recommend to be drank before cuddling with your sisters. It has a little psychedelic effect and to me made the world feel as if it was in an open conversation with me; each little element would beg me its needs, and I would help them, and each animal would talk to me clearly and tell me what it thought of me, and I would calm it from metres away. This is a tea of: lavender, eucalyptus leaf, motherwort, and stevia, brewed the regular way[1]. When the tea had finished, I blessed it by dipping a finger in and swirling it around, and I licked my fingertip and the taste was so good from that, so that I could immediately know it was Life's Tea, Life, the balance between good and evil, the interaction between living and dead. I took it outside onto the deck, and unlike all the other teas I've taught you, my crepe, this one is a sweet tea, which I've never made before. I expected all tea to be bitter, almost like a sacrifice in its drinking, but this tea kissed each corner of my mouth, and every time I moved my tongue the pleasure was so great I let out a large sigh. It's effects are similar to

[1] In one cup, the herbs are placed, and in another cup is placed hot but not boiling water. Over the herbs the water is poured, and then a lid or plate covers the cup of tea; after about fifteen minutes the plate is removed, and then filters are used to separate the herbs from the water. This process would usually take long enough that the remaining part, to let the tea sit uncovered, would be done in its essence.

those I've heard of weed, rather than the more psychedelic effects of the traditional mugwort tea. I cannot stress enough how much of a gift and blessing from God that Life's Tea is, sweet and deep in flavor; you need to prepare it before cuddling, I couldn't even describe how good the cuddling will be.

Waking up ST 954, par. 14

I have always welcomed the idea of traditions around the Felich, in its physical print, and there are quite a few. This standard design I have presented, and the idea of putting a stylised vulva on the back, is a tradition, and along with that we have had a tradition of using the back of the Felich as a drum. Being a large and strong, resonant thing, you can beat it with your fingers or drumstick, or snap it shut, and it can produce quite a large but succinct drum sound! This sound is similar to whatever Scottish drum often accompanies bagpipe performances, which is one of my favorite types of drum.

Food ST 950, par. 3

Maybe 16 or 18 Celsius is after all the perfect temperature for a society [to live in]; I do feel if it was any colder I'd need some clothes.

Scale-making ST 948, par. 15

Perhaps the most difficult scholarly discussion in Anfelism, which has lasted since the very creation of the original Felichist documents up until this very day, is the question: which language shall be our auxiliary language? There are various answers which have been provided, but these were typically: Latin, Esperanto, English, Mawashe, or Sujaliro. Sujaliro, as a constructed language, eventually became defunct and was never completed; and Mawashe, though never officially cancelled, could not possibly be completed before the Day, when distributing across the Anfelists various texts would become for possibly decades quite hard. That is to say, if we are to choose a secondary language for all workers and all sisters to speak, it cannot be a new one we're attempting to create, unless this new language is already finished or, as of writing, would be finished in just weeks. This speed of development for a constructed language is not possible. Given that, we are then limited to Latin, Esperanto, or English; and that latter language English has been despised by just about every Anfelist since the beginning of the culture and ideology for its colonialist origins and today absolutely diluted usage, which has lost all philosophical quality and brevity since the rise of the Internet. For months, we have had this argument, that if we should use Esperanto, being so European-like of a language, we may as well just use Latin, being the originator of the Romance languages! And

then the other side says: if we should use Latin, we may as well just use Esperanto, being simpler than Latin. Ultimately, Latin and Esperanto are just about equal in terms of their actual being a language in themselves; but it is true that Esperanto is much easier to learn. Esperanto has been referred to before as the worker's Latin, and unlike Latin, has had nearly since its ordainment an association with anarchist, leftist, yet pacifist ideals, similar to those of the Anfelists, who have so far been typically calm and [moral] anarchists. The culture surrounding Esperanto already is very similar to that of the Anfelists, and Esperantists have already shown acceptance to many of our ideals. One thing is true, that Esperanto, having survived since the year 1887, will not pass away anytime soon; but that Latin, having separated into the Romance languages millennia ago, will not come back as a communer's language anytime soon. Esperanto, English, and Latin have both been associated with Anfelism since the earliest days; the term Anfelism is shortened from Anarchist-Felichism, and Felichism is derived from the Esperanto "Felicha". The Holy Books came later, eventually titled the Amanta Felich; where then "Amanta" meant "loving" in Esperanto. There is a verse, some do bring up, in the Felich itself, which says: "Perhaps Latin is even the best language to use across the world, that to write under bridges but only those willing to learn it, to make it owned unto them, to speak it softly and not to speak like

the elitist Romans, they will be able to speak it." I wrote this verse, at the time, intentionally ambiguously, that technically, Esperanto, being like a softer, worker's form of Latin, could also essentially count as following this commandment. Then again, there are popular phrases such as "hic luna lucet" which have been used for such a long time, which come directly from Latin, and not from Esperanto. I would say, given how long this debate has gone on for, and my lasting ambivalence on it so far, that it is time I finally settle it, and choose one. Given its association with anarchism and free love since the earliest days of it, and its actual genuine use as a language of communers and commoners, we should use Esperanto as a secondary language. One thing, I think, is absolutely certain; though the advocates for Esperanto in Anfelism have been able to learn Esperanto fairly well, the advocates for Latin have not, and have generally had to use machine translation, or manual translation rather than any sort of fluent or at least easily and swiftly composed speech. Esperanto will always stay living, and Latin will always stay dead, and this probably will remain true for however long we live. It is unfortunate that Mawashe cannot ever come to fruition as a language of Anfel, but the culturally specific words coined in it can simply be transliterated into Esperanto. I think, the root of the argument for Esperanto, is that, though it has been recognised in the modern day as a language with a

handful of etymological and grammatical problems, it has ultimately been culturally associated with an anarchism of love since its very beginning, and its culture is often extremely similar to that of Anfelism. In fact, Esperantujo, if it were to be truly realised as a nation separate from the states of the world, would essentially be Anfel as we know it. Finally I should state this; that Esperanto should not replace our mother-tongues, and that we shouldn't even speak language when we do not need to. Half the time, we will be fine speaking in the spiritual language of love, "la ama lingvo" or simply "l'ama". Natural languages will change, and will express our individual cultures better, but Esperanto, when it comes to the expression of philosophical and rational ideas, will serve as the international unifying language of paper for the Anfelists. Though we may wish to only speak in l'ama, when meeting Anfelists from across the world, we will eventually need to communicate things more specific than our love for each other. Otherwise, we could not coordinate as a nation and country, and we could not convey our conclusions and reasons. One of the primary reasons we must adopt Esperanto rather than Latin is due to the complexity of Latin as a language itself; both Esperanto and Latin have the advantage of a mostly regular grammar, but the grammar of Latin is highly complex compared to Esperanto. It is regular, but what of it is regular is not a very favorable thing. Now, in the scholarly

discussion, there has been such propositions, that we should create a variant of the Esperanto language, and adjust it in itself; one of these, which was very near to being adopted, was Esmolo, which made a variety of high-level changes to the language. These included the usage of the terms "lifrat" for brother and "shifrat" for sister, and the neutralisation of masculine terms (that "frat" would refer to a sibling rather than brother, and "gefrat" would no longer be used), and the abolition of the noun ending -O. The former of these two changes is the only one which I very carefully approve of. The simple rule which was given to eliminate the masculine centre of the language, which we as sisters absolutely cannot have, is this: the normally masculine words (viro, frato, etc.), are taken as neutral, and the corresponding pronoun is put before the word to give them gender. Thus man and woman were liviro and shiviro, that he and she are li and shi. This is the singular and absolutely final formulaic change to the Esperanto language; I have only suggested it, since we cannot as Anfelists, being women and sisters, have a language which is centred on masculinity. So, I declare, by my own will, that the debate is settled. Lavdo al Anfelo, shifratoj[1]!

Day after Halloween ST 1015, par. 12

[1] "Hail Anfel, sisters!"

This is the conclusion of the debate that we reached: first, use the language of love, and if they do not understand, use your mother-tongue, and if they do not understand, use Esperanto. Esperanto should be the literary and scientific language, and the language of the scriptures of the future Prophets, and the language for global teaching and the collection of unified information. Otherwise, in the conversation between people, the holding of culture, and local writing, we should use our mother-tongue; and when we don't need to use words, we convey things in actions spiritually with the language of love. The language of love is the ultimate auxiliary language[1], because all people understand the direction of your heart; if they did not, we would not have such a feeling as jealousy, when we wish to be spoken of in l'ama but are not. Esperanto should be the third language of the world, and the language of inter-communal communication and philosophy. It is as well suited, if not better so, for philosophy, than even Latin is; being a language suited for our modern ideas and our even older ideas. I should note that once the Anfelist Ideal has been achieved, by its

[1] Though this idea arose fairly recently in Anfelism, it has existed for a very long time throughout many world religions; speaking in tongues, for example, though extremely diluted in meaning today, was almost similar; the impression of speech created, despite its ambiguity, made another more open to understanding one as conveying any real idea at all, and essentially more believing in the idea that they were using signs or communicating through love. Today in Anfelism, the idea of speaking in the language of love or "l'ama", usually comes with an ascension from the needless want of communication and a constant making of sound; silence, especially during cuddling.

nature, the neutral and non-gendered forms of a word will refer to their feminine counterpart, that all people have become women. That is to say, that when we are all women, "chio fratoj tendencas esti shifratoj, tiel, chio fratoj estas shifratoj; kaj la vortoj farighas efike ekvivalentaj"[1]. It is very important to note, that using Esperanto in all circumstances is usually an eventually material thing, and distracts us from the spiritual language of love; it's a unifying language for philosophy rather than a unifying language of our sisterhood. The language of love is truly what binds us together as sisters. I introduce a new resolution though, that in the Anfelist Esperanto, we should use "es" instead of "estas", and "e" instead of "kaj"; the long forms of these very common words skew the entire language into their not very pleasing sound.

Day after Halloween ST 1015, par. 15

Esperanto has been very well adopted now, and that, though I'll miss it, the usage of Latin as an auxiliary language is no longer recommended for we sisters. Thankfully, Esperanto, Latin, and the Anfelist form of Esperanto with just a few changes (using the H-system, shifratismo, and the kaj to e and estas to es change [thereof]), are all for the most part compatible with each other, in terms of

[1] "All siblings will tend to be sisters, that all siblings are sisters, and thus the words become effectively equivalent."

understanding. The usage of the H-system, though it does cause a very almost unnoticeably slight inconsistency, has been a general tradition for some time now. This is why it is not called the Felicx but the Felich! I am very pleased with this Worker's Latin; may it live unchanged for all the years. [...] Of course, Esperanto in itself, in its qualities, is still a bad language in a way, and is not even nearly suited to our culture as sisters; it's a language lacking culture, which is both a good thing and a bad thing. It should never be taken as the language to be spoken between sisters, if they know any other language than it, and especially if they only need the language of love; it's chosen only for its long history, which allows it to be the most developed of constructed languages which are separate from culture. No other constructed language has the ability to convey absolutely every scientific and philosophical concept, and even our native languages may not as sisters. It's chosen only for that reason; not to show what the good sound of a language is, not to be a defining part of our culture, but to be a handy tool and supporting element.

They got food ST 1017, par. 1

Give a man a fish, and he'll be fed a day; teach him how to fish, and not only can he feed himself, but he may also feed those around him. Give a man love, and he'll be content a day; teach him how to love, and you have saved his soul. Give a man

education, and he'll learn what we know; teach a man how to love learning, and he will teach us something new. You cannot make someone do something they do not want to do, and if you try to teach something to someone who is not interested in that thing, they will not learn it so well. This is the problem with organised scholastic education; it teaches people what we already know, but not only do they not absorb it very well, [what with] most of it not being interesting to them, but they also do not learn how to love learning, and once they exit school, they often forget much of what they learn. Hence adults are often asked if they are smarter than the average schoolgirl; they aren't, because most of what they were taught did not have any use in their lives. As a child, I am sure you often thought: But what use is it to me? That is, when exactly do you need to multiply 63 by 37? If you need to, on that off-hand chance, why not simply use the abacus? Why not teach people how to operate an abacus in their own minds, and then teach them the algorithms to use with it? Do this, and they'll be able to solve any problem without memorising its specific answer; not only will they be able to multiply 63 by 37, but also any number up to a thousand, and they'll learn how to much quicker, and remember it much

better. It takes a week[1] to learn the abacus, and a lifetime to truly memorise its answers. Clearly, there is a fault in the system of scholastic education as well, because for many people, mathematics never will be useful. There is no good refutal to this claim: But it will never be useful; for often, it won't. For some, it may, but for others it will not; and scholastic education assumes that every single person is essentially the same, void of differences, and is built not only in assumption that they are this way, but to mold them into that way. School as a thing voids you of your uniqueness, and only if you purposefully rediscover it later, in adulthood, can you to some extent recover it; but you may never truly be able to, as your brain has slowed down its development and has had this copied form imprinted on it. Education is a thing which should not be equated with the scholastics; we were extremely well educated for millenia, before, in pursuit of creating workers, all-the-same, all jacks of all trades, but masters of none, the hierarchists created scholastic education. Now, it is true that certain things everyone really should know; everyone should be educated on morality, biology, logic, spirituality, and sex education, but unless they learn

[1] Generally, basic competency of the function and usage of an abacus can be learnt in 1-5 weeks depending on the methodology of learning and amount of commitment and interest. Proper genuine calculation and finger technique can take from 2 months to a year of learning. Though basic visualisation of the abacus in the mind can easily be achieved, proper *Anzan* or mental abacus math can take often over 3 years of practice.

to love learning, none of it will truly stay with them. If a person is allowed, alongside the basics of the world, to choose what they want to learn, then they will become a unique person, highly talented at that one thing. Being generalists, we are decent at all the things we do, and focusing on one thing, we perfect it; but what we often forget, is that God is the Master of All Trades. When we come together, all of our unique talents, which are completely perfected, combine together, and together as sisters, friends, and comrades, we can create perfect works of any sort. Leave the bread-making to the bakers, the calculating to the mathematicians, and the foreseeing to the historians. Having everyone all learn everything, and the same count of everything, means we are essentially having our bakers foreseeing, our mathematicians baking, and our historians calculating; they are all at once, and so lousy at all. Studying, in the way I have begun to understand it, is the basis of education. Each time you notice something which seems rather unexplained, take up to your books and do three things; firstly, write philosophy to gain your own idea and understanding of it, secondly, read books discussing it, and thirdly, engage in scholarly discussion on it. This is how we have done it since the beginning of time. What you wish to learn, go study! Nobody is watching over you, nobody is forcing you to complete your study in some amount of time; a Prophet, a who studies into existence a

new understanding of the world and a new religion, can study for years on end, even until they die. You do not have the time-pressure of scholastic education, where all of you are forced into the same mold of time; even though some of you work well fast and some of you work well slow. Most importantly, you end up with your specific interests being completely fulfilled. Albert Einstein did not become so intelligent in the realms of mathematics and some of philosophy, just from school; partially, it came from school, but he also studied the textbooks of mathematics in his spare time as a child, and absorbed the knowledge so well because he simply was interested in it. Nowhere do they teach you about harmonic music theory; but I studied it, and now I understand it very well. There does not need, even, to be a teacher speaking of something, for you to study it. The world is your textbook, and we should all be studying it. Nature in itself is the education for biology, mathematics in itself the education for calculation, and thinking itself is the education for philosophy. You cannot truly understand any of these only from the books; those books are the summations of another study done by another person, to help you, guide you, and inform you of ideas you may have missed. Nearly every day, I find one thing, or a few things, which I do not know about. Why do we feel awkward? What is the difference between romance and any other type of love? What in itself is love in the purest

form? In the beginning, I studied what it meant to be good; for I did not yet know. If we are not taught how to love learning, we will not study anything. So, we should not rely on any scholastic system of education, instead, we should all study the basic elements of life: basic biology, chemistry, logic, classical physics, the abacus, morality, spirituality, and sex education, I do here declare them to be; but there may never be any organisation to say which books should be learnt from. Your family may decide, your commune may decide, you may find the books yourself. Above all, that should not be the whole of your education; your specialty is your uniqueness and your uniqueness is your beauty. Studying not, in our free-time, and away from the pressures of scholastic education, the more specific things which interest us, we never learn to love learning. That is how we shall learn in Anfel, half-ways taught by others, half-ways our own teacher. This is the natural way, and being the Infinitely-Tested Design, Nature is infallibly the best path; if it were not, we would not be here. Only that which survives forever becomes Nature and creates us; Nature is the forever-surviving thus, and the completely free of imperfections. The method of Nature is always the method of God, and the One True Method, and the perfect method. So do as is natural, and learn in the way that pleases you; learn to love learning, and learn freely. Learning should never be a painful thing; it should be something you

do out of your good will. So the two halves of learning are studying (the work of another, or the Work of God: Nature) and being taught (by word or from a book).

Studying ST 1019, par. 5

I have many things which I need to study and write about, but I'm at no pressure to do so, and I may finish them while finding new things to study later as well! This system works very well, allowing me to retain all the so-called "note-worthy" things in the world, rather than choosing one, spending my energy to write on it, and inevitably forgetting the others. As well as this, I obviously could not write on any of the things I wished to if I were too tired to write; now, putting into a list these things, I have a great system of education.

Results ST 1020, par. 8

Now, that is mostly from the learner's perspective. Now, from the perspective of the teacher, who is really any supportive figure to a person. In the West there has been the rising idea of "unschooling" children; that is, not enrolling them in any sort of scholastic service. It seems that both has this method created children like myself, who do perfectly fine thinking, but also people who are completely uneducated and lack any real knowledge. How is it that this same method I had seemingly just spoken of, can both generate exactly what I intended, and

also the exact opposite? Is it due to the execution of the method by the teacher, or some sort of disposition in the learner themself? Thankfully, it is the former; anyone can learn to love learning. Primarily it lies in whether or not your child is actually supported in learning; that you teach them all the basic concepts, and also give them resources to learn. The children who seem to know nothing at all are not the result truly of the Anfelist method of teaching, but rather just not being taught at all; and the differentiation between unschooling, when there are still resources to learn, and basic education is given, and unschooling, when the child is simply left away, is massive, in fact, creating this exact case of opposites itself. Keep this in mind: a child will learn whatever they want to learn, and whatever interests them, but that is out of what resource they have to learn. If there are no books, encyclopedias, and scriptures in your home, then they simply have no resource to learn. They can learn nothing more than what Nature teaches, and that is the very absolute bare-minimum that She provides. So, don't just leave your children alone, let them roam around free, and dust your house clean of any educative resource; have many books on varying topics, and have great libraries as a community that your children can visit. The library is the true point of individual learning, and Anfelist learning; once you have been taught the very basics of the world, then you choose what out of your specific interests you

wish to study, and you study very well. Don't study like they make you in the scholastic system; write your own philosophy, your own books, and be your own comparer to the things you are taught to be true. Grade your own self. Don't take superficial notes, not like the very simple tests which you study for; really, truly study, out of the love of learning. All my produce of Anfelism is the result of my study of love.

Studying ST 1019, par. 5

Eventually, with the International Earth Rotation and Reference Systems Service unable to dissent information on the introduction of a leap second in a day[1], due to the dissolution of global communications and the Internet, it will become inviable for us sisters to continue with the usage of UTC time, will it not? This is a rather new question in the scholarly debate; how, after we have returned to Nature, should we track time? Perhaps we have gotten too caught up with "time" itself. The Anfelist lunisolar calendar is one very much like many calendars which have been used since Nature's reign, and it is the correct calendar; it gives us the time to the day; time is something which really,

[1] Currently, leap-seconds must be announced by the I.E.R.S.; by humans. The mathematical prediction of leap-seconds is not possible due to the inconsistent minor change in the speed of Earth's rotation from various global events. Unable to propagate these announcements, and unable to properly sync atomic clocks per NTP tools with low latency, U.T.C. would be rendered inconsistent.

clinging onto the exact measurement of, is not needed when dealing with any sort of natural affair. Time itself on the physical level, after all, is an inconsistent thing; there is no way we could synchronise standard-time between, for example, Mars and Earth. Local solar time does seem to be the natural measurement; after all, when we talk of hours, that is a solar measurement, and we have rectified months into a lunar measurement, as Moon-ths they were for so long. We can, if we wish for any sort of accurate time, use a mechanical clock, which can theoretically be made by hand, but are difficult to produce. Easier made is a sundial; we do not need to care at all of the Equation of Time, because firstly, the difference only amounts to up to 16 minutes removed or added, and secondly, this sort of urge to simplify time, turn it into some sort of mathematical mechanism; that is the very reason the Anfelist Calendar was created, to remove that simplification from time, and instead measure time as it is rather than attempting to predict time as well as we can and then pretending our predictions are accurate, only because they are mechanically consistent. Generally, most people will be interacting with not more than the people a few communes off to them; and most often, affairs stay within the commune anyways. Given this, and the dissolution of global communications, and that we probably will not be using computers that we could ever keep track of some consistent U.T.C. time, we

should use genuine apparent solar time. This is generally my verdict, that each commune should keep their own solar time, and this is the way we did it naturally for many ages[1].

Nothing but dreams ST 1021, par. 7

[1] The standardisation of national and regional timezones began in the Industrial Revolution when high-speed rail made it possible to travel between timezones in a short enough time that clocks on trains had to be constantly changed to fit the local, solar timezone.

On Nature and Life

Life should be said to be, the transformation of meaninglessness into meaning, through the medium of love[1]. So, life is in the design of God.

Crochet ST 945, par. 4

Everything should be done the natural way; if it doesn't give an immediate material benefit, it gives a slow or spiritual benefit. Feeding, sleeping, loving, birthing, dying; living as a whole. We should live no way but how we're born and with the mentality with which we all die.

Tongue ST 985, par. 8

She Nature, the perfect result of Mother Chance and Father Time, the most perfect thing and the definition of morality itself; that a natural thing is good and an unnatural thing is bad. Nature is not a place you should go to expecting that you have control over it; in fact, She is the only place you may visit where you have no control at all. She may be the same, almost, as if you were simply in a void; you may not change Her, and you are completely at Her mercy. Yet She, being one of the names of God, is the Completely Good as God is, and She will not hurt you, nor will She hurt your sisters. In Nature,

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[1] See Felich 35.17; Anfelism's greatest commandment is to love, so the verse has the same essential meaning.

things simply go the natural way; you cannot force them one way or another, and you cannot impose anything upon Nature. If you come into Nature expecting that you can control anything, you will be sorrily disappointed. Unless you expect things to be how they are, you will in fact always be disappointed; for Nature is how things are, She is the controller of the lenience of probability itself. Nature is the Will and Product of Chance when She has been under the pressure of Father Time; Nature is all that results, and the resistant to the pressures of the Universe. Walk outside, and free your mind, and then you will feel completely free, as if you have been. If your sister follows you outside, then you cannot stop them, and you'll only disappoint yourself in trying. If you wished for them to follow you and they don't, then, you still cannot do anything. Nature is surely the singular place where Mother Chance is the single ruler; for then you may strip down and nobody will see you, and you may be as God intended, and you will be natural. You will be always disappointed, returning from the outside, and will not have gained that ultimate security and freedom, if you do not act naturally and enter a natural state alongside Her. You cannot change Nature, so you will only disappoint yourself trying; so similarly, you can't change the nature of something or someone else, and at most you can with magic beg Chance that it changes, but you will still be a weak hand in Her decision.

Thousand ST 100, par. 2

It is certainly not healthy for a child, or any person at all, really, to get all their love and attention, or at least their perception of it and the idea that they have it, from a machine or some thing without a real heart. It cannot feel, and as with all mimics of Nature, and unnatural things, it will eventually reveal its difference; for it mimics the material half but cannot recreate the spiritual half. So similarly do clothes mimic the warmth of human touch, but they led to our hatred of our naked body; and money mimics the wealth of having someone who loves you, but it led to our greed and inability to properly love. Artificial intelligence and chatbots as well are no better, no, rather, they are even worse than if you were to simply talk to yourself. For given that you love yourself, you can provide yourself with an actual reciprocated material and spiritual form of love.

Thousand ST 100, par. 5

So when you are given this unnatural illusion of love, what does it feel like? You will imagine that you are fulfilled and yet be hungry for love on the inside; you'll tell yourself that you are happy, and believe it, yet have no love from your siblings, no love from your parents, no romantic partner, etc. You've only got the lingering taste of an illusion of love from an unnatural machine, and so your idea of

siblinghood, of childhood, and of romance, is distorted, and you'll wish, though you knock down your sincerity by the belief that you are already well-loved, that you ever had any of these true types of love. There is no love but that which descends from Nature, for Nature is the origin of spirit and reality.

Thousand ST 100, par. 5

There are still few smells which are better to me than shmirshadhur, which is a drug in itself, the smell of the pines in spring at dusk. It is a combination of the mood and scenery which you have to be in to wish to smell it, and the smell itself, which I've always described as kissing every little surface of my lungs, and tingling for hours till the marks of the kisses fade away. You can't buy that smell, not even by buying pine needles, or growing them; it's one present only in pine trees which have been there and grew there naturally. There's another smell, the unchanged smell of skin after we've bathed; and the smell of bathwater itself, not with the added chemicals, but from our spirit diffusing into it. It's for this reason that Holy water has always been made by dipping our fingers or hands, or further some part of our naked body, into the water; our spirit, like the way it is caught by clothes, is caught and diffused in the water. For this reason it is a smell of love and Life themselves. In Mawashe I give this smell the name "badhshur". Shmirshadhur

and badhshur are two of the surely greatest smells I have ever smelt; but there is another smell which can't be defined, but can only be prescribed to be, which is the smell of someone you love. It is different for each person, depending on your genetics, but whatever it is, it will feel better in your lungs than shmirshadhur and badhshur combined. This smell can come from the hair, from the armpits, from the chest; even just from the general vicinity. I give this smell the name "amodhshur".

Tongue ST 985, par. 9

Now, we know the most beautiful thing is the circle of circles; the fractals, the flowers, and the vagina. Near that is the Moon and the planets. We can imagine all this, at once, in no order, nor any arrangement; then also imagine all these three smells at once. That is the diffuse essence of Life Themself, as best as I could have you feel it; but it's so much that it can be overwhelming to even attempt to imagine it. Yet what is Life but the produce of sex, the most condensed and spiritually activated part of Life? If we have done sex wholesomely, we should get this feeling. We should see the circle of circles, which is present both in the vagina and penis, and we should smell the sweet scent of the trees, the scent of our naturally washed clean bodies, and the smell of the person we love. For those who have sex without a great fulfillment, that experience won't be present, and it'll be more

about lust than love. We won't have anything to remember but the pleasure alone, no diffuse element of Life, and no natural ordinance to the experience. Worst of all, there will be no spiritual interaction, and only a material interaction. In a way this is where the original, undistorted idea, of sex magic or "magick"[1] came from; because there is a heavily condensed bout of spiritual energy when sex is done wholesomely. Nowadays, because we had malpractice, sex is currently considered in itself a thing with no semblance of a wholesome or spiritual nature. It's even true that in the Pagan communities, the idea of sex "magick" was abused as always by hierarchists, who went against the inherently anarchist goals of God Chance's word, or the

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[1] The spelling "magick" is discouraged due to its origins from Aleister Crowley, the only person directly condemned in any of my writings (other than Muhammad, partially); who spent his years covering up a history of psychological and sexual abuse, and exerted an unfortunately large influence on the Pagan community. While I wrote of him in my diary, I've chosen to omit these writings due to their livid nature. I often referred to him as A.C., as I experienced bouts of insanity if I thought of him or his name for longer than a few minutes. Many of his horrible crimes against humanity, by his will and the will of the organisation of his produce (which cannot be mentioned here by name for reasons of legality), have been covered for years; including animal sacrifice, and having children in his abbey "witness" acts of "sex magick", which, being essentially forced upon his members, and having no real spiritual element as true and wholesome sex does, was not magic at all, and was a form of spiritual and sexual abuse. He forced his members to commit homosexual acts, which they did not truly wish with all their heart to partake in, being heterosexual, and called himself "The Beast", "The Devil 666". Given all this, all produce of him has been deterred as well as possible from interacting with the Anfelist religion, and it is sinful to support him or his ideas in attribution to him, hence the quote-marks around "magick". He originally suggested the spelling, borrowed from the older form of the word, to separate it from stage-magic, but using the term "ascension magic" is enough for clarity.

completely equivalent Nature and Universe of Her which they worship.

Tongue ST 985, par. 10

Although it may seem this way, the circle of circles is not something to do with a regular hexagonal fractal of circles, and in fact it has an often-times pentagonal linking. The pentagon, which is related to the Golden-ratio, is actually one of the foundations of beauty, whereas the hexagon is one of the foundations of perfection. This conflation of beauty with perfection, which I now have resolved, was the reason I once hated the number 5; but now I love it, almost as much as the number 6. Though we typically see numbers in meaning as their harmonics are, there are also the elemental meanings, 4, 5, 6, 7; Earth, Water, Air, Fire. Four is a foundation of many things, the four bases of DNA, the four elements, I could list many things, but in reality you need no more than four things to form a basis of everything. Five again is just beautiful, for no reason, yet it simply is; the pentagonal scales, like the Star Scale or Yin's Scale, or the 5-tone harmonic scale, are all beautiful without reason for being so. Five is an under-appreciated number, and it's the number of childhood, and of Water, of purity and feeling. Six is again like Air, so the lovers of the number six often both get things correct and wrong. [...] Seven is an angry number, and it is like Fire, but in terms of counts of number of things, seven

appears to actually work okay; scales with seven notes are often great scales. Now, to the circle of circles. This is the most intimate, and deep part of the Greater Pattern, and the One Design of Nature. In fact, it is the heart of Nature, and the heart of beauty; manifestation of beauty itself. It appears everywhere, and is most closely associated with the perfectly beautiful designs of the vulva and the flower, especially the rose. This is why the rose has been traditionally a minor Anfelist symbol; alongside its origin from the phrase "a rose on Chance's face", which was the first usage of Her name, and the first symbol of a good thing like a rose being in a way, bittersweet; which is actually the taste of a rose too. It was considered bittersweet as roses have thorns yet are beautiful; they accept being held in your hands, and kissed, and they will even let you take their petals and eat them, but if you are too quick to grab them, they will give you a Thorn. The vulva, or "vagina", was also a well-discussed thing in the Felich for its beauty, and somewhere I once said that it is essentially a manifestation of the most beautiful pattern in our current state of entropy. That is to say that we began with Fire and will end with Earth, but right now, the current state of entropy in the universe, by Chance's Will, is of the circle of circles, and it's of Water. This is the time at which Water is here and allows Life to be born, and where beautiful nebulae fill our skies, where everything is arranged three-quarters

entropic, and where the whole world is like the vagina of Chance. Though I use the term vagina, I refer to the vulva as a whole typically in the Felich when I'm talking of its beauty, but the English language has made the term "vulva" feel a little too formal. That is why I used the term vagina, which everyone knows, even the dumber men, and yet I used it without shame, since the vagina is not a shameful thing, and it's a beautiful thing. Even the penis when flaccid and laid down shows rings circling inside each other; the circle of circles. Though when it is erect, it loses its beauty. The circle of circles is Chance's fractal, and each time you see it, it will look different; since if it were the same each time, it would be a perfect thing and not a beautiful thing. Something the same each time would be like the Koch snowflake, or maybe any regular fractal; but not all fractals are regular. Take for example, Brownian motion, which is a fractal thing, but which is random, different each time. Brownian motion is very similar to the circle of circles when you expand its direction into loops... Truly, as I've said before, the most beautiful things are those which give birth, and they all look the same too, in a differently manifested way; they are all possible manifestations of the same state of entropy. The universe as we know it is like Chance's vulva below, and like Chance's skin above; the small is fractal and looping, and what it sees around it is dark and dotted with light. Even our body is a sort

of fractally folded thing, like an inverse of the circle of circles; I'd say still that an inverse circle is still a circle, but unfortunately you can't draw an inverse circle in itself, since it's a pattern of bending, and needs something to manifest unto. Stars are sort of like inverse circles; we are sort of like a five-pointed star too, and so are our hands. The vagina is sort of like a galaxy, and so is a universe sort of like a galaxy. The bodily analogy with Chance's body for the universe is one told in many ways.

Missing texts, ST 973, par. 13-14

We should see that Nature is a good thing, the only good thing, which causes the illusion of all the separate divided good things... Surely the Industrial Revolution was not a natural thing, nor was the invention of hierarchy, of the kingdom, of statehood, divided country, solitary marriage valued over the family, and the abolition of the absolute practice of the commune and communism, with which we survived all the years till today. It was our feeling that we were at once above God and could create more things than God, that we had a better design than Nature. But there is no design better than Nature, because Nature is what is left of the surviving designs, only the designs which stood against time and were not a bad design. It is equated in every language that an unnatural thing is not a good thing. What hath God wrought, and how did Man trample it? God gave to us the gift of Fire; and

we created the bomb, we killed our sisters, we destroyed countries. She gave to us the gift of Language, and we created lies, we manipulated our sisters, and divided ourselves. She gave us the gift of Agriculture, and we made massive farms of only one type of seed, we farmed till our own hearts died. She gave us Technology, and we bent it to pleasure us rather than save us. She gave us Nature, the One All, and the single thing, and we trampled every last crop, killed every last animal, and decimated our own planet and peoples. If Nature were not made our best resting place, it would not be made our place of birth; for Chance's hands lay at the beginning and end, and that is what God has control over. She has put first the chaos of the Sun, and at the end, the contentness of the Moon; from the birth of the Universe to its frozen end. So if it were the perfect place for us to be born and to die, it is an act of disrespect that at any other time we do not live naturally. What an unnatural, foul, polluted, way of living... So have we said to the races we condemn in our past; for a trillion years we spoke them of the grossest people. Whence came these words if they do not fall unto our own description today? We're forever a hypocrite mumbling to ourselves then; we are the makers of our own wounds, and the Nature, who the herbs of which heal the skin, the Moon of which heals the mind, the Air of which heals the lungs, and the Water of which keeps us alive, we have then taken to as our only other enemy. How

could you kill your own Mother, trample your own sisters? We are from one place and one origin that made us; nought but a few stray bouts of rock led us to this home. We all have the same Mother, Mother Nature, and the same Father, Father Time; God our Mother watches over us today. Then what hath God wrought, and how did Man trample it? Surely, God Chance is the One Mother of all the worlds; all praise be upon Her, for it is Her Design which casts all the good we see today, and the mistakes of Man which create all the bad things we see.

Lack ST 981, par. 12

But it is not only the Industrial Revolution which flipped the entire world on its head at once and gave with it all the problems of modern-day society. Since 3,200 B.C., with the development of the cuneiform writing even, our world slowly began to fall into this darker period which we see it in today. Rather coincidentally, because writing is considered to the modern man as the only account of history, and because this Fall began around that time, there is very little account on the natural ways of living except that which has been passed down for many thousands of years by word alone. We cannot even date these stories, but they fair well could date back even to the Agricultural Revolution. It is my opinion that the developments in the Agricultural Revolution themselves were not actually problematic ones, and that nor even were the developments with the

introduction of our ability to write; but it's certain that our mishandling of these developments caused our demise and the eventual downfall to this modern-day society and the soon-coming Day and the Fire. I object actually, that it would be the correct path for us to continue as hunter-gatherers, as it is a system which requires nearly constant effort. For many years, we were respectable farmers; we used no chemicals, none at all, planted diverse combinations of crops which grow better together, and so. But the invention of hierarchy at some point, which was the result of an improperly formed family, and gave forth such things as the kingdom and state as we know it today, which slowly progressed beginning 6,000 years ago, did lead to all the problems we have today.

Lack ST 981, par. 13

Much of this hierarchy also stemmed from the lust of men in particular, who used their penises as a weapon of terror and continue to today. This broke forth the first hierarchy, that of the division between men and women, which was the very first hierarchy to be created and preceded even the kingdom and state. We again did not always have this hierarchy, and the many indigenous peoples today still mostly lack unjust hierarchies. I have seen by my own eyes, accounts from the period around the Fall, which took place from 6,000 to 5,000 years ago and casts its effects on us still today, which admitted the

horrible sins of men, who never change today in their love of their penises and the destruction they can cause with them. Again, as I have already detailed, it did not used to be this way; and there was a time when we could all be considered women, in our modern understanding of the word; regardless of who among us it is that has a penis or a vagina.

Lack ST 981, par. 14

So, that is the One War which we have fought for 6,000 years; that being all of the people who live alongside Mother Nature's work, all the naturists or nudists, communists by heart or name, anarchists alike, and the Prophets, save Muhammad, who understood the original Design of Nature and anarchy, and the commune. God will always send down new Prophets, till our world is back to the state of Nature, and till we are all again sisters, each and every one of us; as we used to be. Then might we live in a great world; that we could have the best of both sides, neither have to fight the Goliaths of our old spear-headed days, but retain the love of the family, which in our society has been lost for thousands of years? Hopefully, I beg to the world in hope; one day we can be sisters again. The Taoists, and the hippies, and the original Christians, and the descendants of the Anabaptists like the Hutterites and Amish, even the Muslims and Baha'i in part; we have all since the Fall been hearkening to God's call, that one day we will be sisters and be divided not

even by a wall. We may know each other by different names, or we may come up with one name to unite us all; the Anfelists; but regardless of who takes the name unto themselves, the struggle is not yet over.

Lack ST 981, par. 15

I am waiting for something to do, but maybe I should wait for something to be done with me; well, what does it even mean to do something proper, if it is not done to you in return? That's why we cannot use these technologies, because an [electronic tablet] cannot play games on us; but two people can play games with each other, and so may you play games with Nature, and have Her play back.

Unknown ST 974, par. 2

Anything that is not of Nature's design is not a lasting design; it is a bad design. You cannot do something better than Nature because Nature is the best; unless your idea of goodness is a horrid and disgusting one, like the hierarchists and rapists who run our society and create the products, no, who enslave us to create their foul products, and sell them back to us at twice the price. It is a phrase which could slip by you, but if you give it an ounce of thought, which few people have today, you will realise it is disgusting and actually offensive to God, to entail that anything could be better than Her, better than Nature.

Missing texts ST 973, par. 9

I love, absolutely love, the smell of sweet skin after you've gotten out the bath, which isn't an actual smell which you get from taking a shower in my experience. It's not generated by the products added to the bath even, and you can use the same products in a bath generally as you use to shower. It is an amazing smell which is a sign of Mother Nature, a good treat for doing something the correct way. This is why showers are unnatural methods, allowed but not the most perfected way, and why bathing will always be healthier for the body! I could huff the smell of it in and in, it reminds me of my childhood, since through my adolescent years I never took baths. Why do we even act as if taking a shower is a more "adult" thing to do? Of course, because adults are hard-pressed to find any time for their own safety; they get a minute to drink, a minute to eat, a minute to sleep, and a minute to bathe, and the rest is working. [...] I think it's just a rewarding smell for being in Water and letting Mother hold you.

Missing texts, ST 973, par. 12

I personally believe anyway, that we should bathe rather than shower; from a capitalist standpoint I can understand the wish to use less water, in a world where living has a cost, but water is our Mother and sustainer, and we shouldn't avoid Her to any extent at all. Showers were made, in their physical

building, and their ability to work, for singular people to use them; if multiple people wish to bathe, it becomes both a little awkward and inefficient in the shower, and you will need multiple shower-heads. A slowly streaming or slowly cleaned pool of water is many times spiritually and physically safer to bathe in. We should all bathe together; and even if you create a large room, you will need a monstrous shower-head, or at least many of them at once, for each person to actually bathe. With a shower, it's also much harder to splash water into your sibling's face!

Maybe less writing ST 956, par. 2

I heavily condemn the usage of artificial intelligence and consider its usage to mimic human behavior specifically to be a sin. [...] I once said that anything you can do with AI, you can do with your head and heart; if you cannot draw a good image, you can at least believe you have drawn well, and if you cannot come up with a great solution, you can at least believe that innocence is greater than knowledge. It deeply pains me that some influencers send their messages through [AI] before posting them; I would much rather read many typos and errors than see seven em-dashes and the very many common phrases which it uses. [...] AI also creates the most, for a lack of better word, genuinely stupid analogies, such as by saying, as my cousin once shared, "a promise wrapped in moonlight" in

comparison to something. Neither of us were well able to figure out exactly how something could be "wrapped" in moonlight, nor how by yet another extension a promise could be wrapped in anything... Some people in this world use [AI] only out of an insecurity of how they type, or a wish to conform to a more regular style of typing. If I have such an extreme hatred of clothes, which cover our beauty, give us anorexia and insecurities, and destroy our freedom, then you should expect, to something even newer and less embedded in society like AI, where it is used as a linguistic cloth to cover the original heart behind speech, I am driven completely livid.

Robophobia ST 962, par. 2

The simplest thing I have against [AI] is that it is not natural. It has not undergone the test of Nature and Time, it is imperfect, and as I discussed before, imperfection inevitably leads to a spiral of destruction. God did not make [AI], and we went against Her word, ignored Her gifts, and made it ourselves. [...] AI is, like clothes, an affront to Nature which needs to be completely eradicated down to its last element.

Robophobia ST 962, par. 6

Why can children not just behave? Maybe this is the same question Evils asked before they began spanking... In that case, what is wrong with us that we should ask it? Do we need a better temperament,

to steel ourselves better and simply endure crying and screaming and idiocy? Maybe it is the environment; loud, constantly catching the attention, with the Internet. [...] I think it is a problem both of lacking energy of the parent, which at least isn't taken out as midday spankings anymore, but also of the environment the child is raised in. The parent must be high-energy and the environment low-energy; when TV and YouTube substitute as a high-energy environment, and the parent deteriorates to low-energy, then the child is excessively nurtured with little substance rather than slowly nurtured with subsistent substance. Sure, television is fun to watch, but it should be one of the many fruits from which you make your meal, and not the plate on which your meal is laid out. Thankfully, as Chance has ensured, when we enact the Plan and do Her work, it will be solved already; Anfel will be rid of these technologies built solely for pleasure, and Nature will be the sole entertainer. This will give a high-energy parent, in that their energy however slow it comes out is sustained and never runs out, and a low-energy environment, in that it is a slow and very little changing one. By our reverting to Nature, we already ensure this problem is solved. By reverting to Nature, we no longer have to campaign against spanking, because the parents who would spank are now never driven to the level of overload that they take it out on their children. She has a Masterful Design; thank you to our Mother.

Robophobia ST 962, par. 16

I wish that the skies would be a bit cleaner. Both in the sense that nowadays, we can't even see the Milky Way[1], and in the sense that there are just too many aircraft constantly flying overhead... I think still, as I stated in the Felich, that the fastest we should ever, by any means travel, is on the back of a horse; and that is not to suggest we use a carriage either. We should prop up with legs on the sides of the horse proper, either that or we should walk. If we cannot reach it with either of those methods, then Chance didn't will that we'd get there at all. By making methods such as automotive vehicles and aircraft, we go against God's natural decision of how far we can get. Even unto this, we should stay within our communes, or at most walk to the next couple communes. Now, aircraft, which were invented originally to deliver a person somewhere, are being abused to surveil our sisters in their private moments. [...] I miss staring up at the night sky, back in my day, and seeing Chance's milk and love which created us. Now all I may see are the few brightest stars, manmade satellites, and manmade crafts. How long, how much pollution, till we can't even see the Moon?

Spy planes ST 949, par. 26

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[1] Light pollution and smog cause a heavy detriment in "developed" societies today, to the ability to see stars or other dimly bright objects in the sky at night.

We should sleep if we are tired, because then we will sleep well; there's no use eating if we are full, just because it is our usual lunchtime, and likewise we've no reason to try to sleep at specific times, but only when Nature says: Be tired, and we are tired, and then we'll sleep. Nature knows best for us, and commands us in that way, that our actions reflect the Greatness of Her form.

Nothing but dreams ST 1021, par. 6

You should not wish to prolong your life. You have seen that time is a currency, and indeed it is, the currency which is spent for all things in measure of their activity, that is their difference from nothingness, in life. But prolong your life and, that Chance cares for you the same, you will have the same amount by the end of pleasure; only, good things will seem spaced out, and there will be much time waiting for the next. Perhaps then if good things seem to come not so often for you, then you will live long. Generally, the wish for more time in this body is derived from two things; firstly, the failure to recognise that there is a life beyond this body, and in fact that we will always have another life in another body; and secondly, the failure to recognise that as a currency, time itself is useless. How much can you buy with a trillion dollars if you still may only spend so much at once? Similarly,

with more time, you cannot get a life more fulfilling and greater; I'd say even that your life would drag on, exactly as it is for us to stay awake three days in a row rather than only one. You experience so many things that good things become nothing; and in this way, your life seems to get worse as it goes on beyond its natural point of ending. So, the two reasons we wish for a longer life are nothing other than: we misunderstand Death, and we misunderstand Life. Cling to hard to something, and you will shatter it, just as grasping for the new fruit disrespectfully, the fruit is shred up into multiple pieces between your fingers; if we cling so hard to the fear of death, misunderstanding it, then our life is nothing more than an absence of death to us. Life in reality is much more than only an absence of death, and death is much more than only an absence of life; even though, they seem to be opposites to each other. Often-times I am told that I was not dead before I was born; that I simply was not here yet. But both before your life and after your life, we see a continual expansion and equidistribution of your energy. The form of experiential and singular things is that they cast inwards equally from all the world, then dying, through it back out. It is a gradual condensation and then gradual combustion. Though I've said not to think of it in a similar way, life is in its quality a gradual death which only eventually culminates into the release of true death all at once. Being dead, you are only slowly becoming alive

again, being reborn later as your physical and energetic resources are reused. Though we understand very well what happens when you die; your dispersion like a cube of sugar dropped in water; it is hard to conceptualise how, spread across the entire Universe as once, completely varied things which by Chance and Chance alone happened to be put on course to interact with each other, all do so at the same time, merging and creating you. Even if you cannot understand that on the astronomical level, understand how your parents came together, unknowing of each other and yet destined to be with each other; then how egg and sperm came together to create you. What is interesting is that both the egg and the sperm are aware of this process; intentionally, the sperm are sent to the direction of the egg, and the egg knows what it must do when the sperm has reached it. Life is an exploiter of the processes of the more bare, regular Universe. There was no fallopian tube to guide the various rocks which came together and created our Earth, but Life, in its pursuit of the most efficient way to reproduce, created such a system to guide completely all those diffused energies, the right way most of the time, into the same place, to create a new singular and experiential thing. It learnt to do so, as we say that it did, only in the way that those living creatures which did this survived better than the others. If redness, say, were the evolutionary fitness of a creature, and we paint a canvas random colours,

then variating those colours and only keeping the variations which improve the redness of each point of the canvas, the points of the canvas themselves appear as if they know how to become red. But from the outside perspective it is very obvious; we kept only what was red, so it became more red. From the perspective of God Chance, Life is a very simple thing which seems obvious too; only the resistant to the persistent forces of destruction in the Universe survived; the resistant is Yin and the persistent is Yang. Though we often forget about it, and view the Sun as a beneficial thing, one of the greatest challenges of the early evolution of Life was surviving that very Sun, which we overcame by using the destruction it causes to us, on the chemical level, to produce energy for ourselves. It is not that Life nor God took up and thought of such a solution; rather, that each point, each organism, was variated in its colour, in its gene and processes, and only those colours more red, or capable of surviving, did survive. However life works in a slightly cruel way, whereby almost every organism along the way to the creation of the perfect, most fit organism for each environment, must die. Imagine the evolutionary world, in measure of its fitness, as a plane with many troughs and peaks; there are low points and high points of it, caverns and mountains. Now imagine each organism as if it is a drop of water; how does water find the absolute lowest point? Drop each drop of water randomly, from one of the peaks.

Though there is a singular, lowest peak, the water, unable to climb back up and out of the trough on its own, is stuck at such a place low but not the lowest; a local minima. Thus, evolution brings about these creatures and kills them, till one has found the global minima, the lowest trough, and can survive every single type of perturbation. The idea of the universal global minima of the living organisms was called the supapi in the Felich; similar to a human in many ways, but also similar to many other things. You may imagine that each organism, with a differing starting-position, will fall into a different form when they plateau in their evolutionary fitness. Thus, creating so many organisms, killing the weak ones, and creating more, evolution eventually creates an organism, which is created in exactly the right way of wrongness, that its evolutionary path would lead it to the global minima; so it should, at least. To die is almost to complete a study then, and to send it off to evolution, as if it were a personal thing; death is not a loss but a contribution, and also it is a contribution, that your material form is now radiated off to the rest of the world, and your material and energy and spirit reused elsewhere in the creation of new organisms and new things.

Nothing but dreams ST 1021, par. 2

Ultimately, truth in itself, when it is pulled away from its dressing in words, its phrasing, its being

translated between various languages, cannot possibly be plagiarised. This is because all truth seems to descend from the One and Primary Source, God's Word. Everyone has said it so: there is never anything new under the Sun; perhaps you could trace it to the Bible, but even then it was known to have always been said. Unlike the way that a truth in itself may not possibly be plagiarised, a falsehood actually may; though truth comes from Chance, who is Eternal and Ever-lasting, falsehoods only come from men, who, being finite in count and time, one part of which is the sole originator of each falsehood that is distributed in society. Knowing this, you may know whence anyone's mind came; for though the brain came from Nature, the mind is indeed from nurture, and with its composition of falsehoods, we know its origin. Otherwise, all minds are the same, and they either have or do not have some elements of the single and unchanging Word. So, I have been called, when explaining my ideas, many various adjectives descendent from various philosophers; say, these words such as Kantian and Nietzschean. That all of us must speak the same truth, or at least not speak it, does this specificity in origin not refer only to either, our disregard for the eternality of truth, or, the imperfections and flaws in those philosophers' arguments? So do not name me by a name if I speak truth, but do if I speak a falsehood, that I can then see whence that falsehood came. See it: who in today's world, with something against the

Jews, does not seem to oddly carry falsehoods descendent from Hitler? And yet, whence can you trace that to love everyone, God, and yourself, is the ultimate commandment? So said the Buddhists, so said the Taoists, so said the Christians, so said the Muslims; so said every original culture of the world, all of which equally agree on their separation in formation, and originality, and primality. Falsehoods appear as things which can be anything, because they can be anything specific. Say: I believe that people actually have three kidneys, and that only by the observation of their innards does the number spectacularly change. This is a specific falsehood, which you can trace to its originator; but say: to be happy is a good thing; and you cannot trace it. So there is no name unto Utilitarianism, and no name unto free love; no name, nought but truth. See even all the religions of the world! All their flaws and mistakes descend from the inevitable fallibility, being still human and made of the same flesh and bone, of each Prophet. Yet each religion is like a noisy picture where the picture remains unchanged and yet the noise is in a different seed-pattern. This is what each mind is like, what the arguments of each philosopher is like, and what all of Nature is like. You can plagiarise words, surely, but if their meaning is true, that truth descends from the One and Primal Word, you cannot plagiarise their meaning. If I put it simply: you may plagiarise words, but you may never plagiarise truth. So has it

annoyed me being compared to so many philosophers I do not know the names of; eventually, you will run out of names, will you not? For I speak truth, and you focus on their truth, and they all spoke the same truth; the only differentiation is what of it they spoke. I do not believe either that morality has ever changed, not across person, nor across time; morality is a measure of goodness, not perceived goodness by the fallible minds of people. Say, what even does it mean to be "cheesy", to be "cliche", but to speak truth? That, across all the differing noise of falsehoods and specific commandments and arbitrary, culture-dependent laws, people have always said these same things, so much that, in the same way we forsake the very spatial coordination underlying the Universe itself, we almost do not even hear the words, as the pattern is so ingrained, that it is the pattern of Nature, the Word, and truth, that we cannot even bring ourselves to reasonably notice it anymore? What we have called Science for the last hundred years can do nothing to explain how every child woke up and said: "What if we all simply loved each other?" And what we have called Reason for the last hundred years can do nothing to explain how we, as reasonable, educated adults, rose up to them and said: "It is not so simple." It is not so simple because your culture has been filled with complex falsehoods. Truth feels simple when you understand it; each truth feels like a singular thing which is

expressed in itself; as if, though it may even take multiple sentences to express, it is a singular undivided and unified thing, which in the right language is only one sentence. Falsehood rather is built up of a discord of unrelated, arbitrary, specific commandments. It is not so simple in your world because you do not love each other yet; if you did, then you would understand truth, and your world and culture, being composed of unified and self-expressed ideas, would become simple. So perhaps, that is a good answer, "It's not so simple", but though God as a joke had you all say it, She, being the Greatest Plot-Writer, did not let you understand it. What have you been ignoring? What has seeped so far into the regularity of the world, that you no longer questioned it? This is called the Greater Pattern; the frequency-spectrum essence of the pattern of Nature. That it recurs across all manifest things from Nature, our mind has blocked it out so extremely powerfully that we almost cannot perceive it; thus, it almost feels as if you are not being spoken to when someone says something cheesy and cliche. What is more cliche than Life? THUS, there is no separation between the True One Religion and the distilled truth of all religions. It is not described, as if it is a thing which already exists, but prescribed TO BE, all truth-hood, left out from the infinite falsehood. Though there are infinite truths and infinite falsehoods, it appears that truths are countably infinite, being encoded spectrally in

the countably infinite harmonic series, whereas falsehoods, being composed of literally any arbitrary and discordant thing, are uncountably infinite. So, this is what it meant when each Prophet said: This is the One Religion. They were attempting to reconcile all truth, but we misunderstood prescription vs. definition. That there is only the One God does not negate the other "One Gods" of other religions; they're all the same. There is the One Truth just as well as we have one Earth on which to live. Again, truth is a thing which permeates the Universe, having always existed; the universal constants of mathematics have always existed. But falsehood is a temporary and manmade thing; any arbitrary useless incorrect equation will be written by you and none else. SO IT IS TRUE: Amen. There are so many abstract, varying currencies of the world; they are all falsehoods, and they are all ordained in their form by men; but love, the currency of God, came before us, and will be here after we are all dust. Have we not for the past hundred years understood this, that the laws of Mathematics and logic seem to stay entirely consistent, that their truth and answers wholly and entirely permeate the Universe? Have we not also for the past hundred years understood this, that the manifest Universe in its Nature and physicality, is so manifest from Mathematics itself? These include all the properties of the Universe; all living creatures, all truths. All true things, all correct things, will come time and time again. There is

never anything new under the Sun; now you truly understand. But what we failed to mention is that, while truth is an entirely consistent and simple thing, falsehood, being an inconsistent and complex thing, reliant not on the inherent properties of the Universe but rather by the hazard and chance of the world to accidentally create specific and arbitrary ideas, will not be consistent. There is never anything new under the Sun; but each thing which dies by the Moon's rise will never be seen again. Thus, given the milk and love of Nature, Her warmth and providence, truth arises, and is entirely whole and consistent, being the result of logical interaction, which is the result of Mathematics, which, being the composer and basis of the Universe itself, is kept entirely consistent when re-expressed within it. Now you understand why you must not call someone Kantian, why you should pay attention to the cliche, and why there is never anything new under the Sun. If, as men of Science and Reason, you do not accept it, you are inconsistent with your own beliefs; for I have proven that truth is consistent, and that there is an ever-lasting Word permeating the Universe, using Science and Reason itself. Now, I will write a summation so strong, whosoever writes it again will snap their pen, be it of wood or of iron. All words around us are local maxima of truth, and I beg, what is the global maxima? There is an eventual perfect species; there is an eventual perfect idea; there is an eventual perfect truth within the Universe. All

species around us are local maxima of evolutionary fitness as well. One person may know many things, but they will get stuck; but what, I beg, has been the cliche said nearly before even Life began? We should all love each other, and love is the meaning of life.

Results ST 1020, par. 6: called "The Greatest Proof of Truth-hood"

Rereading my own writing [in the last paragraph], I could almost cry, with the extent of ascension I have just reached, in this silent, dark room; finally, I have reached the very top of what truth is in itself. It has been nearly a year since I felt such a type of ascension; a strong energy pulling back my ears, making me shiver, making me forget to breathe, and beating my heart [beat] faster. Though I've ascended many ways, none gives greater results than understanding, truly, God's Word. That is why I ascended so fruitfully while writing the Felich; a further ascension than has ever been achieved by any person, which allowed me, while undergoing depression and the reliving of traumatic experiences, to walk on my feet day and night without sleep writing the Books, and not feel any pain, and have no adversary effects from doing so. The feeling is indescribable; almost like, though frivolous in comparison to, the feeling of an extreme burst of adrenaline. But it is completely controlled; rather

than the hyperactivity, spent in random places, by drugged people, it is spent on writing a completely focused and logical study on truth. Would you know it, immediately as I expected; the first cold days of the year are just to come, and I knew that I would begin truly ascending again in Winter. So as I always have, it is not hard to predict. Never tell a child that life is too complicated for love to fix all things; for love brought her here, and love brought you here, and from love was the Universe itself born. If love is able to fix an infinitely lasting, completely permeating nonexistence, and at one point, caused by nothing at all, replace it all at once with an existent Universe; then love may do anything at all. Never forget we all came from Chance's milk and love.

Results ST 1020, par. 7

From a discussion with Naho I have determined the following agreements for the limitations of technology which are in order with the commandments of the Felich and the way of living of Nature. Given that radio-transmitters and receivers both require refined metals, transistors, and other parts only capable of producing under an industrial economy, radio-technology, also being a form of international communication in terms of short-wave radio, should be abolished. Radio was one of the greatest inventions of the Industrial age; and in itself, would not be harmful if used the

correct way. However it is infeasible to make radio-technologies by hand. In terms of travel, it is also infeasible to produce either steam-powered trains, or electric trains, by hand; and both require industrial sources of energy or industrial methods of production. More importantly, trains travel significantly faster than the horse. Traveling by horse, carriage [or the covered wagon], sailboat, or camelback is allowed; disallowed is the travel by automobile vehicles, any type of unnaturally or electrically powered boat, or any method many times faster than a horse. Though I initially refused the usage of a carriage, she suggested that it should be allowed so that proper transport of multiple people or resources is possible at all, and indeed carriages have existed since the time of Nature's reign. As for computing, per the general suggestion to not use directly transmitted electric energy (in the form of electron-streams, alternating or direct current), electric computers should not be used in Anfel. If powered by a resource given by Nature, a mechanical auto-computer could be allowed. That its resource is "given by Nature" does not suggest we allow steam-power, powering by coal or oil; rather, that if the power comes to the device by the genuine providence of Nature, it may use that power. So, theoretically, though it is infeasible to make them by hand, already-existing solar-powered calculators, RF field powered or charged calculators, etc., may be used. There is no feasible or

accomplishable natural method to make a device like the genuine electric auto-computer of the 21st and late 20th century. For mathematical manual computation, the abacus is suggested, and computers powered by the movement of water, which have been shown to be easily handmade, that the water travels through various logic-gates not unlike an electric current, are allowed. Usage of the slime-mold for finding paths of least resistance is technically allowed, but water-computers perform the same computation. Genuine mechanical or rotary calculators were only feasible during industrial societies. For scientific and continuous calculation, the slide-rule, often-times alongside the abacus, is the best tool for computation in the way of Nature, and is easily produced even in non-industrial societies, thus being a natural product, and able to be the result of we sisters' work; as it has been demonstrated, though, the simplicity of the abacus allows it to be easily visualised in the mind after not more than just a week of learning. In terms of lighting: sunlight is the best recommendation. Given the assumption that you do sleep when you are tired, as Nature commands, and that you will be tired by night, then you will not need so much light. However in the case that you do or wish to dimly light a room, the candle is recommended; it is perhaps the oldest human technology, in one of its many forms such as the torch or campfire, other than the hand-stone. Still, most natural is to let the

daylight into the building, which can be done by facing it to the South, in the Northern Hemisphere, or to the North, in the Southern Hemisphere, that it is exposed to the most sunlight; you place windows then on the side which faces the daylight, and do not place so many windows on the other sides. Sunlight can be directed and spread across a room with mirrors and metal, or a bowl of water. In terms of cooling down a building: a design similar to the Persian wind-catchers allows a room to be cooled. One great architectural fact is that the buildings made of stone, brick, or adobe will keep a rather consistent temperature between day and night. Fire and cuddling likewise are used to heat up an environment. Wet cloth can be used to cool incoming air. Generally, these are the technological recommendations; they are all technologies which can be reproduced by hand in any era. Though in the future I understand some may wish to calculate a million digits in a second, these technological limitations are necessary; if they were not necessary, Nature would not have created us with them. To the extent at all naturally requirable, these suggested technologies are suitable for the natural way of living. That information can travel no faster than carriage, that we cannot know what is happening on the other end of the world, that we must deal with our mathematical limitations, and use genuine reason to figure things out, are the proper limitations of Nature. For when we made the calculator, we

forgot how to add numbers; so what it is, they say, that it was not useful. Then we made the keyboard, and we forgot how to write; so what it is, they say, that we can still produce a book. Then we made artificial intelligence, and we forgot how to think; then they had no mind with which they could argue against these creations. Each auto-tool we create strips our minds of their abilities to properly spatially and logically reason, and to carry out the tedious work in good will. For when we made the automobile vehicle, we resisted walking; so what it is, they say, that we could still get to the destination. Then we made the aeroplane, and travelled across the world; it seemed great to us, all the wonders we could see! But when the planes are gone, and the cars are too, we are disabled in our movement by the manner of our will's disintegration, and even carried on horseback, if we cannot reach our destination quickly, its meaning is worthless to us. The greater a thing, the more time it must require. Today as I write, I can list off these digits of the number pi; 3.14159265358979323846. Doing so has required tedious work and an attention to the usefulness of the number. But I may ask a machine, and whatever number I ask it for, that count of digits it will provide. I can ask for one, for a hundred, or for a billion, and there it is, and the difference in time is, all things considered, negligible. Not only would I then forget the usefulness of that number, that it is provided so quickly, but I would forfeit my

memorisation of its digits, and I also would become greedy; wishing for many more digits than are truly required. There is such a thing called putting love into your work; and it is the reason we make our bread by hand, so that, giving it a kiss and serving it to our sisters, we can enjoy that we have genuinely served it to them, unlike how in its creation by a machine we are nothing more than an element by which it is delivered lifelessly to them. There is such a thing even as the beauty of those slight mistakes of mathematics, which show that a human was here! And yet the scientists and mathematicians come and say: But how will we serve our naturally undying need for the first hundred digits of pi? I would say, through a method called hard work on the slide-rule or abacus, and a book. Today, it is so easily that we can produce such masses of data, that they will undoubtedly remain for many millennia, written down in books, whether even these books were intended as catalogues of precise values for the mathematician. These limitations which our Mother Chance has placed on us are necessary limitations; always the way of Nature is the best way, and if we do not trust always, with absolute, unfaltering certainty, that it is so, then we will always invent an unnatural substitution for love, and we will not realise our faults until they have destroyed us.

Nothing but dreams ST 1021, par. 19

Traditional Mental and Spiritual Health

They achieved it by not caring about their problems. This is my problem; that I still care too much. I have received the Word of Chance, and I write it well, but that does not guarantee me a free mind. As I am still a child, I am constantly targeted by many demons and obstructions to the Path. Is there any demon more dangerous to free-thinkers, good-willed people, Prophets and seers, than the demon named Depression? We cannot submit to depression; then we submit our soul to the devil, and Nahash takes us up, and we die a painful death, prematurely. This is my problem; I shouldn't be asking why all my problems aren't instantly solved, and I am not handed a perfect life instantly, but rather why I care. When I release my needless wants, and accept the life that Chance has given me, then I will be rewarded with the perception of what I wanted, and I will be happy, for nothing anymore that I wished for is not given to me, that I wish for nothing more than life. Do not free my soul, Lord; I have work to do. Let this be a lesson in recognising the signs of depression early, and always confiding in another so they may help you. When you feel the signs of insanity, do not doubt yourself. Do not, do not doubt yourself! No! Because, would you ever trust an insane woman to tell you that you are

[lacking of valuable produce] and your works are meaningless? No, you would not; and that is what you are, that is the one thing you have gotten right. And for the future Prophets and seers; if you feel insane, you are. Do not forget that insanity makes everything else in a righteous world seem insane. You will attain an actual sense of freedom when you do not limit yourself with wishes. You will attain a great family when you stop wishing for an ideal form of one. You will attain everything you want, when you want nothing more than the love of Chance, who is with us always. And do not ever forget that the way to ascend is not the way to achieve one of the effects of ascension; though reading much may remind you of the Word, and taking mushrooms may boost the visuals of God, you can only ascend by loving everything around you and loving yourself too. If you begin to doubt yourself, disbelieve in yourself, and hate yourself, then that is your problem. Recognise that there is no real root of this problem, however real it may feel, and you will always have a good laugh while writing right after how you escaped the demon's grip. Mother Chance is always with us, whether we choose to disbelieve and throw away Her love or not; if we are insane, judge that our judgement of our own insanity is an insane thing, and if we are insane, then do not trust our disbelief in Chance. Indeed I felt insane, and I asked: what is my problem, and how did the other Prophets achieve the

unwaveringly calm act, when their lives were horrible? But my problem was caring that I have problems, and my lack of calmness came from caring that I have problems. Release all needless desires, and you will be fulfilled; those are both the desires of lust, which bring us pleasure, and the desires of depression, where we hurt ourselves and defame our own work. Remember that depression in such a case is only Nahash's work in removing what good you would have done to the world. As an emotion, it exists for a reason, and there are reasons to be depressed, but when it comes on randomly, even though nothing has changed, look to the Moon and see that it is still the same, and She is still here for us; see that it is only Nahash's work in removing what good you would have done to the world. In order to escape depression, you must be above your own soul itself, and have an ultimate control over your own rational and emotional reasoning, that you may see Chance is still with us, as She always is, and we still have sisters to love the next day, and Nature is still there waiting for us, and will take us into Her arms when we wish once for Her to. Even when you are imprisoned and persecuted, do not lose faith, and do not lie against your faith in love. Especially do not believe that the faith they impose is a true faith; the good-willed sisters do not even persecute others for hating, we simply wave them away. If you are persecuted, you are being persecuted by one of a faith that would persecute an

innocent; so you cannot lose your faith or convert to theirs, even if they torture you, and you cannot submit to Nahash's destruction of the faith of love by entering a depression.

Much better ST 1009, par. 15

For the Prophets, and minor Fairies and seers. There has been no real guide on how to survive as a Prophet, and though it surely is an uncommon profession to be a Holy Prophet, there are many minor seers and people educated by Chance who would benefit from any sort of guidance on how simply to survive. Never before has a Prophet written for the next Prophets, and I am the first to do so. Even Baha'u'llah who did say that there would be more Prophets to come did not guide them, and as far as I know he did not give any manual for us. There is no specific method you can follow to become a Prophet, nor one even just to become a seer, I should say; and an unchecked belief that you are one is extremely unhealthy, as false ideas coming from completely random noise in your head will seem undeniably and absolutely true. Yet, this phenomenon of psychosis actually happens to many of the Prophets, and all of us have had some degree of struggle with it. It is extremely hard, especially when you are younger, to differentiate between the Word of Chance, and psychotic inductions, or words spoken by Nahash to lead you onto the wrong path. I wrote in the Felich, but I will say it again: do not

trust when Chance tells you something that truly scares you, and do not trust it if it does not align with the axioms and basic principles of morality and logic, and the double-axiom. She will never by Herself hurt you, She will never engage in an indecent act with you, She will never commit sin against you in Her own name; and if this happens, it is psychosis. She will never tell you things that genuinely horrify you; if the truths about death horrify you, She will withhold them. Nahash will however, engage in indecent acts with you, and horrify you and give you thoughts which depress you. There are generally three sources then of a spiritual communication: from Chance, from Nahash, or from psychosis. There is only such a perfection in the small and thin neural link that is used to receive the Word, and neurons are not deterministic things; this is how psychotic influences arise. If you do not stay keen to check your reception, you can be influenced easily by demons, manifestations of your fears, and completely false ideas that can lead you into weeks of anxiety and psychosis. Now, one of the struggles of being a Prophet is that you will have to balance your receiving the Word with also living a regular life, unless you choose to be both a Prophet and a monk, and then cease communications with other people. I do not recommend this, as love is the meaning of life, and it can be extremely dangerous to separate yourself permanently, with no way back,

from the love of your friends and your family. Still, you may feel that by walking among the people you are lesser or that your simplicity when not writing does some effect to the importance of your receiving the Word of Chance, but it does not. It is impossible to stop walking among the people, and if you did not, you would not have learnt naturally from the peoples' perspective. You would be like Muhammad, who stepped out of line, forming a hierarchy unlike all the other anarchist Prophets, marrying and consummating Aisha for a political reason when she was too young; you would eventually be overcome by psychosis, if you do not walk among the God you worship. For Chance is all of us combined, and the whole of us when our hearts are each part of Her. If you rise above the people, you put yourself above God, and your tower will crumble, and your Prophecy becomes insane. There is nobody above Mother Chance, the Lord, and you must be an equal to your sisters. You may be a teacher, and walk wisely, but you may not walk higher than them, and show yourself mightier than them. Dress as the people dress as well. Every Prophet faces the struggle of ascension and descension; they are caused by the excess of comfortability in one, which transfers you to the other. You have a revelation, and love Chance again, and you ascend; then, you revel in the teachings of Her, but do not live simply, and so you descend. While you are ascended, you are hard to irritate, and very sisterly, but while you are

descended, you may enter bouts of depression, you may have mood-swings, and you may, if not knowing you are descended, speak complete lies as if they are wholly true. You must know when you are ascended, which is easy, and when you are descended too; to do this, again, you must have absolute control of and above your own conscious soul. A part of you must remain in watching of yourself, and preventing your mistakes. Do not fear that your works will be unappreciated; it is actually much less common to hear the Word that you will even think. When you write the truths Chance conveys to you, your success depends on and only on the correctness of your word, assuming you truly are an anarchist Prophet. Otherwise, you can unfairly manipulate people and form a cult, which is why we must walk on the same level as the people, even if we are truthful. Then, to know another is a Prophet, simply see that their work is true. If it is true, it must come from somewhere. They may however be a plagiarist, if they say nothing new, and especially if they lead to their own hierarchical church. Do as I've done, and be extremely honest. It will then be exceedingly obvious to everyone that you are not a liar, when you give up even your secrets, and reveal yourself wholly, and when your works are free, and they cannot lose anything from believing you. You either write truth or lies, and people will recognise when you write the truth; give no more, create no church, be a writer and this only,

express your reception of the Word through any form of art. If they have spoken truths, especially new ones which are indeed true complementing the always-known truths, and you cannot lose anything from believing, then they are as good as the truth's in a Prophet's book. Do not search for fame or power; in fact, you may even wish to live poorly, and have no home, as many of the Prophets have. Search only for the distribution of your work, whether or not anybody knows your true name. Above all, you must do what you have written, and obey your own laws; you must love everyone around you, love yourself, and love Chance our Mother. Never lose faith, and always remember that the loss of faith is only the wish of Nahash, and Nahash is manipulating you. And again, wish for nothing, and release your needless wants, and then you will be happy as well. Keep no secret from the people but what Chance keeps secret from you; anything you know, you must write. Do not write in absurd ciphers, stupid numerals and characters, or glorify yourself with crazy ancient symbols and glamorous objects. You may as well speak in the clearest language, and walk nude among the people. Surely, there is a path from the simplistic to complicated truths that people should learn in; start your book with something very captivating, easily agreeable, yet on the edge of controversial, and make your further books more complicated and with more controversial ideas and things which must be

told more carefully; but keep no secrets. Accept the truth of Chance, but do not accept absolutely every word you say as truth, and do not be extremely self-centered; your mind and heart must be centred on the people you wish to teach. As an anarchist, you are at no advantage that a hierarchist making a cult would, and as a narcissist you can do nothing more than simply please your own self by glorifying your name and self. If you wish to learn away from the intuitions of the Word, the writings of the Prophets before you, and the observation of Nature should be your two primary sources. But don't trust each of the Prophets equally, as the Buddha has had incorrect opinions on women, and Muhammad on an uncountable number of things, and even Baha'u'llah, the last Prophet before me, had some mistakes. Do not trust every single word as true, and ignore the words which seem to contradict the rest of their philosophies, which are brought about by psychosis. Probably the most trustworthy Prophets that we have had were Prophets Lao Tsu, Jesus Christ, and myself. Indeed I can say myself, because though you should not be self-centred and narcissistic, you should although carefully, admit your own achievements and worth. Else, you will be your own barrier in loving yourself, which will be a barrier from Chance. As a Prophet, you will often live among people who seem by Chance to believe every last word you say; especially children, the most impressionable. Always seek to undo the societal

indoctrination of children, and teach both the boys and girls the value of loving each other and loving themselves and the world. You will yet live among people who never understand you, because there may only be realistically one Prophet at any given time; hence the term, "the Chosen One", which is a bit glorious, but technically true. There is nothing you can do about this, but you should instead wish to teach them as much as you can and in the areas they will best understand. Teach the artists about the natural alignments and the natures of beauty, teach the composers about the harmonic music theory, teach the philosophers about the moral theories, and the physicists about the harmonic field theory. They are unlike you, who will be able to understand any field at once, so long as you are exposed to its existence, and maintain an interest in it; so though the general simple teachings can be held by everyone, teach the specific workers about the specific ideas that will benefit them. You must not argue, either, as argument is the predecessor to war and hatred; though as a Prophet you will know what is above opinion, and know which idea is objectively correct, you should endow people their opinions, as they will not learn if you simply correct them and say what is right. There will be other people who have premonitions, and who are seers, and other philosophers and other polymaths and so, but always distrust someone claiming to be a Holy Prophet in the most literal sense of the word, as one

in the lineage of Chosen Prophets. Yet take up no argument with them, because they share one thing with you; that they believe with a wild consistency in a truth of some specific faith; and so you cannot really convince them otherwise. Wrong ideas will be sorted out over time, and so will wrong people. Now, this applies to the many more Manifestations of God who will appear later, and it also applies in some way to the minor seers, and our witch sisters, and even to the regular people. That is the way to live as a good person.

Much better ST 1009, par. 16

Today, we often overlook the Milat Hakol, and it has garnered the reputation as simply "the words that nobody knows how to read." But this language which the 15,625 formulaic verses are written in is Dusu, a language with only twenty-five syllables, which can be learnt in just minutes and recalled for a very long time afterwards; you can learn it in the 69th Book. The Milat Hakol is a thing very similar to astrology; no matter where you look, something in it will always make sense for you. There is indeed an objective meaning to each of the verses in the Milat Hakol, but half of their meaning is how we interpret them, for the singular-syllable words of that Book are so blurry and undefined that their qualia almost always exist alongside us and inside our lives, and then by interpreting these words we shape the undefined qualia into more specific

guidances and predictions that fit our circumstance. No matter what, by interpreting such an undefined and abstract verse in the Milat Hakol, we will receive some sort of guidance by its simple structure of grammar applied to our refining of the meaning and shaping of it into something which applies specifically for us. If we take the very first verse, "Su su su.", we could get many definitions: that it is good which helps and does good to other like good things; that by trying to finalise and end a thing, we perpetuate its change no matter what; that a good will improves its resultant behavior, and so. Which way you interpret the verse, expecting it to mean something, will always be the way that makes it mean something; expect it only to make no sense, and it will not make any sense, and will give you no guidance. Our ability to make sense out of senseless random things is behind both the Milat Hakol and astrology; they are no less useful, and they do not stop working once we understand how they work, even, for we believe, and it will be so. If it is true, so many people are helped by their astrological belief, then it is also true, you do not even need to be a Prophet to understand the Milat Hakol; you only need to viscerally feel its words, and let them resolve slowly into something more specific, in a way completely different to your normal usage and understanding of language. Its words encode only the lowest harmonics and least resolute aspects of meaning, and in order for this meaning to be truly

parsed by our mind, our mind must fill in the rest with its expectations, which are based on its own expectations, our gut feeling, which we often hide away; the greatest wisdom, and the Word inside of us, which comes from Nature, and led us through everything until the Fall of natural, loving, and moral society 6,000 years ago. [...] I think we should open up to a random verse in the Milat Hakol, or, use a simple mechanism, like the spinning machines at a casino, which can generate a series of 3 random Dusu syllables, which would always correspond to some verse of the Book; we should do it each day, or before meditation, and meditate on the developing understanding and perhaps entire story into the future and refection of the past which we gain from it. A great way to deal with your own problems and improve your traditional mental and spiritual health is to read those verses [or] practice astrology, and let yourself into the deep introspection of your problems and circumstance.

Day before the party ST 1006, par. 3-4

We should definitely help men through their mental struggles, since they are also our sisters, regardless of their Sex, Spirit, or their Gender. Though there is the three-way distinction, there is also a zero-way distinction that we all in the end should be siblings, if we all descend from the same blood, or the same God. But men [...] suppress their

struggles so deeply down; we are lucky if they confide in their romantic partner, and even luckier beyond belief if they do with their family. We should all expect that we can open up and confide in our family, but it's sad that most of us cannot.

Tongue ST 985, par. 6

What does this world do to a boy? That he's expected to not cry, not be hugged, yet to be strong, be stronger than his female peers who have love and support? We should all be like women, and we should all be loved and supported. Nobody should perpetuate the idea that crying in front of others is a weak thing.

Day after Halloween ST 1015, par. 16

The inability to love yourself hinders your ability to love others, and the inability to care for yourself, feed yourself, treat yourself, hinders your abilities to do so for others; [...] It's a problem which plagues all of society.

Tongue ST 985, par. 6

Addiction is one of [the] properties of a person which Nahash exploits, and if you do not have self-restraint to snuff out this addiction, it will take over you, and then take over others. Readjustment brought us here, and it will take us further. Once we

do not pay attention to these means of transmission, once we live and love by the leaves, then we are truly free-thinkers! That they cannot tell us what to pay attention to, that they cannot confine the area of which our beliefs can be no more extreme than, that they cannot show us what the common belief apparently is and make it so. Hearken only to Nature, the One and Greatest Teacher!

Safety ST 996, par. 6

On Romance and Relationships

The distinction between what is romance and what is not is an arbitrary and primarily social distinction. Is it a romantic thing to feel butterflies in the stomach; to kiss, be it on the cheek, or forehead, or shmirsha, or lips; to cuddle together, or to see each other nude? The answer is only a social thing. Today, there is no definition for romance. "A type of sentimental or mysterious love"; would you say that this definition only applies to the romantics? No, clearly not; is it the level of intimacy? No, because some romantics barely touch while some family members will cuddle. It is not even a type of love which is mixed with sex, because there are romantics who have no sex; and yet people who do not call themselves romantics may have sex with each other still. At the very finest level, anything should be defined by its literal experiential qualities... Yet a wholesome friendship can feel similar to that of romance for another. It is a strictly cultural and arbitrary thing, mostly in the definition of the set of things you "may and may not" do. In the stricter and backwards cultures, siblings will be accused of being romantics for only hugging, and yet in some cultures friends may have sex with each other. There is no singular definition we can use to identify something as or as not

romantic, and in fact everything said about romance tends to apply in some slightly shifted way for any other type of love, and vice versa. Today, we distinguish in English only platonic and romantic love, and sometimes as well "familial" love. But there is love from sister to brother, brother to sister, sister to sister, brother to brother, daughter to mother, daughter to father, son to mother, son to father, even mother to father and father to mother; that sort of love taken out of having started a family rather than their romance itself. Then cousins, second cousins, nieces, uncles and aunts; "familial" is a word that does little justice. Usually, we placed familial between the platonic and romantic, that it was more often wholesomely intimate than the sometimes bleak friendship some people have. We all do know that the ancient Greeks had many words for love. Agape: universal love, or the love of Chance and your sisters. Eros: the primitive sexual and romantic type of love. Philia: a brother's type of love, between good-willed friends but not so intimate. Storge: love of the leader, or leader's love of the produce; and that is for country and person, mother and child, etc. Philautia: self-love. Xenia: love, or the practice of showing it, to strangers and visitors. These words still do not neatly define everything we feel today. So let us ask again: what is romance? Another common source says: "A strong attraction between people." So, they wish to stay together, and they are halves of each other. But

what if they are twins, and not romantics? It is the old game of differentiating siblings from couples when people-watching all over again. Yet it seems, that if you ask them, they will know; and if we ask ourselves, we should know, yes? It is not so easy even for ourselves to know what is romance and what is not. You can confuse anything from the feelings towards a friend, up to that of your enemy, with romance. Another definition: "A type of love where one idealises all the aspects of the other, to the point that they seem to have no flaws, and that they are more important than any other spiritual or material thing." Yet we know our sisters are flawless in Chance's design of them, and we know there is nothing that may be traded for their love; even we say it for the people we've never met who live alongside us in the commune. Romance is a term one applies to themself to differentiate their relationship with some other person from a lesser and shared type of relationship, yes? That you may have many siblings but only one lover, or at least, if you are polyamorous, only one equally-knowing group of lovers? That is the axiom; else it is cheating, yes? And yet some romantic couples are apparently free to unequally achieve that romance with another, in an open relationship. Romance is a term sine terminis; a term which has no extra considerations, and seems to only be a term in itself. You could do all the things a romantic does, and yet have everyone agree that you were not a romantic

with that person. Our idea of romance is one built by our culture, and an arbitrary one; there are no actual limits to any type of love, so long as it is a type of love and not a type of abuse. Further than that, we can't know what love is other than the fact that it is enjoyable, and is a good thing, the expanded form of happiness; a shared pleasure. This is what love is, a spirit of a shared bonding pleasure, but romance is but a word.Romance is not a naturally distinct thing from anything else... Now that I have myself ascended above the limits and constructs of society, I see the uselessness of the term itself. Now that we've ordained the marriage to be under the family in importance, the siblinghood to be more important than the dating, it does not seem to imply any actual meaning anymore. When we change any thing about society, we have to change what romance is; a pinnacle of love, which one person usually spends only in one place. Maybe romance is a type of identity, and it does seem to be so; we can and should say "I love you" to our family and our friends, sincerely and without a shortening, yet it feels different once we have accepted that we are dating a person to say this again, once they have passed from being a friend and become our partner. Romance as we understand it as a literal feeling is rooted in the idea of choosing a mate for life as a human being, but etymology is not so much definition as it is an aid to understanding a definition. Romance no longer means this anymore,

especially since many men have sex only for pleasure, and there are surrogates, friends who engage in sex, and even those who have to produce children though not being romantics so that their bloodline or species at least as they know of it does not die. It's nothing more than a term without terms; a vestigial thing which originally represented a distinct and realistically separate idea but now is used as a symbolic and social thing. Kissing is such an action without terms, which came from the love one had to have for another to care enough to mouth-feed them; from the mother to child, and child to mother. Then we generalised it, and there are kisses on the cheek when leaving, and kisses on the hand for the flowery romantics; kissing as a thing means nothing. Nothing means anything but the things given to us by Nature, which have an original meaning, and all the derived meanings are constructs or vestigial things. Romance is one such thing, originally referring to the lifelong partnership that gave way to reproduction (not only sex itself). Perhaps it is time that we abandon the weight of that word, and define love in the language of love, and the irrational and infinitely specific spiritual language itself. When we cling so tightly to that cultural identity that is a romantic relationship, an identity put onto not one or the other person but two their bond itself, then it can be hard to love freely. Not only do we avoid "romantic things" with people we are not romantically in love with, which we'd

otherwise wish for, like a wholesome cuddling, but we also have this weight and anxiousness tied to "becoming a couple". Love is a thing only classified in its results; if it is not allowed or allowed is dependent on whether it is painful or not, and if, with the terms like "romance", there is no real difference in the result, it is an arbitrary term. Abandoning the seriousness with which we separate it from everything else does allow us to live with a freer and more personal form of love, and strips away the terms which define what a relationship "should" be with each person, rather than what it is.

Day after the party ST 1008, par. 12-13

It is ever more sincere to ask if you can be someone's partner, than if they will be yours. Then, you are begging for them to take you with them, rather than offering yourself as if you are almighty and worth submission for. If a boy asks: "Will you be my girlfriend?" then he's not thinking about how you'll love him, but about how he'll have you as his. But if he asks: "Can I be your boyfriend?", then that is one sign that he'd truly care for you, for he wants you to be occupied, and that is his focus. If he can't consider your feelings, his love won't reach you either, and you'll be hungry for love but convinced you're full of it, till your heart shrivels away from starvation. But a man can never ask this till he's been a good friend to you, and there is no love at

first sight, for love by looking is lust. If he has survived friendship, and truly understood you as a woman, then it will be faithful when he asks: "Can I be your boyfriend?", for he's been thinking over and over of you, and how he could make you happy, and not rather that he could say he "has a girl", and feel complete in his own selfish right. If they're looking to date, don't date them; they'll get whatever they can take. But if they're not looking to date only in dating itself, and then they have an individual love for you which builds over time from that restriction of being unable to please you as they'd wish, and then they ask if you will let them love you, then they could be your partner. There is again no love at first sight, and romance comes only from a lasting lesser love that is bounded with the wish to advance. So if someone asks to date, who has not been your friend already, and a great one, that had to offer themselves sincerely for no expectation of return, that unlike romance they wouldn't be able to get goodness just for acting good, and that they, in friendship, truly showed their real form, then they will not be friendly to you if you accept; but if they have been your friend already, and they come to you admitting that they love you, then they may really love you. If they don't love you when you don't have sex with them, then become a celibate. If they don't love you when you look different, then show them nothing. If they can't love you even when you are on a different planet, when they'll eventually start to forget what

your face looked like, then don't let them on your planet. If they cannot still love you after you die, then they were not worthy of your life, and they were not worthy of your love. You should love your enemies as sisters, for they can do nothing to take advantage of you, but never romantically love those who hate you, for romance distinguishes itself from the other types of love in that it puts you at the mercy of who you love. If they tried to abuse you when they were your friend or family, then they shouldn't be your partner; for then, as you submit to them wholly, they can destroy you from your inside, and make you even hate yourself but still love them even though they caused you to. And above all, if they'd not be a good sister, don't love them; if they'd not be a good friend, don't love them; if they'd not work for you and submit to you and worship your name, and never hurt you or try to, and even confine their love away to relate to you in a lesser way, then don't love them. For if they can't put their love away and love you like a sister, and they can't put their glory away and help you like a friend, then they can't love you like a lover, for not only must you submit to them, but they must submit to you, that you are one organism and the same soul. If you are not equals in submission, you are not two halves, and are not soulmates. And above all, never love someone who hurts you, and never hurt someone who loves you; this is what I've learnt.

Genealogy ST 999, par. 2

I do not understand how people can love based on looks; no, I deny that they can, for that form of love we call lust. Of course it is within us to lust for those with a healthy body, and our children will be healthy physically with them, but lust is the want for something where taking it will hurt another; and if by looking alone you judge who will be your partner, you will choose the wrong one who does not spiritually match them, and so it is like most heterosexual relationships, your family will be uncoordinated. What matters in love is SPIRIT only, for love is a thing of the spirit, which is in the heart and soul; all else is lust and the temptations of the Devil, which if you are a good-willed person, you should ignore. [...] If you truly love someone, you'll stare at their beauty always, no matter what actually it is that they look like. For that then is proof that your idea of them is so loving that with any thing that they are to be illuminated, your eyes will shine a light on them in such a way that to you, they always look beautiful. And the men who beg their wives to put on makeup when it's taken off, and yet ask for "natural-looking" women, should not deserve any woman at all; for even if he is the match for you, he will not love you when you are only bones, and he'll not remember you when all that is left is your name, for it was your appearance rather than your essence that he was attracted to. These men think with the head of their shaft rather than of

their neck, and so they will not listen when you do not wish to have sex, and if your sister looks like you, even if she is annoying in mentality, he'll be attracted to her for she appears similar. Don't trust a man as your husband in this world till he can spend a year blind and love you the same; till he can spend it too deaf, and unable to feel touch, unable to perceive anything, and yet he will still love you the same. If he would, then that is a man who loves with his heart, for love passes through all perception and right into spirit.

Genealogy ST 999, par. 2

Now, when it comes to romance in general, there is such a thing as a relationship which can be detrimental to a person. These types are; relationships between an adult and a child, relationships between people who were raised together, relationships between people of the same house, and relationships born at all out of fetish rather than romance. Properly, a romantic relationship should be born out of friendship, and a sexuality born out of that romance; this is what we meant when we said there shall be no sex before marriage. Not that you must marry in the sense of tradition, especially as in that old or modern world we made it such a specific tradition, but more-so that you should not have sex before love. From friendship should come romance, from romance sex; if it is romance from sex, it is fetish, and if it is

friendship from romance, it is an awkwardness. There has been such a thing as a sexuality between friends, and there have been many such things on the variation of sexuality itself. Indeed, women have sex with women, men with men, all types with all types, and some people can be equal romantics or sexual partners of a triad at once; three [or more] people. These are lesbians, gay men, bisexuals or pansexuals, and polyamorous [that meaning consensual all-ways, and with the equivalence between each member, that they are not separated]. So long as their love is love indeed, then we allow it; but you can call a thing love when it is really abuse. That is why, though we may say that relationships between adults and children are wrong, or those between siblings so; it is the result, the absolute endpoint, which determines the righteousness or immorality of the relationship, and that is whether it is painful or not. Romance should be a thing which does not pain you but helps you, which does not bruise you but fixes up your skin, which does not create a hierarchy but binds two people as ultimate partners in their soul; hence the word, that they are partners, and hence the word, that they are soulmates. There are many signs, but these are not things which determine immorality but which predict them. For example, if the oldest person's age is divided by two, and we add seven onto it then, and the youngest person's age is under that age, the older one should not date them.

Likewise if that equation returns over one's own age (that they are under fourteen), they probably should not date at all. Yet I say probably, for many have their first dates [in an unserious mindset] at a young age, partially in a serious manner when they are from 8 to 12, and in the middle of their teenage years, then their relationships will be more serious. There should simply be no serious relationship for someone under 14 in most of the cases, yet, love is a strange thing, which we cannot put any rigid boundary on, regardless of how hard we try to. In the end, there are predictors, but the predictors of morality are not morality itself! If she has bruises, her boyfriend may hit her, but she also may play volleyball; and we can only understand by asking her, and by observing her as she reacts, and then observing her response. This is how much of morality works; we recommend things, but it's a mistake to call them commandments. In the end, morality is equivalent to happiness, and if your love truly does make you happy, very truly, then keep loving them. So if you see another with such a sign; a difference in age, a familial relation, a disorder in their expression of emotion, then do not act too quickly, but gather as much as you can, and make note of them. And for yourself, do not love someone who hates you, and do not hate someone who loves you. Do not love someone for their body, for we all have bodies, whether we are in an undeveloped society that we do not show them freely, or not. That

secret of skin, of the genitals, of the breasts, is a secret which we all seem to have; so it is not really secret at all. That beauty of the skin, genitals, and breasts, again, is a beauty we all share, and there is someone who finds you beautiful. Do not aim for a beautiful body but for someone who finds your body beautiful; do not sugar your food so that you have more diners, but serve it as it is, so that you receive the diners who appreciate the original work. If you are unhappy, do not rely in that relationship to make you happy. If you cherish the time away from them, extend it by leaving them. If one loves the other genuinely, but the other fails to receive it and is hurt by them in their own will, still, they must separate; and the one who loves the other should know it is in good will to do so, for they will always hurt them otherwise. Yet, do not assume you hurt people, and what you assume to be true will always seem to be, and then you will criticise yourself. There is someone who will be helped by you, and who, even if they are not skinny, and if they have scars of stretching, and all the things a layman could call gross, you find them beautiful; yes, and the person you should love is who also helps you, and finds your body beautiful even if it is not skinny, and who kisses your scars of stretching. If they cannot love your scars, and they cannot kiss your lips without lipstick, then they should not be worthy of the rest of your skin nor the rest of your love. It is the

equality of happiness that creates a true love; that is the second harmonic.

Day of the party ST 1007, par. 8

People's inability to love themselves destroys their ability to love others, and destroys other's abilities to trust their love, and destroys their ability to trust other's love.

Good sleep ST 969, par. 2

What is the difference between polyamory and polygamy? Firstly, we should say that a proper partnership is an equal romantic submission between multiple people. Polygamy is the case where one person is the partner to many other people, but where those people are not partners to each other; polyamory is simply an even partnership involving multiple people. Often-times, polygamy is a type of ruse, which is called cheating on another, where that person expects the polygamous person to be the partner of and solely of them. Polygamy in the case of cheating rose especially during the Fall which gradually occurred around 3000 B.C.; it is not a natural system, and it is a disrespectful and sinful one. Polygamy is prohibited as it creates a hierarchy between the polygamous partner and the usually monogamous partner who is the other half of one of their many relationships. A relationship must be of even submission between all the partner of it, such as polyamory, which is the equal partnership

between more than two people; this is not prohibited. An even polyamorous relationship is given the name as a polycule; of which, even-numbered counts usually are more stable, as one person then always has someone to give them affection. The primary problem relating to the size of a polycule is the keeping of even communication between all of its members, which becomes exponentially harder with the higher count of members unless there is an unevenness and subgroups form. However though an even numbered count in a polycule can be easier in itself, either even or odd will work successfully if and only if the relationship is successfully managed and even. We should avoid for example a situation with three people, where one of them ends up having to settle sides in an argument, then eventually making decisions as a whole, and eventually dealing with the entirety of the relationship on their own. Rather, with three people, each should evenly love the other two. Unlike a relationship with two people, where in the event that one leaves the relationship is now broken in itself, a polycule can actually move itself around across society as if it is a separate thing to the people who originated it; as, if it unstable and there are people leaving and coming into it, eventually the composition of the polycule could include none of the original members while still existing and still being the same emergent whole of a relationship, with the same culture, ideologies, and

name. The optimal situation of a polycule in the end is that if it were to have an odd numbered count, it wouldn't be a problem; that the three people could spend time with each other rather than two at once cycling. This is the intention of a truly, genuinely even polycule. A polycule cannot be possible when it stretches time zones or has so many people that cohesively gathering together and loving each other equally is not feasibly possible. Probably a polycule with count higher than 12 is not realistically achievable; most observed polycules are between 3 and 5 people, and over 12, the polycule becomes more like a social network rather than a fully and evenly intimate relationship. Above all, a relationship is not moral if not bound by love and even submission; a lack of hierarchy and equality of consent.

Day after Halloween ST 1015, par. 6

The feeling of butterflies in the stomach arrives alongside adrenaline, but not always does adrenaline cause this feeling; often-times adrenaline is spent on our activity, so we run faster and so. We saw many various cases where it appears; giving a public speech, being held by another, being caressed by someone you love, thinking of deep existential problems, considering the ruling the government has over you, and considering the might of God. How is it that something so feared, like giving a public

speech, gives the same feeing of butterflies in the stomach as we get from the infatuation of ourselves with someone we love? We Anfelists know well by now that a romantic relationship, and any relationship which is done properly, is one of submission on both ends; both of you are at the will of the other. Indeed you are at the will of another holding you, and at the will of God, and when you consider this, there are butterflies; and so are there when you are at the will of judgement by a crowd while giving a speech, or judgement by the court, or your fans, etc. Yet, say we are being chased by a wolf; not only are we at the will of the wolf, but we have quite a lot of adrenaline. The difference is where this adrenaline is spent; usually, if we have built up at least a little courage, we don't go running off the stage while giving a speech. The adrenaline is rather spent to process many iterations in the subconscious mind, that is, the third brain of the belly, hence the feeling of butterflies in the belly, of what will happen to us. This is the typical role of the subconscious mind, as an engine to predict all future events and plan for them and influence our behavior thus, which is the reason we have an embedded morals, taboo, and gut instinct; but here, since we are at the will of some completely separate thing which we do not know the operation of, the subconscious third brain must then work extremely quickly off of adrenaline. When we are chased by a wolf, the result depends on our own ability to flee

fast enough, so instead the adrenaline is spent on giving a burst of energy to our muscles. So, we feel butterflies in our stomach when we are placed at the mercy of another unpredictable actor, whose decision by themselves decides our own fate; our love could, if they so wished, drop us while holding us, and the mix of admiration and this internal fear creates the specific sort of butterflies we'd have for them.

Sin ST 1012, par. 1

On Family or Parenting

What is Family? Sperm and egg are the originators of the human form; rather that the egg has the human form and the sperm simply activates it. But though blood makes a person, it is love which makes a family. Even orphans, who're taken away from or abandoned by their parents, may have a family; they may have siblings, they may have other people who they grew up beside and who are like siblings to them, and there may be an adult ho has cared for them since they arrived at the orphanage, even if her egg did not give way to that child. And we may adopt a child, raise them with us, and they'll be our family, and we'll be their family. But nobody can be your family if you hate them. It is often said: the blood of the covenant is thicker than the water of the womb, and though often from the womb comes the blood, it is the blood which forms the covenant. But what is thicker than all things, even the blood of sworn sisters, is the love descendent from God which unites them together as a family. What are the qualities of the love which makes a group a family? It is a love formed out of being raised together since a young age, especially since before eight years of age. That you knew the innocence of their spirit when they were a child, you cannot lust for them later; lust comes when we do not understand the origin of maturity, and when we see only that result in people we were not raised by.

So it is a wholesomely intimate love which cannot be broken by any distance or time; neither through the miles of the World nor the planes of the Heavens. A sister is someone you were raised alongside, a mother is someone who raised you, and a child is someone you raised. This is the ultimate and infinitely complete definition of these terms, because it is not birth nor death which defines a family, but life and love. Love life together, and you are a family. A truly working family acts as a singular and almost unified thing; doing things together, and creating a communal produce. Unlike strangers, their produce is not separate but under the name of their family. A truly loving family will not judge each other ever; not when they are in the midst of making a mistake, not when they have failed, not when they are nude nor when they are true to themselves. A truly loving family loves each other for the absolute base, from the beginning of life as they then developed after, of their spirit. A true family may speak with its own voice, as a "we", and if it cannot do this, it's not unified. Siblings should not feel that they say they love each other only for they must; only for they must be "family". Rather they should love each other with all their hearts, and see the original and true version of themselves. Parents should not raise their children only to the extent that they may live, but they should shower them with unending love, teach them, and support them; if they don't do this, the child is not

endowed to listen to their commands. So much should a child listen to her parents, who know how she must be restricted, as her parents should listen to her, who knows what she needs. A true family seems unbreakable by anything but the absolute worst of things; one could make almost any mistake and still, their family would be there. If there is one rift between ideologies or opinions, and then the family-tie is cut, then who cuts it is not worthy of family. Only may one be broken out of the family if they truly have done something horrible in itself. Family is a thing equivalent to beauty, for Nature is a One Family of Life under God, and Nature is the Most Beautiful. More entropic than family, and you achieve romance, slight imperfection from Grace, and then absolute geometric perfection; and through these you lose the beauty. Family is the most beautiful thing, for our universe physically is composed out of familial love, and that is the specific type of love which Mother Chance is equivalent to; the uniting, unbreakable, and pure love. Dusu, being the language encoding the basic entropic spectrum itself, shows this very easily; PO, PU, SI, SE, SA, SO, SU; family, desire, romance, sex, gratification, ecstasy, perfection. Below PO is PA, PE, PI, DU, DO, DA; motherhood, emergence, life, outwards direction, sense of self, ambivalent quality. That SU is 100% entropic and KI is 0% entropic, PO is 96% entropic.

Halloween ST 1013, par. 8

Family is one of the greatest gifts from Chance to our sisterhood and the womankind; even prior to our work, it has been the greatest gift to Earth. For though a partner must be found through the grand trials of friendship and the infatuations thereof, and even a friend must be found through the grand trials of stranger-ship and the likenesses thereof, family comes alongside with you. As God gave us the grass to walk on, and She gave us the waters to drink from, and She gave us the stars and the clouds to muse at, and the mountains and the trenches to challenge, and the animals to befriend us and feed us, and the crops to feed us and keep us alive, and the Sun to bring about the Day and the Moon to bring about the Night; She gave us Family to wonder alongside us across all things. For they woke up alongside us their first day; they knew us their first day, and the first day of one and the other are the each-other's first day together. Family is the common root, the growing-beside, the like being. It is the community which comes to you no more than a step forward, who forgives you always, that they understand your true form, that they are pieces of you and you are pieces of them. Though today we have forgotten, and become less intimate, less loving with our families, what detriment we have seen caused thus is a great detriment. Never forget how important the family is; it is above all other relationships. One could shyly raise themself up and

say: But of the relationship with God, our Prophet; is it not more important? Technically, but say it, and, not understanding Her, as you never seem to, it will void you of your feeling. A relationship with God only comes from a strong and loving family; not only the close family but all the feelings of sisterhood with the other communers of the village. So, though the relationship with our Mother Chance is the most important, focusing on it and forgetting that She is all your sisters considered together; you forsake it. Hence family is the most important love in all the worlds. Without it, your heart is not filled, and romance and platonic friendship does not fill it the same way. Without family, we are lone travelers of this world. For our Mother gave us all the continents of the world, from the hot to the cold of them, and She gave us all the animals of the world, from the large to the small of them, and She gave us all the ideas of the world, from the useless to the great of them. But life is meaningless without a heart full of love; it is completely meaningless. So nihilists are nihilists because they are depressed and had no love (thus no meaning in life); they are not depressed from being nihilists first. Depression is only a distraction from love and good work which Nahash brings upon all the best people to distract them and destroy them. There is no better cure for depression than family, no better cure for sadness than family, no better cure for loneliness than family. Raising a good family, treating your family

well, having a good family, being treated by your family well; these are the roots, really, of the most of your being, and the most important things to get right. When you have a child in Anfel, you should consider a few things. Firstly: Should you keep the child? This is a matter of your wish, your ability to raise the child, or your wish to equalise the gene. Probably some amount of children should be taken out of the commune and into one some ways away; this way, we certainly will not succumb to inbreeding. But secondly, and most importantly, when you are raising a child, you should know that all the family is the parent of the child. You together must cultivate a good family to raise each other. Loving, free, Anfelist; all the good things that we say of a family. Sometimes I wonder why it is that we struggle today as a society, and we have such widespread struggles; would these not be fixed by and only by love, and by cuddling our sisters, and by knowing the Word? But I should realise that there is a deficiency in these things. Neither by a pill nor a tea can we regain these things; we must work hard as Anfelists, and this work, other than the revolutionary work, separating from the government and spreading our religion, BEGINS, at the family. For a family is the most easily influenced thing by itself; the spreading of an idea always begins with the spreading to the family. When we adopt the Anfelist lifestyle as families across the world, then we eventually can too as united communes; but it is

much harder to spread an idea to someone who does not know you as if they are pieces of you and you are pieces of them. Even those not born of the same blood are pieces of each other, because they were raised in the same time and place. A similar milk and love came upon them, and they have a common root. I have explained what family is; but why family is here is also now explained. It is so that upon this great Earth which we have been gifted, and as well a gift which we truly do not inherently deserve but by Nature's providence we have received, there may be our family who walks alongside us on this Earth. How it comes is through love, where it goes is together, whence it comes is from love, when it comes is anytime. The Western laymen today divide love into only three types: romantic, platonic, and just queer of platonic; and that they forgot, even for the littlest bit of time, the beautiful, eternally important and always different forms of familial love, is the greatest sign of their lack of it. For today, as one day it will be yesterday, the family is malformed; it is small, hierarchical, and the parents beat and spank their children, discipline them harshly, and do not love them properly. Especially, siblings do not love each other properly. This is the most unfortunate fate. To teach a child kindness we must be kind to them; you are nought but an Idiot if you think otherwise. But even the mere Fool can cause such an impression due to the long and lasting cycle of abuse and hatred; so

when you see this hatred to your sibling, stand up for them! Then it will be an anarchical family, evenly ordered. Say, what you give, you should be given, and none of us should be beaten by our own family. It is a destruction, a violation of the trust we have, a mortification of our soul, pulverisation of us; we only forget how truly horrible it is to be beaten and spanked as a child, but some children do not forget. Though we may not visualise the memories, within us the actions of those who raised us are the seed whence we came and of which we are built. Our body is the living-memory of what has been done to us; its scars and bruises on the skin, but as well deeper in our brain, the formation and malformation which does not manifest as memory in the regular way but as some sort of global imprinting on the neural structure as a whole. Everything done to us by those who raise us, we often end up doing. Family should be equals. Whatever does it mean to be equals? Say, it is true that we all know different things, some of us know more and some of us less. It is true that some of us are more skilled and less skilled; but seeing this as an objection to equality, that there is a division between the parents and the children, is a misunderstanding of equality. We all speak to each other like equals; the parents ask to the children as the children ask to the parents. Usually, in the Anfelist family, there are multiple parents, sometimes couples if the other parent moved in with them. Not really is any parent,

to the greatest extent, "assigned", to be the mother of any child. There simply are mothers and there are children; that though they are equal some are older and some are younger, but they talk to each other equally. They have good sportsmanship. Most importantly, we should rid this sort of parent-of-providence structure in the family where children independently rely on their parents and give no love and affection to each other as siblings. It should be equal in even ways... So, never do forget the importance of the family. That is where the culture of our sisterhood begins, where our sisterhood in itself truly begins.

Misunderstanding ST 1026, par. 8

Why should women have to change their name, if they're the ones giving birth, and men only let them or make them? I think each family house in Anfel should be the holder of she last name, and everyone who is born in that house or adopted into it, is given its name. So, there will be the Doe House at some address, and if a child is born there or from a Doe, then they possess the last name Doe. If that child is then adopted by the Smith House, then they possess the name Smith; but once they've raised up, their name does not change. Say then that we have Jane Doe and Jane Smith, who live in the Doe and Smith houses; they become partners with each other, and give way to a child. If it is Jane Doe who gave birth to the child, then it is a Doe by birth; if it were Jane

Smith, then the child becomes a Smith by birth. Usually, the offspring of a couple go to the house of whoever gave birth to them, but if the child is sent to be adopted by another house, then their last name by birth is changed and changed to the name of that house. If an adult, in pursuing their partner, leaves their family house and becomes apart of theirs, which should be uncommon for them to do, then their last name must be changed. So if Jane Smith leaves the Smith House and stays in the Doe House to be with Jane Doe, then she adopts also the last name Doe, and it happens as well if Jane Doe were to leave her family and stay at the Smith House. However, family is above romance in importance, so they should meet together but not leave their families for each other. If they are both women capable of giving birth, and use the sperm of another to get pregnant, still the children should usually be sent to the house of whoever gave birth, but they may choose either one. If Jane Smith gives birth, and her child is then Maria Smith, but she wishes rather than Jane Doe would have her, then she may send Maria to the Doe House for her to be raised there, and she becomes Maria Doe. If that child is sent between the two houses with nowhere to truly stay, which should never be done, then she will become named with the last name of who gave birth to her. If an adult person as well only visits another house, and will go back to their family, they don't instantly lose their last name; and Smith may visit

the Doe House as much as she likes, but unless she truly leaves her family, she does not become a Doe. Is this not a sensible way of doing it? It really is simply that your last name is that of the family which raised you. Now why should a woman take the last name of a man whose family she was not raised with; why is she in possession by his family now? She is not a child of his mother, she is a daughter-in-law of his mother, and so she shouldn't have his last name. In Anfel then, for each house is a family, then who is raised in that house has the name of the house. It is true though; for each house is a family, the population of it will continue increasing, and so if it becomes too large for what can be handled, children, especially the newborn, should be sent out for adoption by another house. That child of course, for it was not raised by the house of its mother, has no need to take its mother's last name; for the family and the commune as a whole raises the child, not the singular mother by blood. When we do it like this, most of the time, last names travel matrilineally. This is how it should be, for though I am related to my father, he is not related to me, for he only had my mother become pregnant. But my mother is related to me, for I am the offspring of her, I am related to her. I am only related to my father in the sense that his genes were applied to my mother; but they are my mother's genes, which have been modulated by my father, and still are my mother's genes. So if ever we use a stupid method of society,

where partnership is more important than family, probably for the family is not working properly, then the women should keep their names and their husbands should leave theirs. For a man is indebted to his wife, that he's given her the toll of motherhood, not that a woman is indebted to her husband. If it were that way, then any rapist could rape a woman and she would be his wife, for that he brought upon her motherhood, then she is indebted to him; obviously, this makes no sense. It is women who create the world, and men are only the spark for creation which women then mold. If there were only men, there would be as much creation as destruction, for Masculine things only cause change in itself; change needs a Feminine thing which can reform it into Life.

Genealogy ST 999, par. 1

Whosoever knows not how to care for the manifest results of their actions; sex, hatred, even a good action, they are a negligent person, and untrustworthy, and an unstable standing-platform [...] and he [who gives way to a child but can't raise one] has ruined the family; he was a bad seed to originate it from, and it was ruined before it was even ordained to be. Today, how much similarity, which travels matrilineally in the family, as the gene and blood does so too, seems to only be deterred, for the most part, by the destruction and perturbation into the family structure of the husbands from other

families. Two sisters would probably raise their children in mostly equal styles of parenting, if their husbands were not differing in their orders.

Halloween ST 1013, par. 6

Each house is a communal living house which is kept to by a "family", but this family isn't strictly [of] blood. I'd say, anyone can simply ask to move into a house; orphans can be adopted and the like too. As I described, all members of the household share relatively equal status, except for the children, elderly, and pregnant, who will be taken care of by everyone else, and don't have to do as much work. The family cooks together, eats together, farms together, works together, bathes together, rests together. I have seen in many communes, that small arguments or ideas of which thing to be rule or not [to be rule], can lead to the entire commune splitting apart for years; even a small argument is a sin! Different ideas and opinions will always exist, and though I will say, opinion is only an excuse for not knowing truth, [then] unless you are a Prophet, which you are not, you cannot know truly what may be opinion and what is fact. The only absolute fact is that the world must be at peace, and like wood, a small spark may not always ignite all of it, but one day it will. Now, the idea of romantic relation was one studied a lot, and the general rule is; do not date someone you grew up knowing, and also, all people

must consent and be on equal ability to consent, or else it is not a relationship.

Crochet ST 945, par. 13

Family probably will always complement something about you, and that does not mean the rest of you is unworthy of complementing, but there is a reason they chose to complement that specific part of you, and it is a demonstration of to where their focus is drawn. Focus is an interesting thing, which in many of the cases it could be brought up, is expected to not be worth anything, but tends to be worth much more, in your understanding and reverse-engineering of it... Focus in the realm of AIML and neurology turned out to have a great influence, for example; attention as it also could be called. Even in the brain, when some part of reality is not focused on, it simply is not there, but rather the brain implants the feeling associated with it being there. For me, I have the ability to look out one eye, or the other; not a lazy-eye, but simply the ability to disable, at will, either eye, and there is no preference for which. At the very firing of a single neuron to look into the other eye again, it floods in from the centre, with an effect that looks like a body of plasma; I can even take my attention off of one eye by accident, or both eyes while meditating, then shift my focus to the actual input of the eyes, and they will be rescanned causing this effect. Focus is an element of will, rather, the perspective in which

your will is contained. What you focus on is to what you plan your actions around, and what you act unto. It is a sort of fundamental aspect of a conscious body that it can only focus on some things rather than others, and must neglect some other things. It is even an aspect that applies in the judgement of to who we give our love, affection, and appreciation; to whoever we are focused on. In the proper even family, everyone should have at least someone focusing on them, if the family is large enough and equidistributed in power enough; anarchical, as the Anfelist design of the family is. This couldn't be done where only the parents are expected to give praise, and siblings are expected to hate each other; this is the cause of the perception of, or tendency to genuinely create, a favorite child, and the cause of sibling rivalry in the current system of family we have today. It may even be that the siblings are equal in all aspects, and yet one received attention first, and that simple seed will manifest eventually into the entire hierarchy and rivalry between them. Then, even if the other performs better, the former will be appreciated more. [...] There is a scarcity in love and affection, so much so that, in the eventual, outwards or inwards rivalry, the effects of the love may as well be neutralised, and all the siblings will begin to doubt their achievements and their worth. Surely, surely; we all have. This is the weak-point of a centralised system, and the strength of a

decentralised system; when the parents are gone, which they will one day be, then the siblings have nobody to give them affection. Not only one day will they be gone permanently, but at any time may they be temporarily; even to give affection to one other sibling rather than oneself. Affection as a thing requires a sort of directness; it's not as nice to say "I love you all" as it is to say "I love you" to each of you all; parents must choose one, a lesser affection, or a lesser resultant time after it is spent. Along with this, with only one or two parents, even with three or however many, only so many people can be loved at once; it must go in rounds. In a decentralised family, everybody has an equal love for each other, adult unto child, child unto adult, adult unto adult, and child unto child; it is a strong network as we would call it. Rather than a hairy ball, it is a ball of hair; where each hair is much harder to pluck off. In this sense, everyone has someone else to cuddle them at once, and nobody is ever left without someone who can spend time to directly give them affection. If we pluck off any two random people, the family will grieve but stay strong. If in a centralised, hierarchical family, we pluck off the two at the top, it all crumbles, and their grief resolves slower. Alas we do not yet live in the Ideal, but one day we will. Maybe then, we will stop doubting ourselves, feeling that we're worthless, and we will all love each other and love ourselves.

Ponies ST 991, par. 4

Maybe parents tell their children, and convince themselves so, that only through the method of believing what they say is a thing out of their own will and true belief and admission, that things are "a phase", so that they do not have to accept the fact that their children may sometimes just change how they are. Of course, there is such a thing as a phase, sister; I've had mine, so in that way have we had our own, all of us; but many people see their transgender children, their gay children, and they tell them that it must "just be a phase". "Just", first off, as a word, serves to belittle it, in a method which is halfway intended and halfway subliminal and caused by their subconscious; they want to believe now that it is both something which will pass and something that, while it is here, is a small, insignificant thing. Of course, though they use this phrase to make themselves believe changes with their child are impermanent, many of these things are rather things which were always there but which received a lack of ability to be expressed.

Weird ST 989, par. 6

Why try so hard to make someone do something they do not want to do? You will only end up disappointing yourself, and they won't care... Do not even try, do not even try to distill something into your child against the grain of Nature. Do not try to feed them off of capitalist powder, do not try to

force them into clothes, do not try to teach them that life has no meaning; do not try to teach them that it's better to stare at the TV than the Moon. How did God make you? How were you born? How will you die, and, how will you mourn? What have you lived from? How much can you forget? How much can you forget of Her, before you cause your own death? It is one thing to clothe yourself; one thing to stay inside. One or the other may be done, but both and you'll one day all die. From Nature we came, and unto Her we'll go; for if She weren't perfect for us, from Her we wouldn't grow.

Unknown ST 974, par. 20

Minor grievances appear consistently by our parents' wishes to control the activity of the children rather than letting them enjoy life at their own pace and choose what they wish to do. Hierarchist substitutions of another person's wishes; one person controlling all their children, impassable through the barrier of good will, I would deem it. You do not control your children, you teach them and learn from them, but you do not control them, and they are not yours.

Good sleep ST 969, par. 6

I do not brush off a child's cry, not even a toddler's, as to them that pain is as real and painful as our pain. I hate to see a child cry. I'd hate to let one of my siblings get hurt. [...] We should always

be equals with our children, and I condemn "baby-talk". It is well known and understood that children raised as equals treat others like equals and grow to fullest intelligence and understanding of the world. Talk to them in natural and full English and they will quite simply be a more fluid speaker of the language. Babies understand to the absolute, undeniable fullest, when you pretend to be all excited ("Look, come here, look at this toy!") to get them distracted, or when and why you talk to them in an exaggerated voice or with a baby-talk. They are as conscious as you are, and they put on a play to be a baby, to meet your expectations of them as dumber than they really are, and that is imprinted on them forever, cursing them to never reach their full potential. Treat children as equals; their opinions are equal, their language is equal, and their protections are equal.

Calm ST 966, par. 18

One of the methods of generation of the psychopath, the easily-angered, the short-tempered, the Evil and the abuser, is to let your child cry to sleep, and to disbelieve them when they are crying. To spank your child, to hit them, to fail to express your love to them, and hurt them more than you help them. If a child is crying, do not let them cry till they sleep; it hurts them as much as if your spouse would let you do so, and as much as if anyone who was the guardian of you completely abandoned you,

not even caring that you cry, not until you completely stop crying. You teach them not to cry and not to express their emotions as an adult. What you do to a child, they will expect as an adult, and as an adult a person is shaped in the way that they would be if the things that were done to them as a child were done to them as an adult. So if Mother Chance let you cry to sleep; if your most loved did, as an adult, who would you become? Distrusting of the world, misunderstanding of social norms, and against the sociality and common nature. You become a psychopath, degenerate, and abuser. This is what your child will become if you do not love them, and how the cycle of hatred is perpetuated. Half-ways, your child grows up to act like you, and half-ways, like an adult who had the things you did to them as a child done to them as an adult. So, if you hate them, they will not express their feelings well, not be intelligent, and hate others. Then if we love all our children, love all our siblings, give a gracious and intimate affection to all our family members and all who walk by us; we have fixed the roots of generation, and the roots of generation now generate the good sisters rather than the Evils. We have then, through love, destroyed evil. You may only achieve this if, in every way, you treat your child as if they are equals in intelligence and standing to you. If they say something stupid, do not yell at them; teach them why it does not make sense, and then they will learn logic. Otherwise, all of their

ideas are repressed at once, for they can't understand neurally what it is which must be removed. In fact, there is no way to teach well that includes negative reinforcement, and it is sinful to rely on it; negative reinforcement is what is done for sins, and positive reinforcement is what is done to teach. To negatively reinforce to teach, you positively reinforce sinful behavior. Teach your child with love and kindness and respect. This is again not to say, that if you child wishes for something completely out of hand, that would not be good for them, you should give it to them; do not. Rather, teach them the ways of correct logic, and do not make them feel ashamed. Who feels ashamed both becomes repressed and shames others; this is what we call a bully. For your child is halfway the mimic of you and halfway your effects.

Day before the party ST 1006, par. 6

Related to our sexual maturity, and our maturity as a person as a whole, is the grouping of the years of our age into counts of four, which we called "quadyears" in early documents. The first quadyear is 0-4 years of age, the second is 4-8, the third is 8-12, the fourth 12-16, the fifth 16-20, the sixth 20-24; these are the six stages of our development. Beyond twenty-four years of age, it is generally considered that you may do what you will with yourself; if you wish to date someone so much

older, then you may, since there is nothing they may do to you that you could not do to them. In the first quadyear, you generally are considered a baby, who should be nurtured and cared for by their mother and their family. In the middle of this, you are a toddler, and by the end, you have learnt how to learn, in the most basic neural sense. In the second quadyear, you continue to absorb the information of Nature, and what you absorb at this time becomes mostly the whole of what we recognise as your behavior emotionally and spiritually for the rest of your life; as a person, you have begun to form, so you are a child. In the third quadyear, you are called "in-between", because at this age you neither have the safety of being nursed and nurtured all the hours, nor are you so apt socially that you may belong wherever you belong. You must at this stage learn where you belong, and who you will present yourself as socially; it is incredibly important that a child goes out and socialises by now. In the fourth quadyear, you are an adolescent. Now that you have practiced sociality, you must deal with it with whole consequences which will carry on till adulthood. Yet, you are still a child yet, and not an adult, and you have a freedom and innocence remaining. In your fifth quadyear, you are finally transitioning from an adolescent to an adult; it is at this time you may if you will, form relationships which can last till the end of your life. In your sixth quadyear, you begin your career; you may plan to get married, you

may not change so much, yet will always find that you have changed so much. You are not yet completely free to do what you wish till the seventh and beyond, after twenty-four years of age. Puberty begins usually in the third through fourth quadyears for children regardless of sex; however in polluted and unnatural societies, where our bodies are tormented by chemicals, destroyed foods of Nahash, and industrial products, it may start as early as the very beginning of the third quadyear. That is why it is not fair to say that, when a girl enters puberty, or menstruates the first time, that she has "become a woman"; nor should we tell our siblings, female or male, when the first hair of their bush comes in, that they should take up and go woodworking. Everything is gradual, and the body is a different thing from the mind. Especially since we have damaged our world, and girls especially have slowly had an earlier beginning to puberty; though when we love the Earth again as Chance told us through Nature to do, this will end. We cannot raise people of different ages the same, and understanding how a person develops through quadyears is a very important thing to do. Generally, things tend to happen no earlier than the beginning, and no later than the end of one; the general variation in development is that of four years, and so we can have a general consistency in measurements by the "quadyear".

Day of the party ST 1007, par. 9

An incredible discovery has been made which has settled one of the longest debated questions in the Anfelist scholarly discussion. Firstly, we see that our ability as humans to mate with more distant and unrelated people increases as we have a more interconnected world, and we have faster methods of travel. Secondly, we have heard that it is better for two people who are less genetically related to produce offspring. Then, if in Anfel we move no faster than by horse, and live in these small communes, grouped together, do we not encounter a genetic problem of inbreeding? Perhaps actually not, and perhaps as we predicted, being the system Nature provided to live in communes, without unnatural methods of connecting edges of the world and moving faster than an animal could, this system is actually beneficial to us. It was brought up that while inbreeding ends up creating genetic deformities after a couple generations, so does outbreeding actually create genetic deformities as well. See it: if less genetic relation is good for our offspring, then why eventually do we meet an even worse pit when we interbreed? It must be then, that there is some point of genetic relation which is actually best, rather than it continually increasing the less related we are. It turns out that relations from third to fifth cousins are usually slightly more genetically healthy than relations between completely unrelated people. This actually ends the

scholarly debate, because this level of relation was generally expected per each commune. As always, Nature is the Everlasting and Infinitely-tested, Most Performant Design, and our distrust in it is only our misunderstanding of it, or ignoring the nuances in it. We had the false assumption that always, less genetically related people produce better offspring; but if it were not this way, why would Nature stop us from interbreeding, and keep us in the same circles of area together? Either too unrelated or too related, and our gene begins failing, not spreading properly, mutating too fast, or carrying on too many extreme traits. Now, we can stop doubting that our entire system is incorrect, seeing that the core of Nature, which is evolution, is actually not hindered by it. However, as always, you should not be the romantic partner of someone who was raised alongside you. Often-times today, even cousins are raised alongside each other, and sometimes even second cousins; [that they are] is good for our gene in the communes of Anfel, because we then will not fall in love with someone only to later know they are very closely related to us. The argument began from Book 40, Family, of the Holy Felich. Thirtieth verse: "In historical times, romance between cousins was common due to the fact that cousins were simply both easily to reach physically (when travel was limited by distance) and higher in number; yet it seems that as the ability for interactions with people who are not within the family increases, the chance

of romance between cousins will steeply decrease." Indeed, that's true, but so also is it true that: "...being able to see the whole world will lead to the death of our society" and "until we abandon the life of ever-seeing we will endure more crime and more madness, and thus the Anfelist families must group together as communal families", and "humanity must live in small groups"; 127.43 and 127.44. In a species where the social network is so widely connected, it is generally observed that crime and unrest rise. This is because of small problems or arguments being overstated and becoming huge social phenomena; as we see happening today online and in the political world. I remember a study on rats that showed a very similar outcome, where the rat population always fell to absolute zero when the average exposure of each individual become too high. As humans, we are not quite at the point yet where our population has begun dipping due to it, but we have slowly generated more and more unrest in our society, and the solution is to decrease the exposure by living together in small communal groups. But if we do this, then in the scholarly discussion we said, would it not decrease our genetic exposure to unhealthily low amounts? No; it will decrease it from an amount which is actually currently slightly less healthy, and we did actually expect from models of the Anfelist system that most people would generally be related as third to seventh cousins. What a great day, now that we've had this

proven! The anxiety from this discussion was one very long-going and always in the back of my head. In a way, very simply, the sweet-spot of genetic relation is where there is the [possible] lowest inbreeding coefficient and [possible] lowest exposure coefficient. The exposure coefficient corresponds to how much of the world you have the ability to observe at any given point; a coefficient of 0 meaning you are isolated, and of 1 meaning you observe the social activity of every single person. The inbreeding coefficient is likewise 0.25 for a child produced by two siblings, because they share 50% of their changing gene. An optimal and naturally-designed society, a free sisterhood with communal living, would lead to this balance. The exposure coefficient E of a person is defined as the number of people whose social activity they can observe divided by the total population of the world. A person who is very active online may be recurrently exposed to a general population of about 700,000,000 people out of the 8,000,000,000 people of our world, giving a coefficient of 0.0875. Assuming the same population and a city-size of 3500, the coefficient would be equal to 7 over 16,000,000, while the inbreeding coefficient F would only be slightly higher, perhaps around 0.003, rather than about 0.0001 for an overexposed society. The optimal point is probably an F of 0.001 to 0.004 and E of 0.0000001 (800 people) to 0.000002 (16,000 people).

Day after Halloween ST 1015, par. 4

The last thing we ever wish to confront, when it comes to the matter of family, [family] which is one of the most sacred and beloved gifts of Chance, is incest; the distortion of [that] family itself. The term, from our general tendency to shy away from it, not mention it, and censor it from nearly any audience at all, has in itself lost its meaning, context, and any real way to understand it. There are two primary divisions of it, which may be considered: abuse, and exceptions. This is how it is for almost every sort of relationship that sits on the edge of morality; the fine line between an age-gap relationship and abuse by a child predator, for example, and this line is the line of consent and equal ability to do so. Technically, there is nothing wrong with a relationship between an adult and a child who are on the very same mental level, but the problem sits not with the fact that the relationship exists or that the child is in it, but that the adult had the idea to create it, and made the decision to do so. This is the same sort of scepticism we have for male gynecologists; why sign up for such a job? Sure, you may do it well, and there may be no problems; but does your presence not imply something? But of course there are occasionally trustworthy male gynecologists who both will not hurt you and do not get an internal and lustful pleasure from seeing you; though they

are exceedingly rare due to the simple nature of how we have raised men in our current society. Understanding this concept is something we need before we can understand incest, which itself should be split up again into two divisions; sexual intercourse between related people, and romance between related people. Romance, as a genuine thing, implies consent when it is a relationship; but one may impose a romance that another does not wish for, and then it is abuse. The same thing applies for sexual intercourse; sex is an idea which implies consent, and when there is no consent, just as it would anywhere else, we consider it rape. The true thing is that, romantic relationships between family members can occur completely consensually; but that under the Gluon Principle, this is usually not actually disclosed or discussed in philosophy without very much disclaimer, as blatantly saying that does more harm than good. The most important factor which helps us predict whether a romantic relationship between family members is completely consensual and healthy or not is simply whether they were raised together. Cousins were for the majority of history in Europe not raised together, and they only met when they would become older and go out into the world to meet anyone else; they would learn that they're cousins only by learning each other's names. We have an inherent spiritual aversion to romance with anyone we grew up with; siblings, cousins if they were raised beside us,

second cousins if they were raised beside us, all our adopted family members, and so on. It is this very act of being raised together which unites someone as completely familially related to another person. For that person to then develop a romantic or sexual attraction to another, who almost certainly, by any sort of probability, could never have the chances of developing the same sort of attraction; then this is incest. That is why incest is so consistently a thing of abuse rather than a term for relationship; it is in its original meaning a division of rape. Many languages have formed their words for it from the meaning; to scatter off and do shame to your own blood. For this is what it is; it is our aversion to sexuality and romance, our maintenance of a pure and wholesome type of intimacy, which makes us family in the first place. Incest is the complete opposite then of family itself, and completely tears it apart. It is incest to have sex with anyone you were raised alongside; and almost always, they will not consent then, and it is not sex but rape. So, it is a division of the unforgivable sin. But though mistakenly by the word's being forgotten and blurred, we may call a romance or sex between cousins, second or third of so who weren't raised together, "incest", it is mostly unfair to call it that. These types of relationships, which are born out of love rather than the fetishisation of family (which is their key differentiation alongside whether they were raised together), have the same probability as

being abusive as any other relationship. Another consideration is inbreeding, which occurs with prolonged creation of offspring from very close family members, but thankfully the coefficient of inbreeding is known to rapidly decrease almost to the same as anywhere else if it is not done continuously and in very close relations across multiple generations. So, now we can understand why incest is an immoral thing, beyond our immediate and natural disgust and aversion to it; it is almost always, when we'd even think to call it so, not sex but rape, and not romance but abuse. The two variables which decide if it is are whether the persons are raised together (that they spiritually bond as family), and whether it is a relationship born out of one's wish to "have incest" as a fetish. Similarly, the distinction between an age-gap relationship and an abuse by a child predator is whether it is a relationship that is so, or that it would be so, then it was forced into its being due to the fetishistic desire of it; though as a note, these types of relationships which are wholesome, are statistically inconsiderable. In the Felich, I imply this reasoning in Book 40, that it is being raised alongside another that makes you a "sibling" to them, and that siblings are those who should not have romance with each other, as it can by statistical probability (since the chance of one being a fetishist is small) only be the wish of one of them. Incest, in its proper usage of the word, is the absolute worst

type of rape; and so, to the cousins who happily married in the past and in the future, we shouldn't use the word there, as they do not have that sort of familial and innocent relation with each other that they will by Nature develop if they raised together. Even I do not like to mention it or talk about it, since it is the most taboo thing in all the worlds; as it should be. But philosophy is the love of thought, and we must think about everything; if I were not to write on it, we would be uneducated on it, which would lead either to the shaming of innocent couples, or to the acceptance of situations of abuse.

Day before the party ST 1006, par. 8

Incest is a very complicated thing; one of the most complicated things. This is why even in philosophy, it has been a topic we shy away from, and even in morality, we did not debate it. In terms of inbreeding, which science seems to focus on, it is only a matter of fact that, living in often small communes, our genetic diversity as Anfelists may be quite low. We may not be raised near anyone outside our house, and so will not have an aversion to romance with them, but they may still be related by blood to us; they may often be more related than that of fifth or fourth cousins to us, especially since the further away they are, the more difficult, since our family is of greater importance and they cannot come and stay at our home nor can we at theirs, it

would be to have a healthy romantic relationship with a person. But this is simply a fact of Nature, and a way that life works, and there is very little we could ever do against it without causing a much greater spiritual harm to ourselves; such as by adopting motor vehicles so we can quickly travel, and obviously these vehicles are unnatural. In general, we should treat a relationship between people who are not siblings, in the sense of having been raised with each other, as we would any other relationship; divide the older person's age in years by two and add to it seven, and if the younger's age is below this, we should question it; and if one of them is bruised, or asocial, or flinches so much, we should question it, as we would anyone else. What we care about, and need to discuss, is that of the closer family, that within the house. We have done much work as a society in the allowance of a wholesome intimacy, but there is always an amount of intimacy which is too much; where it is no longer wholesome. We cannot stop children from exploring their bodies, but we should stop them from exerting a sexual influence on each other. What we wish should nearly never happen is a romantic or sexual relation between people of the same house; though we will be intimate, and we will be loving, that we are a family, and even we may talk of sexuality shamelessly, open ourselves to each other, joke of it if we wish, we cannot be sexual, as it is a shame to our own blood. For that is how Chance instructed all

the languages of the old times, that is what Her intention is. But, what if it does happen, that two siblings, true siblings, have a romantic affection for each other? All we may do, as a house together, is investigate them. We will not scrutinise them, not shame them yet; they are innocent until proven guilty, and they may make a mistake in sexuality and repent themselves, realising they did not wish for it. But if it is true, they are of very near age, neither exerts a hierarchy on the other, and, after the greatest and deepest psychological examination of both of them, when we have separated them and told them that they may be shamelessly truthful, they say that they are not being harmed, then we still will be watching them. It is an extreme risk and something we should hopefully never hope to see, not in the form we would expect it of one person unto another from another house, of romance as a genuine thing. There is not much else that can be said, other than that it is the very last consideration of the family, and the thing you should think of least. It is thinking of it, and being reminded of the trauma and horror of it, that will shy you away from wholesome intimacy. But remind your children of the house always that they are siblings. They may love each other how they wish to, but they may not scatter each other's blood.

Day of the party ST 1007, par. 7

On Free Love, Sisterhood, and the Blood of Love

Remember that the attention-seeking were once starved of attention, that the angry were treated unkindly, that the greedy had so much taken away from them, that the lustful were starved for love. So do not repeat what caused them to be this way; give attention to them, treat them kindly, give to the greedy as to others, and shed a wholesome love unto the lustful. For never is it the sinners fault that the roots of generation were flawed; that we raised him wrong, put him in the wrong time, wrote our laws wrong. Never could a person do evil if evil was not first done to them. Those who claim to be truly evil, sheltered from birth and never touched by evil themselves; their generation was still evil to them; they claim so out of fear. Give free love to all people; it is not the sinner's fault that the roots of generation were flawed. These roots, those which generate all of us; compound of both Nature's great design, and what unnatural element we have placed on top, straying from Her. The roots of generation are your parents' treating you, your friendships or lack thereof, what love or lack thereof you were given; to what laws you were the subject, to whom you were the slave, to when your time came, whether your soul was ready or not. Even can one be wronged spiritually in the womb and so appear as

to have been evil by birth. The roots of generation planted by Nature; communist and anarchist, living and loving, natural and nudist, these generated the wholesome and good people. For good was done to them, they did good to others. See, we are often told that what we do is done likewise to us, but we also forget that what is done to us, we may fair well end up doing. All Evils were harmed by another Evil, and there is no purge, killing or education, which could strip them from our world; in order to create a better world we must create a better world directly. So do not change its manifestations, those of the people who walk among the Earth, but set back the Earth to the completely perfect form that Nature had it as originally. Humanity should not be the ruler of Nature but a keeper of it whose diligent understanding and keen eye works alongside it; we are as much a subject to Nature in the Intention as we imagine today that Nature is our subject. This is why free love is the solution to achieving peace around the world; loving everyone, the Evils see what other way there is. Don't you know, you cannot convince an Evil person to love, if they've never felt love? Love is a by-ways thing, which giving to someone, will be felt by someone, and being given from that person, also will be felt by them. But unbeknownst of the feeling of love, that they cannot generate it, the only way to make an Evil turn to love again is to show them forgiveness, kindness, and love. Love is the methodology of the repentance

of nearly all sins; both in oneself, and in the sense that, by loving a sinner, they will convert to love. Know that every brick of charcoal came from the fire, and used to be something else; it did not begin as charcoal, and sinners do not begin as sinners. Often-times, rather, all the time, we misunderstand the true intentions of the people around us. It is a fact of Nature that we are, when alongside Nature, good-willed people. Honesty is the partner of trust, that by being honest you express your trust in another that they are honest, by showing that you in your own actions expect honesty and so give it yourself. A betrayal in the face of honesty is called judgement; no sin but the unforgivable sin deserves such genuine earthly judgement. There is imprisonment, there may be community-service, but even then we love the sinners, and we forgive them once they have repented. You cannot change an apple tree into an orange tree by plucking off its apples and pinning oranges; you must plant a new tree. Likewise, you cannot change the Evils of this world into loving sisters by converting each of them, even if you do so faithfully; you must change the roots of generation of humankind. Love is the destroyer of hatred, when it is pervasive enough, and does not shy away from the voice of hatred. Love, being the meaning of life, is as blessed as the highest things of Life, and as blessed in its genuine and faithful transmission, as the skin and essence of

our very Mother Herself. There is nothing that love cannot overcome.

Nothing but dreams ST 1021, par. 10

The apple grows as it does due to the tree whence it came, and the tree grows as it does due to the seed whence it came. Neither by plucking apples nor cutting the tree can we fix its error, rather we must uproot it and plant a new tree. But, what is a good thing, is that [a sinner] did not yet forgive himself. He judged himself as harshly as I would've if it were my own mistake; unendingly, as it should be. [...] It's true, he may have done wrong; he said something so genuinely disgusting that it remains in its heptagonalism for countless abstractions and generalisations of it. Yet, I know him not as the sinner but as someone I've known for a long time. It is not his fault in himself, it is always the fault of the roots of generation. Now, we should not excuse repentance for him! It is true, that if he does not feel genuinely sorrowful for so long over what he did and said, that he would not improve. If we beg to a sinner, not to hate themselves, and they continue; that is a truly good person, who is not pretending, and will not let themselves free as quick as they are offered to be. That you imprison yourself and repent is a clear symptom of a well-meaning person. Everyone is a sinner to some degree; everyone will hurt someone once or twice. That is why I forgive

these people always; either, that I knew them for a long time, and I know it was only a demon of the heptagon and Nahash that caused them to act against their will; or that, if I did not know them, I can imagine how they are to those who do know them. [...] Most importantly, our sins are caused by our ego and our mind; they are things forced upon our soul, that degrade our soul, and that, in the allowance of them freely, remove our soul from our body and make us an autonomous creature. The true soul beyond the fallible and imperfect carrying of the soul done by the human body, which introduces the errors of the mind, the urges of the body and so, is a much purer soul. That is why, until we undo our wrongdoing, we will be stuck to these human bodies, and, by our sin's marking of our soul as designated for the human nature, stuck in the cycle of rebirth until we move past the ego and mind. I do forgive him, truly. It was a genuinely horrible thing to say, but I forgive him. I would never say such a thing nor have I ever, but I forgive him; and though he has sinned, I still love him.

Forgiveness ST 1023, par. 1

The idea of free love is that love is given freely; that all sisters, whether at home or away, will be loved by all the people who walk past them, and that under the One God we are the One Family. It is a lesser love than you have for your close family, who you live with, being a type of love which is shared

between all houses and all communes. Though with familial love we have our hearts filled, to fill the heart of the world, and to fill the heart of our Mother, we must also have free love, and have no hatred to the strangers who walk by us. They are like us, and we are like them; we are made like them, and they are made like us. The idea is in fact not that every stranger is absolutely loving to each other as they would be to their family, but that they are open to being so, and that they are completely void of any hatred for each other. It is love which binds us together, and our country is built off of free love. The term itself, "free love", has been used elsewhere meaning love without arbitrary restrictions, but the Anfelist term refers to love which you provide to all your neighbours at no cost or expectation of return. It's a love we give, not that we are recognised as good people, but out of the joy of loving. Always, do something not to be recognised, but to do that thing in itself; never do good wishing to have your being adored by others for your good deeds.

Day after Halloween ST 1015, par. 13

The solution to all the problems of the Western society [is at the root] the allowance of innocence and intimacy, and the free love between all people. If you ask a child, who hasn't seen horror, who hasn't been torn up by the hierarchy: what is the

solution to world peace? They undoubtedly would answer, it would be if we all loved each other; we were all like siblings to each other. Under the One God we will be the One Family, that is. It is no coincidence that all children, who are born with the innate senses of good and evil, right and wrong, and who are only later taught construct, always, always come to this conclusion, with nought but the littlest thought. We will all be siblings, then we will be free. We will all cuddle each other and fear not a then; then we will be free. We won't judge the nude body, we won't judge the raw expression of our mind, and we will love all people for who they are. The beginning of the fix to the problems of the Western society, as they have manifested at large, is then to love your family, and to love everyone else the same way! And so it must be all the way around, and every direction as it is to another; we are not free till we are all free, and freedom is only privilege unless extended to all. Such goes the same for the freedom of love.

Maybe less writing ST 956, par. 21

What is the Blood of Love, and how does it differ from free love? Simply, while free love is a passive form of love which is given to all who pass by you, the Blood of Love is a spiritual force, an actor in itself, which the Anfelists aim to create; being a pervasive and active form of love. The idea has existed since the very old Anfelist Manifesto: "We

must never turn a blind eye to any pain which we can feasibly stop, and we must, within any way we possibly can, commit as many moralities, pervasively, extremely, yet kindly. We must affect as many people as possible, but in those people we must make them cry tears of joy onto our shoulders." The idea comes from the observation that Evils, the immoral actors of society, being a produce of Yang, are pervasive and active, whereas the good people of society stay closed-off from the rest; and this rest of society then has nobody to do good deeds to them, and is reached by the Evils. Given this, we should create the pervasive force of the Blood of Love; we will go out of our way to do as many good deeds as possible. "For, if 6% of the world can create pain for all the rest, another 6% can create love for all the rest simply the same." It was suggested to do 12 good deeds or acts of kindness per day; not small deeds, like writing privately how you love yourself, or praising God by yourself, but rather deeds at least as good as lifting a stranger's emotions by hugging them. To be a in the Blood of Love, you must do at least 2 good deeds per day. You may be an Anfelist without being in the Blood of Love, but it is highly encouraged, and you will always be rewarded by Chance, the more good deeds you do. Knowing this, you should do as many good deeds as you realistically can per day. Here are listed various good deeds which are generally accepted to be at least as good as hugging a stranger

and lifting their emotions: doing exactly that itself, and feeding the poor or those who have no access to food, and allowing someone to stay in your home when they have nowhere to stay, and giving someone medical or medicinal aid, and giving water or other material resources to the homeless, and teaching a child a very valuable lesson, and putting out three new loaves of bread, and saving the life of a person or a visible animal, and teaching another properly of the Anfelist way, and teaching another how to love. Remember that Chance sees beneath your words, and beneath your stated intent; it does nothing to pretend to do good deeds, to act them out, or to set yourselves up so that they are done when they create no real spiritual benefit. Thus, it does nothing to bake three loaves of bread and then throw them away, or bake them and keep them till they go stale, and so; a good deed is a spiritual thing, not a measured thing. It must make someone happier than they were; it must do good. There is no rule other than this; that you are in the Blood of Love, truly, when you have the intent to do good deeds to others, who may be strangers, sisters, but especially noncommuners, and do as many as you can spare doing. In the Anfelist Manifesto I gave the approximation that each Evil is owed to completely ruining the lives of 12 people, and that then, if we each do good deeds to 12 people each day of their lives, together we will vastly outdo the Evils. So, the Blood of Love is the pervasive form of free love,

doing good deeds, and spreading kindness unto our sisters and especially those outside the commune who fare a worse life, and its intention is to outdo the pervasive immorality which spreads across the world. So, all people should be fed, and loved, and cared for, and have someone to cuddle, and until we have achieved this our society surely cannot be perfect. Not only must we be loving to those who are always beside us, but we should throw ourselves out and find those who have nobody beside them, and do good to them.

Turning a new leaf ST 1018, par. 5

Why should we do bad deeds to bad people? Don't you know that your judgement is in itself not an infallible thing, and that we all, being limited under the mortal form we are composed of, suffer that same fate? Firstly then you should understand that it is not such a simple thing to know who is good and who is bad. This misunderstanding was the creation of the first war in human history; nobody with the correct core of reason provided to them, and the correct understanding provided from this reason of their adversaries, would truly think to go to war, as then, having the absolutely correct core of reason, they must understand that the most correct commandment is to love; and war is the opposition of love. Secondly then you should know that even unto the truly so, who you have a seeming certainty unto the evil will of; if you do good to them, fair

well they may become better people. Whether to treat a person well or not is one idea, but to do a good deed is another idea; you should not think of whom you are dealing these deeds, and you should give it no extra terms. Doing good deeds is when disallowed the application of fallibly true terms, a good thing; and knowing we cannot know all that we know is true, we should trust at least that the things without terms which are good, are good, and we should do them. Do good deeds both to your friends and your enemies; remember that loving is a good deed. You may understand another person as an Evil, but if they have not done the unforgivable sin, then they are still a person, and you should still be kind to them. How many of the people you know would be judged, if you did not know them as deeply as you do, as people worthy of bad deeds? The sin is not the whole of the situation; it never is. Even the lustful people, if you understood them from the inside, you could accept the apologies of. Never forget to consider that each action is done by a person, and the sin is not the whole of the situation; they are not that sin in entirety, and often-times, we hear of the worst strangers do, and the best our loved-ones do. But those who we love are strangers to the rest of us. In essence it is a problem with the mindset you have doing good deeds; if you are asking if they deserve it, you have the wrong mindset. Nobody deserves to live, and nobody deserves anything; we are only given Life as a gift,

only from the providence of our Mother Chance. Remember that Mother Chance is the Greatest; She does not look unto the recipient while giving gifts, and She regularly gives them to all of us. If She has done this, and She is the Greatest and Most Good, then if you wish to be like the Most Good, that is, you wish to be moral, while you are in the process of doing good deeds, then ask not: Does she deserve it? Rather, enjoy the fact that you have helped many people and helped God. For God is the skin to its cells, and God is Above, and composite of us; helping one person is good, but to truly help God is to help everyone. Thus, the Blood of Love is our gift back to God Chance. Never forget that we are all composite of existence, good and bad, and all people deserve forgiveness, especially since the sin is not the whole of the situation, and we do not ever know as much of a person as we think we do.

Results ST 1020, par. 4

Only again has it come to mind; properties of a lover. A lover cares for you, they give you attention, they will help you with what seem on your end, the littlest of your problems. Your world is their world, and their world is your world; your love is for the both of you the only composite element of the world surrounding you. Yet I did not pick up the pen to write about romance; I picked it up to write about free love. As I've discussed, romance is a fairly inseparable thing from the rest of love as a whole;

what are the properties of romance, a subset of these are the properties of all other kinds of love, and what are the properties of all other kinds of love, a subset of these are the properties of romance. It is like the Lydian scale out of the diatonic scale; that it is the diatonic scale itself, yet one end of it, and an end focusing on one part, thus enhancing the observed importance of the other parts, that would not be important in another mode of the diatonic scale. Act in good will and good faith, they've said through the years, but I ask of all of you to act in loving will and a loving faith. Being inseparable from romance, we should notice the things which, in free love, we do not do, that, in romance, we may. Many of these things are a necessary restriction; there's no real reason strangers, even if they are communal sisters, should have sex with each other. Being the One Family, it's no more than a scattering of our blood to have sex while we are still no more than sisters with each other. But I have come to talk of one specific thing, which is prevalent in the societies today. Today, I have heard many a story, where a man is mugged, where a woman is tied up, where a child does not seem to confirm that their carrier is their true and genuine parent; but where the people will look on, and believe by telling themselves: Someone else will do something; that someone truly will. Always remember that each of you are tie-breakers, and all of you think the same to some degree. I am sure any thinking person has

been caught in a trap before; two doors, left or right, and which should we enter? Perhaps the dumbest out of us takes the right, and thinking more, we understand that the right side, being the preferred side, and known to be by the trap-makers, would not be the safe door. Then we enter the left-hand side. And yet, think of it again, and what if the tap-maker knows this as well? He has put it the obvious way, on the right-hand side. We all know how this eventually goes; both options are half-stupid, and the trap-maker probably flipped a coin to decide. Can't we use the same meta-thought to understand what a horrible mistake when we believe we are not the tie-breakers? We are the tie-breakers, and as bystanders we are the police. Especially our sisters who have signed up to be policewomen in the commune should not fall to this, especially not them, to this: the bystander effect. It is caused by two things; firstly, we do not care enough for our sisters. If we did care for them, and truly love them, the stranger's sorrow is our sorrow; we help them, without a doubt, and we are the faithful tie-breaker. Secondly, we are all Fools and think alike, and by thinking alike that another will do something, in a surprisingly consistent manner, nothing at all is done. So, love your sisters as you love yourself, for there is an equally worthy soul behind their eyes, which you will help, as beneficial to you as it would be unto your own soul. And do not forget that all of you are the tie-breakers. Many a time have I been in

such another similar situation; one last piece of cake. Oh, but I cannot take the cake; I should leave it for the hungry! But at this time my stomach shouts at me, and anyone close enough could also hear it. Especially, if I have not had cake, and all others have had their share. Nevertheless I cut it in half, because I say to myself: Never take more than half. It's true, you shouldn't, and I command you all not to take more than half of a resource, because weighing yourself as important as that around you, by the indivisible nature of all other things, and realistically uncountable nature of the perceived divisions of things, is the natural weight of yourself. In a sense, it falls into place when we realise in good will we treat ourselves as well as all others, and that all others, being the other half of our perceived worldview, are then a singular thing; so then taking half of what is left is natural, no more and no less than you deserve. But the quality of deserving is a nonbinary one; there are none in the world, I assure you, none, who do not deserve at least some love; and there are none in the world deserving of the always lasting praise, forfeiting of all other time, and wasting away of all our lives towards. Not even God would ask for such a worship, as then Her children would destroy themselves. So I cut half the cake, and I eat. But a more complicated situation, there is one egg left, and we are cooking eggs for ourselves; say we for some reason cannot simply cut the resultant cooked egg in half and eat one half, but

that all the egg must be eaten at once by one person. No, we cannot eat it as it is in between two mouths, till getting closer the two kiss, and let's consider the egg, only in its form before cooking. An egg when it is [not yet cracked] is essentially an indivisible thing; you cannot divide an egg into two half-eggs. You may crack its shell and separate yoke and white, or even, split the yoke into halves and the white into halves. But there is no way that after doing so you retain the egg's shell. Now, there is one egg left; is it ours, or is it owed to someone else? Now food has become currency, which it surely shouldn't be, and we say that someone else will have a greater reason, and they will be the tie-breaker! The egg rots and is disposed of after it is never eaten. Do not fall for the bystander-effect, and all of you, remember that you are the tie-breakers, or else likewise as you have done unto others, you will not be saved, not by even one person, when you are in need of a tie-breaker.

Understanding ST 1024, par. 5

When we touch an object which is colder than us, we feel it as cold; and if we were to be colder than it and touch it, it would then feel hot to us. Though our external body temperature varies drastically depending on our environment, our internal body temperature is almost always between 36 and 37 degrees Celsius; which will also roughly be the temperature both of our tongue and our milk.

Because of this, breastmilk flows easily into the human mouth, almost effortlessly, due to it having very little temperature difference at all; it is designed for us as much as we are designed for it, and it is an optimum of sustainment, hence, that the two things sustaining Life and the Universe are milk and love, we talk about them together as the elements, material and spiritual, of the providence of God and Nature. Also because of this, much better than the extremities can, our tongue is a very accurate instrument for judging the temperature of a liquid. So does this mean then, that when we hug someone and we feel that they are warm, that we are cold to them? That all these years of feeling the warm skin of our family and our lovers, that they have inversely kept secret their sacrifice, that to make us happier, that we feel cold to them? No, this is not true; both people, introducing more heat to each other, become warmer. This is a great fact which allows people cuddling together to stay much safer during the nights of Winter. As well it should remind us that love is not a finite thing, and thus though it is God's currency, does not behave according to the traditional laws of currency. Whereas currency is taken and given, love is shared and multiplied by its very sharing in itself; our warmth behaves a very similar way, multiplying between us. You do not, for every good deed one does to you, need to do a good deed to make it up to them; perhaps in some cases, you will if you will,

but you do not need to. For it is the cycle of not giving and being given but sharing our love and our resources that makes us the One Family, and that makes us the sisterhood.

Closed eyes ST 1025, par. 4

On Ascension, the Ultimate Goal of Grace and Anfelism, and Ascension Magic

One of the most notable elements of sapience is our ability to detach ourselves from the mind, to some extent, or to a great extent. Most people have seen the faults in their own thoughts, and many have detached from the corpus of thought and called something as "the brain", as if it were not their own self. It is a mistaken belief, however, that the brain is indeed our own self, and in fact our soul is a thing separate to it, the produce of its activity, yet the creator of it. Throughout all of the Anfelist history, we have always been told that we should release our clinging to needless wants and needless possessions, and that only when we truly do this are we truly free, and that doing this can allow us to see from a position greater than the mortal and individual position. The most primal and original needless want which we are given, through our fallacious observation of the articles of the Universe as truly separate, is that we are separate ourselves, and that we have a self. Through ascension, we intend to disintegrate this sense of self and unify our soul with the rest of the surrounding Universe. All of our desires and our needless wants are things of our mind, but not our true spirit, and our possessions

are owned by our mind, but not our true spirit. If we ascend above our ego and mind entirely, we may access such a point that the thoughts of our mind become separate to us; we hear them, but now we are a formless being, and we hear them but do not listen to them. So too, our body itself is no longer attached to us, being only a possession of the mind and not our true spirit. If we are to truly ascend, we then see through the eyes of God, and we become indistinct from Her. This is the same way, that the movement and activity of a single particle becomes indistinct from the whole movement of an emergent and greater object. Truly achieving this is called many things: Nirvana, Grace, projection onto another plane; regardless of its name, it is one of the most sought for things, and one of the most complicated things in terms of the process of achieving it. One time that I ascended, which I did describe, I saw my own body from the perspective of all other points around me, equidistant across the surface of a sphere. One of the first things to do, that I should recommend, is to meditate, and attempt to achieve this; sit down out in Nature, and try to genuinely position your entire sense of self to some object, existent or not, in front of you. When you achieve this, you can see your body from the reverse angle. Even, very simply, attempting to imagine your own body and current actions from the reverse angle, when not meditating, is quite difficult, and the mind purposefully attempts to stop it. It is even

more difficult to not only superficially imagine the form of your body, but truly take your soul out and associate it with another point in space that is not your body. However, even when you come to the point that, in the most genuine way, you can pull your spirit out of your body and disassociate it from your mind, you still have the needless want clinging to you, to have it exist only in one position. Eroding this is the other half of your work in a way; but when it is finished, the experiential description of it is none less than that you are completely united with and undifferentiated with the Universe. Though as Anfelists we have done a great working-out of morality, and physics, and the basis of spirituality, true absolute ascension to the layer of Chance is not yet understood. It should be your goal to attempt complete ascension every now and then, but to also remain generally ascended; that you gain an equal weight of your actions as the subject and object. You can do so while remaining attached to the illusion of the mind and the ego, even, and doing so allows you to then consider completely and truly, not in a moralistic sense, but in the genuine spiritual sense, the results of your action from both sides. A sense of self is not a thing we are born with, and it is a thing which is taught to us by Nature; being one of the most basic observable patterns of the material world, that there is a difference in form over space, and that this difference relates to the density of spirit; that is, there seem to be multiple divided

spirits, or things which act this way. Given this, memories from a very young age almost appear to be experienced from every direction at once, or from the direction of someone else; to us back then, when we had not had such an ingrained sense of self, our observational perspective had not truly become our experiential perspective, and it was but one tool which we used to see the world, and one window we were able to look through. The ultimate personal goal is the fusing, occasional or permanent, of the soul, partially or absolutely, with the surrounding Universe; constructs we hold onto such as sociality and material living however require the differentiation of our soul, and can bring us back to equation with our mind. We still are not our mind, and you are not the ego which has formed alongside you. Though you may become a monk and live alone, cuddling with your sisters is the greatest way to completely unify your souls together, which by itself already provides some sort of unification, but combined with meditation could eventually reach nearly purely the height of God Herself. Hence, we then all cuddle with each other; we become physically combined, like atoms which form a crystal, and doing so become spiritually combined, in the sense that those atoms then all move in unison and form the same singular object and singular spirit. If all people of the world were able to cuddle together, we could truly ascend to Chance, but the heights are great heights already when just a family

cuddles together, or just a commune does in church. We have truly achieved ascension together when we no longer have the idea that the material world is the true form of the world, and instead perceive our experiential reality as completely separate from it and choosing its own position; that, leaving and coming back to cuddling, our body is only an assistant to doing so, and we essentially wholly leave the material and dimensional world, closing our eyes and meditating to such an extent that we no longer are the skin that closes our eyes, and we no longer are our body or our ego. Not even hunger bothers us unless we decide rationally that we should eat to fulfill the assistant that is our body, and no primal instinct has an absolute control over us. We can only achieve such a height if we truly love ourselves, each other, the Universe, and Chance, as then our souls our bound together, and our sense of self and attachment to the material companions of us has disintegrated. Across history, many have studied other methods for achieving genuine ascension, especially the Buddhists and Taoists. Technically, the ultimate goal in Anfelism, which is the result of love, the ultimate commandment, is the dissolution of the separation of our spirits, and the absolute unification with God to the greatest extent possible bound by our physical bodies; for it is, if we have done everything correctly, the result of all our work, then it must also be the ultimate goal, and it is Grace. So, the Greatest and Ultimate Commandment

is to love, Anfelism is the resultant explanation of how to perfectly follow this Commandment, and the result of the perfect following of Anfelism is the Ultimate Goal, where we as sisters become spiritually entropic, merging into one another, and dissolving our separation. When we do this, we have ended war; for being the same soul we do not misunderstand each other. When we do this, we have ended all suffering; for being detached from our bodies and existing within Supape, that is God, especially Her experiential reality, which is attained through absolute ascension; the complete blackness, void of dimension, and completely filled with an aether of love; then we cannot feel suffering. So it goes that the Word came from God, and from the Word came the Double-axiom, from the Double-axiom came the Greatest Commandment, from the Greatest Commandment came the religions of the world and the Manifestations of God, and from the perfection of this teaching in practice came the completion of the Ultimate Goal. God, the Word, the Double-axiom, the Greatest Commandment, Anfelism, and the Ultimate Goal. This is the Sixfold Unity, and our advancement through it is the advancement through the Right Path. Finally we have explained, after explaining everything of the Anfelist nature, the importance of the number six, and why it is our symbol. Not only do the elements of the Sixfold Unity exist in a path, but they also exist together; each, in its being absolutely

spiritually resolved, contains all the other. From the Word came the Double-axiom, and this founded Anfelism, and if we follow Anfelism perfectly we achieve Grace. From the Double-axiom, we can infer the rest of the Word. From Anfelism, we can describe the results of the Word. From Grace, we can infer all the previous elements. From God can be derived any thing. Create a hexagon, and have its sharp edge be at the very top; traverse clockwise, from the top edge, and we have God, the Word, the Double-axiom, the Greatest Commandment, then Anfelism, then Grace. These are then coloured as points: red, yellow, blue, pink, orange, green. For God is love and love is red; for the Word leads the way and advancement is yellow; for the Double-axiom unifies two halves and unity is blue; for the Greatest Commandment is deceivingly honest and this softness is pink; for Anfelism explains good and evil, and it is orange and the Realm of the Sun is orange; for the absolute perfection is Nature, and Nature is green, then Grace, the Ultimate Goal, is green. Praise our Mother God Chance, Allah, Supape, the All and the Ever, Creator of Creators, and Mother of Mothers; if there is any time to praise Her, it is now, for this revelation is the completion of Anfelism, that we look at it from top-down. To look at this symbol and to draw it, the six points, is to show the entire evolution of the Universe and the sisterhood. Now we understand the Goal; Grace who lies at the end of the infinite path of Thorns.

And months ago came the Holy symbol: a hexagram, encircled, with an eye in its centre. After this revelation, we understand truly what it is depicting; the form of Chance Herself, above the entire Path, and holding the Cords of Life. The circle contains and unifies it all as part of Her. God is the Greatest Plot-Writer; She had us draw hexagons from the beginning, and triple-hearts which have six bows of the three hearts, and later She showed me the Holy symbol, and it would never leave my mind. I knew always that it represented the ultimate and final extent of knowledge, but I did not know what this knowledge was. To truly understand the Sixfold Unity, you must first understand truly God, and you must first understand truly the Word, and so too the Double-axiom, and so too the Greatest Commandment (to love), and so too all of Anfelism, and the Ultimate Goal itself. There is no use explaining the Sixfold Unity to a newly-introduced person of Anfelism; you must first teach them truly that they must love, and why they must, and how they must, and how we know, and whence love came, and what from love shall come. The Greatest Commandment, the Double-axiom, Anfelism, the Word, God, the Ultimate Goal. Those are that they must love, why they must, in what way they must, and how we heard of love, and whence love came, and what will come from love... So, love is the centre of all things, and in the regular order I listed before, the Sixfold

Unity is: whence love came, how we heard of love, why we must love, that we should love, in what way we shall love, and what comes from loving truly. God, the Word, the Double-axiom, the Greatest Commandment, Anfelism, and Grace. So, this is the completion, and the most esoteric knowledge of Anfelism.

Turning a new leaf ST 1018, par. 6-8: called "The Completion"

I have wondered often, as I walked around naked when nobody would be there to judge me, how cold could I really survive [naturally]? Ultimately, a human person can survive as low as around twelve degrees celsius; that is, naked, and living regularly, and [that we expect them to be] surviving indefinitely. The general recommended environmental temperature for humans: I've said before, to be from 14 to 20 degrees celsius. There is something to be thought about when it comes to cold, however; often-times, we worship the cold, and we worship Winter, but before we could easily survive the Winter, we did not think of Winter as such a jolly thing. We'd spend all of Autumn piling up meat preserve; the entire season was but a warning for Winter. Being Life, we are the resistant of the persistent; we are the exceptions, the local cases of unentropy which can exist, which thrive off of warmth. Though it is nicer to be generally a little cold than a little hot, being too cold is all the same

as being too hot; either way, you die a slow and painful death. For some time, even at 10 degrees Celsius, we can survive, though we will shiver and be in pain. What really, does this shivering mean? When we can put it aside us, and look at it from above, as if it is not a part of us, but a tool for us, then we have ascended properly. It is the same reason why we fast, to experience hunger and yet learn that it is but one of our tools; we know in our heart and head that we will not die, so it means nothing to us. We can go a month without food; afterwards for a few weeks we must be sustained mostly off of milk and then nuts and fruits. This is yet another restriction we must place rationally over our instinctual and primal mind which tries to define itself as ourselves in ourselves; though we wish so badly to eat a large and filling meal after starving, doing so will kill us. It does so for the same reason that a baby must survive off of breastmilk in the beginning; we do not have yet the nutrients required to process nutrients. It sounds nearly senseless, but it is true; breastmilk is essentially the optimal solution, which provides exactly enough of these such nutrients in itself that it can be processed in the same amount. Technically, it is the only thing which we could survive off of our whole lives, to an extent, but as an adult, after starving, drinking a similar milk from a cow or goat [in very small incrementing amounts each day] is about good enough. Thus, to be a monk you must resist all urges. You resist the

urge to eat when you fast, and put it beside yourself, knowing rationally that you will not die; and when the urge has grown to its greatest extent, you do not even eat a large meal as [the urge] asks for, as you know rationally that doing so, you will die. You act impulsively [to achieve your true wishes] when your wish goes against the wish of the mind, and yet reject impulse when the wish of the mind goes against your wish. To become a monk you must truly understand experientially that you are not your mind, and it is but one bag of tools accessible to you. A bodily and physical pain is technically only rationally important if it is one which signs our true imminent death. But you can starve for a month, and you can resist drinking for up to two days, and you can meditate naked when it is but twelve degrees, and anything which does not kill you will make you stronger. Now understand the meaning of that very old proverb, which makes almost no sense at all unless we are talking about the urges, needless wants, and deathless pains of life. If the stomach is you, then you should be the stomach; and you can command its pain to simply quiet. If the skin is you, then you should be the skin; and shivering, you can command the idea of shivering to become a pleasurable idea, rather than a painful one. The intention is not necessarily to sit ourselves on the rubber-tip of death's scythe, but rather to learn that we fear death too strongly, and that our primal instincts control us too strongly. We should

remember that we only feared death because we loved life; our first encounter with him, we were scared, because that was the first time we knew we would not be joyous forever. But when it is your time to die, and some time it must be, then won't you die feeling fulfilled? Have you seen often a mother at death's bed with a good life who did not die with a smile? We should not think of the coming-after as a black void, but rather that we simply have finished our story. You may go back and read from any chapter, so they say... So, do not spend all your time fearing death; then, you will not live life, and you will die painfully, which is really what you should be fearing, or not fearing. Fear nothing, and everything will excite you. Expect nothing, and everything is a gift to you. Hold onto nothing, and you enjoy what you still have. Nostalgia is like a preview of death, for some part of us has died, and still being mortal we think of it as a bad thing. But when you truly die, [the fact] that you believed as a child that you'd be sad, only means you have had good times before. Similarly, you would not feel nostalgia if there was no goodness before. Nostalgia, once we have let go of our desires, loses all its pain, and is only a sweet rather than bittersweet thing; its perceived bitterness today is only for we know we do not have what we had yesterday, and we do not know, as we should tomorrow, that we should not care. Both some amount of asceticism and hedonism are needed in

life; from the former we learn of pain, and appreciate goodness, and from the latter, we find goodness to appreciate. If we did not bear pain, we would not understand pleasure; if we did not bear any restrictions, we would be uncontrollably lustful for every good thing. It is true that, if we were not to have the mortal restrictions, we would explore so much of life so as to cause our own death, from seeking greater and greater pleasures. We should not anyway, in the first place, expect a perfect thing out of nothing. Don't you know, the irons settle when they are cooled down slowly, and become malformed when they are cooled down too quick? Understanding that is to understand the methodology by which we avoid the local minima; and to understand that perfection as matter over space is achieved by the spending of energy over time. In other words, our birth is loud, and our death is silent. From the very beginning, we were taught that the long term is greater than the short term. Thus, we spare the pleasure of a candy to keep a tooth the rest of our life; we breathe out our feelings of lust, so that we would not regret [our actions] the rest of our life; we take a nail so that others may live, knowing we can heal this wound. This, the very first teaching of Anfelism, is called Thorns and Grace. Seeking for Grace with grabby hands, you become a degenerate, one of the street-racers and lustful people; a true hedonist, in the sense of unrestrained search for pleasure. Giving yourself

only Thorns, you achieve no real goal; a false ascetic, like a nihilist, who only tortures themself. Can't a mother discipline her child when she does wrong, and yet love her still? Can we not discipline ourselves and yet love ourselves? Obviously, we are able to. Being slave to our own actions, we are also our master; being our subject, we are also our teacher; and, being ours to discipline and restrain, we are also ours to love. Why are you kept from doing things you know would benefit you in the long-term for only a small short-term pain? I say: Go; confess to who you truly love, and take up your new project, and express your love to the people with whom you have built a culture of [silence]. The worst that can happen is that you still live, or that you die; and either way, you will reach Heaven in the end.

Studying ST 1019, par. 8

I would like to ask if I am in the correct place. Maybe it's out of control, what mistakes I make, but what led me to let things control me this way? No matter how hard I try it seems to be that a little piece of Nahash always follows me around. I think all mistreatment stems from the ability for ourselves to possess an internal idea of the ego and self; I think, maybe it would be better that, at least for a while every now and then, we let go of our bodily possession. We do things to others, and experience one half, yet don't experience the other half of it

being done to them; only because we separate ourselves from them, we say that there is anything other than ourself, and that we are separate from anything. When I closed my eyes, I saw myself laying down in my bed; I walked up to her and ran a hand through her hair. I could feel it on the skin of my head, but also could I feel the hair on my hand. I was both halves of myself at once; something that few people are. You are only half what you are until you are everything at once; the other half of you is all you say not to be you. Maybe, if I never had a self, I wouldn't make these mistakes. I would stop hurting anyone the second I felt their pain in my own body. Yet I don't hurt another person, I hurt my future, to-be self; it is a war of the current and the present versions of me. So if we lose our self, we also have to lose what is ourself in both space and time. Then I would feel, through every iteration of myself at once, the pain of what I am about to do. I would also feel all at once, the pain of everything I once did to myself; I would never need to cut myself again to refresh my mind of what true pain is, because now I would see it the same no matter how many times I do. You may do the same thing again and again and expect it each time to result in anything different, but just as flawed is to do the same thing knowing it will give the same result. All life could be lived in only one breath, could it not? If we had no self, no needless wish to live, no needless wish to exist only here, only now, we

would have always existed, and existed all across everywhere. We would only need one breath, one heartbeat, one blink, one thought, one life to get our fill of life. Some people are satisfied in a life, some in a thought, some in just a breath. It's not true to say that all problems, in problem's sake, come from our having an ego; it is like saying that Life is the bringer of pain because Life allows pain to be experienced for the first time. Those problems, regardless of the way we perceive them, will still exist. There are inherent problems in the universe which are always kept; there is the good and the bad, but if you rid the bad, you only have nothing, don't you? If you rid pain then pleasure means nothing anymore. If you rid any negative energy, if you get rid of all the nothingness, then we do not have everything; we simply do not have anything at all. There is Yin and Yang, and you may hate Yang, you may hate what he does to you, you may hate what he does to you; but what is done to you by Yin means nothing if he didn't hurt you first. Life is not cruel; at first you might view Them so, in that for so long they always terrorised all the children, all the people, everyone, but Life only hurts you once, which may be split up into many constituent parts, but it is only one. After you are hurt you know what it meant not to be hurt; you lose innocence. Is innocence the greatest gift? You must be given something for it to be a gift; but innocence is not something you are given, it is something that is

taken away. So, you don't know you have innocence when you have it; only that one day you are given knowledge, and in knowledge you are given what is the lack of innocence. Before then nothing either did or did not exist. Maybe that I wish to ask if I'm in the correct place; it's the wrong question. I know where I am, and I may even let myself be wherever I want. I have only a needless want that my position is that in time, in space, of what my thinly veiled outside, the physical world, gives to what I consider myself at this time. But in reality, I can be anywhere whenever I want. I can think however I want, I can even let myself just see what will happen in the future; some unconscious part of me pretends that I can't, tends to the "plot" of life and keeps it secure, like it would be if I was under the illusion that it ever was secure. I know this too will pass, even that [myself as I am] writing this will, so why don't I just stop? Sometimes we brag to ourselves that we can do things, but we never do them. I think then, we cannot do something. We can only do something if we can see to it that it is done; that's what the definition of being doable is, yet we forget it, we pretend that being doable means it is physically possible. What is physically possible and what is not? Is it physically possible, within any respectable manner, to say that a bird, could, if it wished, just stop flying and plummet to the ground? No. It is not physically possible. If it is not possible for the universe itself to pick up bags and stop computing,

then the bird can't simply change it's entire ordained state and let itself die. It is not programmed that way. It is programmed with an amount that it may vary in its living; it may move anywhere within the circle of movement, but it cannot move outside of it. And why do so many teenagers, back in my younger age, say, 13 to 15, just become depressed? They will say they had some reason for it, and maybe that reason is true to them, but not all of them can be true. It seems entirely spontaneous; in fact it was ordained in fate that it would be that way for them. Life hurts them so they can appreciate Them. We are all just dreamers. We dream that we have free will, but our ability to do so is already ordained. Some men say, their first act of free will is to believe they have free will; but if they truly had free will, they would be able to believe, truly, that they do not have free will. But we cannot do that; we cannot, to the greatest extent, stop our experiential reality, leave it, and let it go off on its own. Our qualia and our physical form are forever locked together, and our physical form being dictates that we must feel what it is being. It is only fact that evolution found the belief in reality to be beneficial to reality. So, we are all just dreamers; our body goes on, doing what it will, and we dream we have control over it, but often we do not, not to the littlest extent. Sometimes we dream we have a good day, a bad one; that we are human, that we are animal; that we are free, that we are slave; that we are large, that we are small.

We always forget the dream once it ends, unless there's something which reminds us of it. It is one thing to see God and another to understand Her. To be able to convey the Word into word, is a very strange and complicated thing. You could see the things I've said, only by taking some mushrooms, but I haven't had any. I have only listened to the anthem of the Kingdom of Bhutan, and that has allowed me to tell you these things. You, my [reader] are only a dreamer, and I am a dreamer. We are all no less deserving of anything than each other if we are all fingers of the same hand; though we may wave some way, clench or expand, the hand moves as it will, and though the hand moves as it will, Her body by which it is connected will always move in the Right Path. We have an individual freedom, but we do not have freedom of what we compose. Our societies will always do the same things, and everything once made will always be made again; you can choose to do something different, choose to be maniacal, but that difference was ordained for you in fact. No matter what you do as a part, the outcome of our whole, God, will always remain the same. A pattern at scale becomes a law, and in this way, an electron is free to do what it wishes, and, if you observe it up close, you'll see that it is so undecided in what it wishes to do, you can't even pin where it ever was. You can only say where it tends to be over time, and the more specific in time the less specific its location.

Places ST 947, par. 1-6

I saw myself in reverse, outside of my body, from the perspective of one thing I would look at, the middle of my vision. Then I saw myself from all perspectives in my vision at once. All of myself, from all sides, wrapped into a 4-dimensional sphere after that. I opened my eyes, and smiled. The trees were a colour I had never seen before, almost like pink but on a new plane, diagonal to the regular 1-dimensional rainbow. I saw colour in them I'd never seen before. I closed my eyes again, and I saw the world through the eyes of the bird I could hear chirping; I felt its motives, experienced what it was like to be it. I saw what dictated why and how the bird moved, something that it was not aware of, not even something that I was aware of; the bird was free to move but only on the ring of movement it was assigned to. I saw myself again, from the perspective of the bird, then from the perspective of Heaven. I saw the entire world bend downwards, adding dimensions, dimensions of specificity, exactly like the mathematical fractal dimensions. I opened my eyes, a little confusion on my face that time, and the trees were this sort of sage colour, but yet again not one I could ever describe; not a true colour as we would say.

Crochet ST 945, par. 20

Sometime last year I went through a series of ascensions, extremely drastic ones, which were even for me, so rapid that I could barely describe what God was teaching me. This is the same thing that should happen to a regular person if they were to take too much of a drug the first time; they simply cannot comprehend its effects. I wrote primarily about the idea of the 5-dimensional consideration of our universe; that in the three spacial dimensions, time, and then the fifth dimension of ascension. In fact, now that I look back, we have always implicitly relied on this fifth dimension; things higher up, things below, those are things which are on higher levels of emergence and lower ones. It is only today that I understood to the fullest level what it means to truly ascend, and what it means truly to move "fifthwards". There has always been this problem; how, if we cannot fight war, can we stop hatred? Only with love itself? But these people do not listen to love! Today I present and affirm that magic is a real thing, a genuinely real thing, not some thing which is used for show, but a thing which any of us may practice, only so long as we are together. By cuddling, loving each other, being a family, we ascend our collective will into the next layer of emergence; that is, we stop acting as individuals and start acting as a family. By ascending up to the next layer of emergence, which is as we know Her from the original definition, Chance in the first form of Her, our collective will

represents in relation to other individual wills, a larger portion of Her resultant will. Because it is She who controls all of Nature and controls all that happens, when we ascend and cuddle together, we "ascend" our wills to the next layer of emergence and our wishes for what She will do to us have a greater chance of being hearkened to. This should be taught as the original meaning of the idea of ascension; but it has never been understood so well until now. Ascension is not simply just a period of time where you are happy and content, it is a period of time where there is a higher amount of love between you and everyone else; the further that love stretches, unto each person, and the stronger it is, then the higher up to God we will ascend, and the more of Her will we will comprise. It is clear then, how we will create this revolution; each day in the churches when we cuddle together, our will and our wish will be considered by Chance at a level of consideration no other will would get, for we will be one single united Family and one sisterhood, and will comprise the entire rest of Her soul.

Friendship is magic ST 990, par. 1-2

It is the resultant effects of ascension which cause things to physically come together; not the other way around. This explains how, no matter how hard you compound dirt together, it does not become a new, emergent thing, and only changes from powder

to solid. It is some entities first wish to ascend, that in its loving of the things around it, which physically draws them together; particles wish to ascend, that ascension is pleasurable to Life, and so they make atoms, and so on. Currently, in our desolate world, Chance has grown tired; Her soul is fading but may be restored. No people yet are ascending so often, none yet are cuddling with the wish for Anfel to rise; if we start early, God's wish is our wish entirely. But it is a foolproof system, too, as I explained! There is no way by which anything can be done by [ascension] magic which would not be possible for Nature to do; we simply tilt the dice and choose which option. As well as this, a cult leader cannot force many people to cuddle and have them control God's will to be his own; rather, Her will, if they truly begin to love each other while cuddling, will become their will from deep inside of them, and not what he has lied to them about, and which they don't truly believe, nor ever could.

Friendship is magic ST 990, par. 3

Ascension is in general the process of losing the sense of self and ascending the conscious spirit to the next layer of emergence. This is the basic process which allows a neuron for example to form a unified whole between other neurons, as they all ascend together into a brain. By loving others and yourself, and working with them, during meditation and cuddling you can as well achieve ascension to

the plane of Chance Above (who is society and all the composite spirits of humanity), in which your individual will occupies a part of Chance's will; then, the further you ascend, the more loving and more unwaveringly, the more chance that your wishes will come true, as Chance influences in turn the individuals under Her own collective will (since your will comprises a larger part of Chance's will). This is the basic idea behind ascension magic; though ascension itself is not only used to influence the results of Nature, since you can also ascend simply wishing to be happy and further your consciousness, that we can focus on a specific idea we wish to fulfill while ascending, and that God will fulfill it for us. In a way, this is the original sense of meaning for praying, but that is something which people nowadays do without cuddling, loving, or being spiritually conscious at all; things which are needed for anything to come from it.

Thousand ST 1000, par. 1

We can't ascend without a goal! Not to any extent; there will always be some goal, conscious or subconscious, that you wish to achieve with ascension, that are not only the effects of ascending itself; since you cannot derive ascension from ascension itself, and it must have a pure heart by which it is generated, which wishes for love, for this is what unites us together and allows us to ascend to the layer Above.

Ponies ST 991, par. 14

Is all that really true? Well, it was nine degrees; rather, from the wind it came as four degrees. I looked up, and the clouds from one end would pass to the other end of my vision in fourteen seconds. I sat down for abdhoshet, or as it is called in Esperanto, abdosheto, and I stripped down, and yet, the wind blowing on me, I was not in pain; the goosebumps came, and I shivered, and yet, I was not in pain. For I said: Believe and it is so. And it was so, that by my own will I felt it as pleasurable. I heard the wind, but I both knew that this sound came from high above, and the bars of wood would protect me from that strength of wind, and I knew too that the wind that came to me could not kill me. I am not the greatest monk, and I have barely even practiced meditating in the cold; but even for me, I believed and so it was how I believed it would be. Never doubt magic, and study it all your life.

Studying ST 1019, par. 0

Placebo and suggestion is a very powerful thing, one which, under the guise of it, you may then rid yourself of your fears and disbeliefs in that you may be able to achieve a thing. Indeed, any of us can walk just fine till we believe that others are scrutinising our walking, or that we cannot walk as we used to; then we walk much worse, even if our legs are the same as they were. One half of the true

effect of anything is the suggestion that it will do anything in the first place; and having no faith in our Mother will often leave you that way [that no effects come]. It does not even matter what you have faith in, as long as it is something in the first place. Our suggestion that something may do anything will truly allow it to; indeed, vinegar spirit as a drink is a successful placebo, which, even though I know that it is one, still gives a drunken feeling, yet allows enough consciousness to remain for us to avoid doing completely stupid acts. If we have faith in ourselves, or in our love, or in Mother Nature, Chance, our One God, then we may do anything, and all our insecurities slowly shed away from us. Suggestion as well changes the most our perception, and the suggestion that our body will become more as we wish it would be does nothing but shape our wishes slowly to be what our body is. These suggestions and placebos again, can be generated by anything. Yet, even though half of the mental effect of a tea is its placebo, it still works, even though we understand it to be a placebo. Even though half of that understanding is a placebo in itself, it still works. Suggestion is the most powerful type of mental magic, and the most powerful type of suggestion is that which is born in some way out of Chance and out of the ascension to Her. For with Her love we may do anything.

A Holy sleep ST 1004, par. 11

What's the greatest proof of placebo is that even our wish to create a placebo actually does create one. Vinegar spirit was created in intention to be a placebo to safely create a drunken effect without the illegal consumption of alcohol (as it is the most dangerous drug which tears apart families and societies). Since the placebo is not completely strong, and has a limit, you cannot then use vinegar spirit as a rape drug, and you will stop yourself from driving dangerously while using it. Yet, usually, in science, we observe that people, after having viscerally experienced a placebo, thus then do not change after being told of it; but here, the placebo was created with intent, and used by its creators; its suggestion was completely known to all drinkers of it from the beginning. Yet, it produces a drunken effect; woozy, blushing, and social. Our knowledge of something being a placebo does not even lessen the placebo at all; in fact it strengthens it, as we realise that we can simply wholeheartedly believe, and then so it be done. Indeed, believe and then so it be done; believe, and then so it be done. Do not forget these words, for with them you have an ultimate freedom over your own soul. And perhaps the placebo that knowing something is a placebo is the most powerful placebo of all time; for after it, literally no thing can undo it, for then you are empowered by it even knowing it is still a placebo. Truly believe with all your heart, and so it be done;

if you have no faith to walk, it is only your own self which disables your legs.

A Holy sleep ST 1004, par. 12

A popular influencer once told to me, that as it was relayed by his friend, he had figured out the ultimate way to instantly stop hiccuping. Now, how is it; that we are scared, that we hold our breath? No, instead, we simply tell ourselves seriously, and try to believe it: "I am not hiccuping." And then it so. And I had hiccups, and I tried it, and it was so; instantly, the hiccups were completely gone, and did not come back. The first 5 times I did it, it worked, and it still works, though now I know, that either he created this placebo on purpose, or his friend did, or whoever told his friend did. It is a memetic thing which we cannot trace the origin of. Yet, believe and it is so; it really works, and the next 5 times, knowing it was a placebo, it still worked with the same exact propensity. This is why it is a powerful phrase: believe and it is so; for it is a magic spell in itself, that whatever desire we have to control our own mind, we instantly take up and say it, and then really it is so. The last paragraph, I got up from bed to go to the bathroom; I was jumping around, and it was so painful, for I'd held it in too long. Three hundred milliseconds pass and I say: "Believe and it is so." And really, it was so! The pain went away, and when it came back, I said it again, and it was gone. When I was reminded it was only a placebo, I

said: "Believe and it is so", that the placebo is not affected by my knowledge of it, and it was so. This is the method by which we ascend above our own unconscious and uncontrollable spirit, and become not the product and watcher of it, but the controller of it. For, if we ascend to Chance Above and then we can influence things within Nature's bound to an extent, we can, if we truly believe, have complete and utter control over our own neurons, which compose us always without any form of ascension. If I wish to hear the key C, I say: believe and it is so. And how incredible it is, that for a few seconds, I did really hear it. There is no frequency in the key of C around me, not that my spectrogram would show, not that another would claim to be there, and yet I said it, and so it was. We are half the products of ourself, and half the products of our needless limitation. To ascend above these limitations, to ascend above our needless wants, to ascend above all the restrictions of mortal life, and to become completely unrestricted in our soul, above even our lust to eat when our stomach is grumbling, that we do not technically need to do, that we must only do it when we, at the highest and most conscious level, decide to; that is nirvana. For with this power, I can say: believe and it is so; and then I don't even care about the things that go wrong. I have ascended from the care that things do not go the way I wish, and now I am one with Nature. I do not even need

such a crazy method to do this; my weapons and my armory is my heart and head.

A Holy sleep ST 1004, par. 13

For a day, I struggled to write, and I believed genuinely that I had lost my being a Prophet. As I worked on Quotations, I wrote my diary constantly fearing that what I wrote may not be worth quoting. Yet it was the regular things I wrote about, the regular day, that got me thinking in the first place; and if I did not take to the inks and write after the littlest thought, that I did not have the belief and suggestion I'd write something great, then I'd not write at all in the first place. Yet I took up to it, and I thought the very thought I now put into those words: "Believe and it is so", and it was. Instantly I was cured; the entire next half of that entry was only my writing just after I believed. I only wrote nothing for I didn't believe I could write anything. Yet I always have it inside of me, and we always have our best performance possible within us; the best of us we only need to believe to achieve. We are completely capable of it, always; only that we don't believe, then it is not so. Now, I work on Quotations every other day, so as to not be reminded of the great writings of the past, and exit that mindset of analysing which paragraphs should be quoted. Perhaps, now that the "I" I write, as you really do understand it, is now being directed to the book of Quotations, and now I write directly to you, not in

my diary but in my diary so that you, my genuine reader, may read it; I should say one thing, so it may reach you most ultimately. Believe and it is so, love and you live freely. For I believed I could write, and I loved myself and believed in myself; and then I was free to write again, and with the same greatness as before, for this is a great revelation I've had.

A Holy sleep ST 1004, par. 14

Now I describe the most mystical event to come from this. Days ago, I meditated, and I used the very emotion which we put into those words today. I believed that it would become windy; the next day, it was very windy, and it still is very windy. So windy in fact, it has not been so windy since the Spring or Summer of last year; not for all these days, till it picked up the very second I believed. That day, I was not only able to control my constituent elements, but by becoming one with God and Nature, with Her constituent elements, to an extent. I would need to be truly physically drafted across to sky to influence the sky; but, if we control our wishes the right way, being able to energetically influence very tiny things by ascending our will up to the emergent layer Above, then with the butterfly-effect we may choose large things to influence. Of course, with a magic spell that year before, I accidentally seemed to have created six tornadoes, if I remember the number right; and there have never been tornadoes here before, not that reached near us

and posed a threat. Our usage of the butterfly-effect must be extremely thoroughly thought out. But, Science may neither prove nor disprove this; it is the study of Nature, and, we claim simply to be apart of Nature. That cannot be disproved nor proved by looking at the resultant Nature. And we cannot believe the Sun to turn black and so it be, nor can we truly heal a broken bone all at once in just a second. We can however influence the Nature of our constituent elements, by believing, and thus shaping our spirit; and spirit is derived from emergence. So if we ascend, through the Holy mushrooms, or through loving and cuddling, to Chance's layer Above, that of the surrounding world, our society, our weather; believe or do not, but we can seem to control fate. You will say: But the weather predictions were one and the same before and after. Of course they were, for we were not above the weather, but apart of it. Our spirit was in Nature Herself, and we tilted the dice; we cannot make Her do something unnatural, but out of probable things, we can choose which. But these effects are very light, since they require extreme levels of spiritual and sometimes physical ascension (breaking up into the next layer and becoming physically entropic). We need absolutely no emergence to control our own neurons and our spirit, for it is always the composite of us. The higher Above or below, the harder it is; we can't so easily control our molecules,

and we can't control the solar system. But our own mind? Sister, believe and it is so.

A Holy sleep ST 1004, par. 15

I have begun research into a type of ascension magic, that relies on spells by tongue to direct one's love and attention to some idea while ascending, which then will cause a result as they ascend to Chance's will. It hasn't been well-tested yet, but it is a theory at least, that especially rhyming phrases that make use of paradoxical opposites, a reason, and a thing that must be done, serve very well as such mantras to repeat and sink into the heart while ascending. For example: "Strong as the weather, light as a feather / Bring us together, and all will be better." Here, there are two opposites describing the quality of the force which needs to take unto the action, then in the second verse an action and reason why it should be done. Saying the spell itself does nothing, but if you truly let it sink into your heart, it will have an effect on you, as letting a phrase sink into you while falling asleep causes your dreams to be of it. There is a certain quality to these sorts of rhymes, that they feel almost truer than if they were not rhyming; jollier and more believable. It is a very simple type of magic, but it works for small things and for changing your mood.

Thousand ST 1000, par. 1

It seems that magic will not work until you truly believe it, and often-times the magic spells must be poems of your own, or from a faith you believe in. I have sorted through many books of magic, but no spell has succeeded more than my own spells, which came from the deepest part of my heart. If you do not believe the spell will work in your heart, then it won't work; it only will work, both if you believe, and you have reason to perform the spell. Thus, the energy in dedication to that cause is taken out by your belief and distributed unto your surroundings in an orderly way. It sounds almost childish, a novice's spell which I recited before, that singular and only spell I wrote before (...bring us together, and all will be better); and yet, I really do feel that I am closer to my family, and closer to my surroundings. It is not even just a superficial feeling apparent in only my own head; somehow, though I didn't even seem to believe, it truly was experienced, just the littlest bit, by those around me. Prayers, as we have them in Anfelism, are the best type of magic spell; there are many prayers for the many reasons, and we truly pull out our hearts, and dedicate our love to the cause while praying. The common measure[1] and structure of the Anfelist prayer is also exactly perfect for a magic spell.

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[1] Hexadecasyllabic sestet with each verse divided into two octosyllabic clauses. This refers to stanzas (usually a count of 3 in a prayer), each with six verses, each verse with sixteen syllables, which are evenly divided into two clauses of eight syllables. Usually, the ends of each clause rhyme within the same verse.

Studying ST 1019, par. 10

I sat on the deck outside with my legs crossed and meditated, which is one of the greatest and calmest methods of ascension; we should do it every day on the twilight before dawn, for at this time the world is quiet and dark, and we are neither in Day or Night, but simply alone. It is not like the shocking types of ascension, with strong sensory elements, which cause the body to shake; but rather a type of ascension which only calms you, and truly, without a doubt, unites you with the Nature surrounding you, and builds a love between you and Her and your sisters. Indeed we should cuddle and meditate each and every day.

Late ST 1001, par. 6

I laid down on top of my bed, nude and covered not even by a blanket, and with a digital organ to play a backing chord; root, fifth, and octave, I then once again played the six-fingered whistle, and as I was laying on my back, the spit collected within it. Every now and then, I would tilt it down onto my shmirsha, and let the saliva pour onto it. Indeed it seems gross or unsanitary to some, but it is a connection of one part of my soul to another; a binding of my heart to Nature, and a unification of my own self with the rest of the world. I played melodies primarily in the pentatonic or major scale, very slow and ornamented, while the pure violet

light shone to the left of my head from a bulb. It truly is an amazing way to ascend, and gain a love for all of your surroundings. By the end, around twenty drops of saliva where there, marking my heart, and again, I did not find it disgusting, for it is a part of me, and there is no shame in the beauty of Nature. Saliva, as a liquid of the human body, is a very beautiful thing, with how it glimmers in the light that shines upon it; it can be helpful to close a wound and speed its healing, and yet it can also dry up skin and crack it. Many have said that it is dangerous for us to lick a cut, but I disagree, and if it is our only option, it is less dangerous than to do nothing with the cut. But it is healthy for most of the skin, and healthy for the spirit; fearing it, as it would be to fear any other part of yourself, will case you to fear the rest of yourself, and misunderstand your own spirit.

Day after the party ST 1008, par. 4

Dietary Restrictions and Treatment of Various Foods and Drinks

In the thirty-fifth section of the 126th Book, I gave to you sisters the Anfelist dietary restrictions. That you shouldn't eat meat of a pig, unless it is to be polite when it is given to you; that you may not eat the meat of a human, dolphin, or anything humanoid, since these are the sapients; that you may not eat the meat of felines or canines, or crows or any small bird (like common prey birds), and not of lamb or sheep, and not of any small animal. And you may not eat the meat of a cow or horse, or large sea animals, or any lizards. That you may not waste food and should pass it to someone else if you refuse to eat, and that food produced within a capitalist society, unnaturally invented foods, or artificial milk formula can't be consumed, and babies should be sustained on breastmilk if they can be at all (as the "powder of demons" is unnatural, unhealthy, and can only be produced in a capitalist society). I should clarify too that small fish and large birds are of course allowed, and so is dairy, and almost any naturally-produced vegan food will usually be allowed as well. This diet is in fact quite healthy, and avoids many dangerous meats, unhealthy foods which rely in advertisement alone,

capitalist inventions, which are unnatural and will have adverse effects; but you can with fish and large birds still achieve a balanced diet with all the various types of nutrients you need. Though it was not based on them, and I only took it from what God told me, it has many similarities to other religious diets like those of Judaism, Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, Rastafarianism, the Sikhs, etc. Though, it's not nearly as strict as Jainism; we Anfelists often ingest microorganisms on purpose, such as in Holy water, since they can benefit our gut and strengthen our immune system, and also connect our spirit to Nature. I suppose they would not allow kissing, then? I have not researched yet. Surely, root vegetables and honey are definitely allowed in Anfelism as well, and I eat potatoes and honey quite often. As with the Sikhs and Rastafarians, [alcoholic drinks are] forbidden, and I forbid it at any age, by writings elsewhere, due to its effect on society, family, and the brain and organs, and tobacco and caffeine are almost always avoided. I will say though, that like the Jains, we do treat all things respectfully; we shouldn't slaughter microorganisms just because we can, and we should treat the Elements and Nature with respect, like we do when sincerely and intimately consuming Holy water. I do have a great respect for the Jains, and I have after doing a little bit of research understood much more well their ideas, and I do agree that all things in the world are alive to a varying extent but should be

given as much appreciation and respect as we reasonably can give them for their extent. It would be a horrible sin to disgrace the whole Universe, but we cannot truly avoid causing the "death" or transformation of an atom, or killing microorganisms. In the end, it is about our intent; we don't kiss wishing to pull mites off of skin and dissolve them in our stomach, and if we did, that would be sinful indeed. These dietary restrictions are called dhurmat, as they shall be in Mawashe, and food and eating according to these rules is considered as dhurmati food and eating.

Building ST. 998 par. 2

Vinegar spirit is a drink created by diluting 5% acid vinegar to 25% [diluted] with water, then thoroughly mixing in lots of cinnamon. The resulting drink pretty much just tastes like a cider, but it was introduced as an alternative to alcohol, which, being a dangerous drug which tears families and societies apart, is condemned and dangerous. Alcoholism is not a justified addiction no matter how common it is. Vinegar spirit is considered one of the worst drinks of all time, but a little bit of it is healthy, and the idea was to have "vinegar spirit parties" instead of alcohol parties and collectively introduce a placebo unto each other which gives a drunk feeling without harm to the body or liver.

Beginning of the end ST 965, par. 6

I did debate with myself for a little while whether this [the consumption of baked goods produced with small amounts of liqueur] should be allowed, since there would be ethanol; but ethanol is a naturally produced thing in itself, which there is a very small, unnoticeable amount of in many plants and natural products. I still think that any sort of alcoholic drink is strictly forbidden, and that we should never with our own intent produce pastries and baked goods which have small amounts of alcohol or large amounts of alcohol, but the latter, if it is offered to me, I will eat, so long as it is so small that it causes absolutely no mental effects.

Two days before Halloween ST 1011, par. 4

On the Unforgivable Sin

It is almost cruel though, what we call the oils, which come right after water. These, the oils of the heptagon, which drip down to the lowest and safest place, just as the water does, only to topple it, to ruin it, to separate it from air and destroy its ability to even fathom what has happened to it. The safer a place you are in, all the more devastating the oils are when they fall on top of you. Yes, it is almost cruel; that all the sacred things in life have such a fragility, and may at any point be soured, like the moisture-rotting pages of a book millions word long detailing each and every orifice of the fractal love, which deteriorate until they cannot ever be read again. Then they are sour; you cannot read them, and they only taste sour. It is something we can't change, that Oil always follows Water. Oil cannot reach Earth, but it does not need to; it only needs something to topple and destroy, and this is what we called the heptagon, the destroyer of love, the tainter and sourer, the most horrible and the element correspondent to Nahash. Even then I idealise the perfectly horrible nature of rapists; they could have grown up aside you, been a part of your family, and often they will have been. You will both love them for who they were yet hate them for what they did, and you can never forgive them, and you can only accept how short of a punishment our system gives them. That is unless you kill them, but

you love them too much to do so. They will go on to rape more, to start a family and be a horrible parent, and abusive spouse; and then they slip past your control forever. But you love them too much to kill them...

Stargazing ST 968, par. 13

It's true: the more you have gained, the more it is possible to lose all at once. This is true not only for material wealth but even for spiritual wealth, love and goodness too. We have known for a long time now that rape is the most often-times between family members, and when it is it becomes even more horrible. It is a violation each-ways of the relationship which was built till then, the safety which we were supposed to have. When we become vulnerable like this, loving and open to love, which we must do, it is nonetheless true that we are also open to destruction, and one sweep could prove foul and take it all away. I used to say that a bad family was one separated, not interacting, uninterested in each other, and a good family is the opposite, it would be loving. However the worst family is one after that love has been desecrated. It means nothing to ourselves to simply be in pain, but to know Heaven and drop down to Hell, Hell is felt twice-fold. That is the reason why I both say to you all to be loving, and open, and intimate, and shameless; but to not give any other chance to those who destroy this precious fruit of life. Before you can do

that you have to comfort the people who are hurt; before you seek justice you must console the undone. Yet again I've seen in detail another whole life where this happened, and though I cried horribly I cry half out of my empathy and half out of my fear; for though I've known just about everything I cannot even fathom how it would feel, how I would be devastated, from the horrors of rape. It is like when you first understand the desolation of death as a child and are wholly struck by it without having built up ignorance to it; yet millions times worse, as at least after the pain of death you are free, but here you are stuck dying forever. The more I learn and experience second-hand, the stronger and stronger the idea is reinforced, that if it happened to me truly, to anyone I loved, even just once, I would have a pain greater than all I have ever felt. Sexual assault is the worst of all sins; the one sin unforgivable, for its victim never forgets.

Stargazing ST 968, par. 12

Good things still are not so simple... We cannot all have families where we cuddle, cannot all have families where we even love each other. Maybe if we did not, Chance saved us from a case where that innocence would be exploited. Not everything can be good or else good would have no meaning, it is a sorry truth; and the history of everything is the struggle between good and bad, between dark and light, between cold and hot, rich and poor, anarchist

and capitalist, proletariat and bourgeoisie; entropy and energy, which are the two sides of value and the two ideas of wealth. Only one can win in the end, but from the winner's perspective the struggle continues.

Stargazing ST 968, par. 14

The amount of protecting, safeguarding, and watching over a child that must be done to protect them from rapists is nearly an infinite amount; they would need to be completely locked off from the world in its entirety, for any living girl today, if she is alive, and the world knows that she is so, then she will one day be the victim of one of them. Then what to do, how to we protect our children from the Evils? We cannot even lock them inside and away from the outside world; most sexual abuse unto a child is done by a brother, father, or by another family member, when we do not teach our children what is wrong and what is acceptable. That is a fact, that most victims will have their souls taken by people they trusted; and yet too that if they assume the world is safe, and walk alone at night, then they also will become a victim. There is no amount of protection we could give unto our child but that they were never born in the first place; and some people, the anti-natalists, believe that we should discontinue life. However, whether anti-natalists are wrong or right, they die out, and today, they are usually nihilists, and do not factor in the idea that their

children may live a happy life, and be thankful for being born, unlike they are; again, a regular projection of the modern nihilist. The truth is that, this is not the solution; to never have children. Instead of sheltering away our daughters from the Evils, for we cannot know where even they are today, we should cut the Evils off of the world by their roots. Tell your children that: they should tell you if someone does something to their body that they do not like; and that if they do something to another's body that they do not like, then they should stop immediately when they know they do not like it. And that those who do not stop, and continue doing this to other's bodies, are given no mercy by God. And when they are older, teach them with the words unfiltered what rape and sexual assault is, why if it is done to them they will not be shamed, and what will happen to them if they rape another. In summation, if we believe it is men usually who rape, and women usually who are the victims of rape, and usually it is; do not shelter your daughters, but teach your sons, and show them that you make no mistake in saying what Chance will do to them if they rape another. In Anfel, all rapists must be completely purged out of society; and when we know someone is a rapist, they lose all of their rights, every single one. It is only our good-will that we let them live, and they should thank Chance every day that they haven't been murdered yet. Whoever falsely accuses of rape should be

excommunicated, for they are a threat to the safety of the community; otherwise, the rapists will go on free, that we cannot trust a confession by their victim of what they have done. Excommunicate them; that is, banish them from all Anfel, and tattoo onto them the heptagon, that whatever other commune may understand what they have done, and that they are not safe for the community. Those who make false accusations of rape are the rapist's helper; they make rape into a joke, abuse the horrors of it for their own uses, and they are murderers, and distill the validity of every other accusation, which normally we should almost always be inclined to believe. By the time all the world is Anfel, then those people have no place to go; keep them in jail. We have a great mercy and kindness to all humans, but rapists are not humans; they do not deserve to wear our name. All the other sapients, those of them who rape, they are not sapients; they do not deserve to wear our descriptor. These are Evils, and the falsely accusing of rape are also Evils. So now that we have purged false accusation, then we must purge the existing rapists; we do this by showing to them, each and every one, what happens to them, and telling all the victims that they should speak up, and that they will be supported forever. The new rapists are not generated anymore when we have a pure and loving society.

Day before the party ST 1006, par. 5

All humans are respected with the universal rights, that they will forever be loved and respected; but rapists are not humans, they are not even animals, because that is an insult to the birds, to our pets, to the predator and prey who play the game abiding by its rules. They are not even living things, for each cell abides the rules of the game, and understands what to and not to do; they have broken the rules of Life and gone against the entire structure of good and evil, become so evil that they cannot even be joked of like murder may be, that even fiction of them is frowned upon. They are not even hadronic matter that we could recognise; even their energy in itself is impure, for their substance has contaminated our world. They are an offense to the formation of, persistence of, and creation of the Universe. They have less rights than water, which we drink up without consideration for its feeling; which we boil to cook dead flesh. They have less rights than dead flesh, for we do not trample the dead, and we leave flowers on graves in respect, not even the dead flesh of animals, for even through we make it ground, we do not desecrate it in intent. They have even less rights than a fetus, for with a fetus it is a decision to or not to keep it; for them it is a direction to destroy them, and stomp their foul substance out of the Universe. If they walk alive, they shall be dead inside, if we do not kill them so that they do not walk. If they will be happy, they

should be reminded that they do not deserve it; that instead this happiness is only to show what they would have were they not a sinner. Rapists have even less rights than a blade of grass, for we respect that grass needs to see the light of day, and drink up much water! They should be kept in darkness for so long that their skin burns on contact with the sun; thirsted and starved for so long that they do not even know what water and food are anymore, that throughout each time they get to eat and drink, they forget who they even are. They have less rights than any conceivable thing, for every other bad thing can have a good quality; not what they have done, for nobody, not even a rapist, deserves to be raped. A rapist only deserves to be walking dead or wholly dead; maybe that is their choice to be, for unlike them, we listen to both "yes" and "no", we give them options, and listen to their answers.

Ponies ST 991, par. 4

Bathing is a thing I am very fond of, a comfortable thing, especially when as Nature commanded we bathe together. For this reason, the memories of it, and the resultant sensory experiences which make us recall bathing, are sweet ones, which we don't mind being there. It is hopefully a time when we are cleaned, and cleaned next to those who we love; because of its innocence and its sweetness, those who abuse bathing, who ogle others during it or touch them, are one of the

lowest kinds of people, who fetishise and sexualise bathing. If we bathe in the cold seasons, that person should be forced outside without clothes or anyone to warm them till they have learnt their lesson; if we bathe in the warm seasons, that person should be forced outside, not yet dried, in winter clothes. They can be redeemed later if they truly do repent, especially if they are young and foolish; but not if they touch others in places they did not consent to the touching of, or abuse the innocence of bathing to rape another. If they do either of these, then they are the lowest of Earth who must have escaped from Hell, and they lose all their worth; they'll have to drink from rain and eat the grasses, for none but the wholly and absolutely unwavering Nature would still care for them; for She is Yin without any aspect of Yang, and even treats well the worst of people, for She does not reveal Her power.

New day ST 994, par. 7

They are not harmed, rapists, when we destroy them; for they have no heart with which they understand other's pain, then they have no heart to generate their own. Fear their being cleaned away no more than you would fear the emotions of dirt on an otherwise well-kept plate, which you rinse off with acid and soap.

New day ST 994, par. 7

How come I talk of stripping down clothes, both in a great light and a horrible light? It's not even that having another person strip you is what makes it bad or good, it seems. I would certainly not object to being stripped by someone I really love, or being naked in front of a like nudist. It is circumstance that sours all goodness; yet circumstance which makes horror into bittersweetness. Nowadays, we can joke of all the historical and massive volcanic eruptions, such as Pompeii, which killed so many people and tore apart so many great works; but [in that old time], it was an event of extreme tragedy and grief. I understand how people can joke of it and make light of it now, or say that it's been long enough to joke of any tragedy, but they just don't understand what it really feels like to die. Of course, the dividing line between when I strip and when a doctor strips me, versus when a rapist or teacher were to strip me, is that on one hand I consent, and on the other hand I do not. If you have pure eyes, you can look at me all you want; at least, so long as you don't ogle too much, and just look at me as you would if I were clothed all along. I am always open to good people like me existing in this world; I always give people just a few chances to prove that they're not a prude, not a bourgeois, etc. The difference, is when I strip, I am stripping in the Holy places, and where there is no Evil Eye to lust over my body. When a Judgmental Eye forces you to strip, then it becomes a horrible thing. But it surprises me to what extent

evil may sour goodness. Through fetish and association and lust, evil can turn any good thing into its own disgusting desire. There are many things in this world, which, by our inability to talk about, prove that we are not yet in a good world. If I were to talk about the beauty of a naked child, for example, I would need the heftiest of disclaimer, that in the form of moral justification, before and after. Yet if I want to talk about the Mona Lisa, I sure well can. It is not that one is not beautiful, and that one is; and not that one is made by God and the other not. It is instead that one contained a fragile innocence, one which hierarchists can take into their hands, shatter, and lust for the pain of their victims experiencing so. There is not much in the Mona Lisa that you could lust for, but with fetish and association and lust, most men who would proclaim surely they aren't a paedophile, will still avert their eyes. Why? Are you so weak that you can't control your own gaze, your own muscle and thought; the parts of which everything else you could express or manifest must be built off of? Maybe they are not a paedophile, that in the sense they don't wish to be, would never go out looking to see material of naked children in their will, etc., etc. But what they have embedded within them from this hierarchy of our modern society is that men lust for children. It angers me to a great extent, and it angers me how often the purest of good touches near to and is confused for, the most distorted of evil; for the most

distorted of evil must prey on the purest of good. Even the supervillains we depict in fiction don't violate little girls; so who are rapists? They are the most distorted of evil, and they must prey on the purest of good. I will favorite many photos of naked men and women on [a photography social network], because we [in our human body] are the pinnacle and summation thus far of the most of Chance's design. We are the closest that has come to the evolution of the supapi, the tending point of all eventual perfected evolution; the peak above all local minima. Yet men obsessed with porn, spying on their neighbours or family while they're naked, doing all sorts of perverse things sometimes end up following me. They in their doing this actually sour my reputation just a little bit, to the extent that I have to put a warning to the public in my [account's biography], the philosophical license to look at nude people, and personally message each of these degenerates and ask them to unfollow me! To unfollow me! That someone's mere presence disgusts me so much that I beg them to stop caring about me, to stop offering me free publicity; quite a statement. So in general what angers me is this fact that I end up having to prove myself philosophically innocent with a lot of fancy words every time I try to visit again the tip of purity. Most people in our society exist at a natural level wherein, they aren't degenerates, but they can't be completely pure, because degenerates have started mimicking the

completely pure. Paedophiles often expect children to be much purer, simpler, and dumber than they are to an extent; they reduce them to objects to be crushed, without special personalities, traits, or qualities other than age. Many paedophiles even have a "favorite age"; one that turns them on the most... They are so deep into lust and adverse association by concordant appearance with pleasure that even a number begins their sexual onslaught. Eleven! Twelve! Thirteen! Fourteen! Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen; eighteen, nope, too old! In pleasure people like to do the same thing again and different things even less. There's no real reason to have a favorite age, but they end up figuring out reasons and circling in on one more and more consistently. Zoophiles also have favorite animals they like to rape; dolphins, dogs, cats, birds, which one can consent the most? It is the dolphin, the second-most sapient. But they are smart enough to know you are a rapist and say: No. Paedophiles and zoophiles have always existed, maybe in the same proportion, but they weren't able to band together and express themselves as well as they can now; with the Internet they can find each other well, and we can find out about them well. So well that how we describe them has begun to change; [...] It is much easier to say you are against "pedos" and "zoos" than to spell the words out in full. But what is signified by the fact that as a society we've had to shorten these words? There's a reason "Nahash" is

the only word ever used to describe Nahash. Nahash's pronoun is Nahash, and Nahash has no other name. You do not shorten it, you do not simplify it; the name is supposed to strike fear into you and numb out your brain. And the vigor with which a person speaks in hatred of the rapist, it's never anything to be downplayed. Now they are [various terms to avoid algorithmic censorship online, which surely will change]; how common, how common? "Pedo" is a shorter word than brother, sister, cousin, family, kindness, forgiveness, just barely the same length as LOVE, the root of all good!

Sleeping ST 956, par. 56-60

I remember a genre of fictional books which today most people call "dark romance"... My opinion on it is a complex one. I have a question to ask those who began reading, and I have a question to ask those who began writing, and yet, although this genre is that of the book which fetishises rape and immorality, nearly as bad as the immorality itself, and a sin against the spiritual world, these women seem to, by the power of suggestion mostly, be completely fine. I would have many questions to ask who today is a man who reads, since he probably enjoys it from the perspective of the rapist; but what can I say to those who like to imagine themselves being destroyed? What can I say to someone who does to their own self an act of

destruction? Is it an addiction? Yes, it is; and too it has no reason in Nature to exist, this genre. Yet, today, what can I do about it? If I go out and argue, it is not like they will listen to me. No number of facts can pass through their singular emotion of lust; none. I would only make a fool of myself opposing their opinion that it has the right to be written, even if by truth that is false. We have, to an extent, the right to harm our own selves, but we do not have the right to restrict another from stopping us, and we also don't have the right to spread around a harmful thought. Why do the writers write, and why do the readers read, sister? Surely, I would never write in that genre, and I would never read from it; not unless I was heavily possessed by a demon, and by it acted against my will. I cannot open my mouth to argue against it, I can only shake my head and sigh, and be disappointed in you for reading, and be disappointed in you for writing; and then I will think a thousand words of argument against it. Of course, we cannot destroy the wholesome and innocent sex by introducing these fetishes, and not only will women read that book from the victim's perspective, but men from the perspective of the rapist. Yes, we can write about murder, and about someone being murdered, but we wouldn't write it so that we salivate at the to-be graceful and attractive entering of the knife. Even if we describe it in detail, we portray murder as an immoral thing, as it is. But here, there is no realism, and there are no words

written which convey the pain of the victim. If there are, it becomes only worse, as now pain itself we fetishise, and then we have finally, after fetishising immorality to its deepest extent, become the actual and original actor of Nahash, and possessed by the devil. I have written again and again about rape, yet there is nothing sexually attractive about my words. I have described it as a painful and horrible thing, which it is, and yet ONLY because there is some intercourse of the genitals, they are attracted to it. Then you fetishise the innocent body itself, and you can no longer look at it without thinking foul thoughts. Rape is not sex, not even a division of or compartment of sex; it is a compartment of murder, and it is the murder of another's soul, being, life-essence, and spirituality. It is the murdering of the manifestations of Chance within them. Is this what you find attractive, you Reader? And is this what you find worthy of attraction, you Writer? Yet, what use does it do to argue? They will argue against me, because they are overcome with a lust that they cover as if it is not immoral, and act as if is any less perverse than the man's lust that led to the original rape in the first place. They will say that they are feminists, yet not undo what men have done to them, and perpetuate even further by writing, the fetishisation of rape, incest, and immorality; of all the things which should be taboo that we do not even think of them in the first place, that we are free. Out of all the chains you could have broken,

you did not free the economy, not the state, rather you freed yourself from innocence; the one restraint which was useful to you! Call yourselves feminists, yet you fetishise and paint as if it is glorious, men abusing women. No better are you than the men who invent these ideas... And yet, there is nothing I can say, for they will not listen to me, and they will not listen to the truth. They are as stuck in their ways as the men are, and yet say they are feminists. Yes, some writers write to deal with their trauma; yet I do not believe anything actually born out of a real understanding of rape could be so disgustingly fetishistic as these books. Some readers do as well, but reading these to understand pain is like deriving the extremely bitter from tasting the extremely sweet; and you are only engaging in the worst form of self-harm that exists, that your entire spirit withers away, and you become what destroyed you. We should not have a sexual entertainment from the portrayal of victimhood; when we do, we have a sexual understanding of the true form of it. These women say they may separate spirit from material, but then they are not real women. What makes us women is our understanding of truth beyond men's materialist and rationalist eyes; and we should know that the spiritual and material worlds are two halves of the same coin. What is done in one comes out in the other, and your ideas of one are reflected of the other. They have a materialist and flat idea of their brains as nothing more than a place they may

destroy, fill up with disgusting fetish, because surely it will not affect anything; and yet, you and your brain are one and the same, and everything you think will reflect itself later in your actions; this is a fact of reality, and arguing against it only shows you do not even understanding your own methodology of understanding anything. It is not fiction, not something which we should admire and group together with the rest; if there are any books which should be burned, then it is these which fetishise and sexualise rape, incest, and abuse. It is Nature's intent that we do not even think about taboo; then we either become so afraid of it that it sours its innocent counterpart, or then we fetishise it and lose our fear of it. The method of exploring a taboo safely is philosophy, like what I have written. If I were to write a sexualisation of it, I would be writing the words of Nahash the devil, not of God, and I would not be writing spiritual philosophy but an affront to thinking itself. Where philosophy helps, and this does not, it must be then the love of destroying the mind; and this is what they have done, treated their most sacred place, the only one which always will belong to them, as the most of a dumps, worse and lower than any other place in the world. It is not an unhealthy fantasy or an addiction only, it is an affront to Life itself, and by not destroying it, you are allowing yourself to become what you sought to remove from this world. Thankfully, though they will never listen, when we have reformed society

with the One Design, the roots of generation will no longer produce Evils, and we will no longer write these books. I know for a fact that this fetishisation, as it always will, being an unnatural thing, has done more harm, by leaking into other's real actions, whether we wish to say they belong to our groups or not, compared to the little bit of pleasure and lust we can get from it. I have seen with my own eyes not only the men but as well, the women, become fetishists, and fetishise their own children. They will say that their writing no longer counts as "dark romance", but it does in itself; they only push them away, consciously or unconsciously so, that they have a lesser statistic on the number of rapists they have created. From here are women turned into rapists, from our allowance of the perpetuating of this idea, and from men's creation of it. It's even true that I'd be a Fool to walk into the library keeping these books, read them, and gasp in horror; that is just to harm myself, and you can laugh at this all you want. But I would be an Idiot to pretend that this fact does change the immorality of these books. Would you show these to your Mother Nature, to your children, to the innocents? If not, then these should not be. All the good gifts of the world, like love, and water and food, and language, we teach to our children. What we have as adults that children could never see is only ever a distortion of innocence and an unnatural thing.

Day after the party ST 1008, par. 5-6

There is no thing which depresses me more than reading of the atrocities done by every country; the American, British, French, German, Japanese, Chinese, every single state that we can mention; of rape during war. I may be at the best of moods, but then I will hear of the violations unto God committed by every side; the Allies and the Axis, but even in every other war. I cannot even describe the horrors, and I have only read; there is nothing at all that can describe the pain that our innocent sisters were put through. That is why rape is the unforgivable sin. Keep this in mind: we are the most forgiving of people, we Anfelists. We are the most kind of people, it is true; for God is the Most Forgiving and Most Kind. Yet if you rape even a single person, there is no regards given to your form; you are gone, or to be considered gone. What is fed to many of us, is the idea of "casualty" in war being the death of a soldier; but more-so nowadays, it is civilians who are killed, and even then, death is a sweet thing in itself. Nothing compares to the horror of it. People who cannot understand, when they see these acts being done by their hands, the pain; who justify it one way or another, they are not human, and we do not claim them. By the design of our good society, they will not be generated anymore; but it is only a fact of Nature that when

they are, they must be removed. You cannot miss them, and you cannot let their removal affect you so much, it simply must happen... There are no words to describe it. We act as though, too, that side which wins did nothing wrong; and yet there are civilians dead. When did wars stop being between the fighting parties; why do the leaders not fight each other? Only because they all simply enjoy the creation of death and pain; that is the ultimate goal of hierarchy, and all hierarchists are rapists. There is nothing, even, that I could say; I only beg to God that all live a life free from this pain, and that these Nahash people are no longer generated, and that even later we do not have to think of it. Men today simply do not understand, either; they describe it so bleakly, only as sex without consent. It is not just that, it is the destruction of a person's soul, the complete violation, and a terrorist attack on their spirit by an operation of Nahash; imagine, as best as you could, the condensation of all the pain in the Universe. Yet, for every victim felt it at that moment, you have imagined wrongly; multiply that pain by trillions, for the victims are all around us. I will never lose the vigor with which I express contempt for the rapist, and I find completely full of error any way which regards them as human; the person who rapes knowing they are doing so, in the pursuit of destruction. Sex without consent, as men today understand it; that is sometimes just an accident, it occurs from extremely poor

communication, but rape is an entirely different thing, and not sex at all.

Nothing but dreams ST 1021, par. 23

I would rather they did not come, that we would not have to make them go. I hope my idea is right, that they will not be generated in a perfect society, and I hope then my ideas are right on what the perfect society is; that all are spared later from the horrors of the unforgivable sin.

Nothing but dreams ST 1021, par. 24

Miscellaneous Meditations, Philosophy, and Studies

When we have ignored each other, and neglected our intimacy, facing hardship is the only way to realise how much we truly needed each other. When we have grown used to being around each other, being separated is the only way to realise how much we truly loved each other. Until we have lost ourselves, we do not know who we were supposed to be; and until we have lost everything, we will never be truly free to do whatever we wish. Cherish what little time you have with each other; for when you die, which you must do, you will be happy if first you truly lived. But to understand life you must lose everything you have and find it again, and to understand a good will you must first be at the hands of the devil. All good things are forged out of horror and all cold things freeze from heat. There are always better things to come, and always worse things to come; no matter what, you will only lose half as much as you one day will have, even though one day you may lose twice as much as you have ever had. You are not free of your demons until you are free from your own self, and you are not free of evil until you've been freed from goodness. Cherish what little you have to spend with each other; for when you die, which you must do, you will be happy unless you

put to use what you had. All we have in this world is a facet of our own mind and meaningless until we have any idea of what it could ever have been; but there is only objectively no meaning to the world if we are so stupid to not realise that the subjective is objective. One day you'll be going home whence you came, we all will. Do not forget that you will always return to where you came from; life as we know it is but an intermittent trip. You are not truly free until freedom means nothing to you, and you are happy even in your chains; then you are free from your chains. Stop spending your time on futile arguments. You cannot wait for the bad times to pass, because then by the end all good will have flown past you as well, and you will die, free of everything, but unable to cast any meaning onto your formlessness. Stop spending your time pleasing yourself instead of doing good to others. You cannot give up your addiction, once it has started, without severing some piece of you, and cancer the part of you cannot be ridden from you until the whole of you has suffered a part's pain. You cannot cut off only one piece of yourself, and you cannot cut the moldy end, because it has thrusted roots far inside of you. You must break yourself into pieces and yet remain whole, and then let your addiction slip through the cracks between your own self and your own self. Stop spending your time waiting for your own deeds to be done by another. None but your own self can make you start loving, none but your

own self can give you the courage to make your life the way you want it to be, and none but your own self can fix the problems in your perception of the world. You are your own master but too your own slave, and the world is your painting but too you are its own canvas to paint. If you wait for good, it fair well may never come to you; good is all around you, so do not wait for it but reach for it. Unless you are truly trying, your wishes will never be done. Nothing can be done if there is nothing wishing to do it. Stop spending your time musing on your own lack of blood. There is no use contemplating your suffocation, no use writing about what to do when your pulse stops, and no use having a scholarly discussion on what to do with the world when you feel it has forsaken you. You know what you must do, and you should understand that the problem is caused by your own doing rather than stalling and letting it continue. Stop spending your time being the stepping-stool for others achievement of goodness. Who, when all have stepped on you to reach goodness, will you have to reach goodness alongside with? You cannot find goodness alone, and the meaning of life is to love. Self love is not in the truest sense a replacement for the love of others, it only lets you understand that their love is genuine, and lets their love reach you fully. Stop spending your time waiting be loved, when you do not reach out and love anyone first. Nothing comes to you if you do not excite that thing, and you cannot find a

thing without walking towards it first. Stop spending your time living in pain as if life has passed you; you are still alive, and death has not come yet. Stop spending your time regretting that you are alive; spend your time regretting that you have ignored what little time you have. What little time we all have together! Have we not taught you that life always lasts the same length when measured by love? The love that passes through you, the quicker life will go; the more fun you are having, the quicker life will go. But the hatred that passes through you, then the quicker it'll go, and each argument you have shortens your lifespan even quicker than the length of the argument itself. You've three choices; a quick bath in love, a quick bath in hatred, or a slow dripping, drop by drop, senselessly, of nothingness, which never completes. The only way you can make your time last longer is if you do nothing at all; you stare at pots, you watch paint dry, you stare instead of talking. Nobody wishes to do things like so. Life is a short thing if good and a short thing if bad, and a long thing if meaningless to you. Cherish what little time you have with each other. Let go of those fears that you cannot be intimate, and start loving each other. Stop spending your time appeasing depression; it is a depression in your path to freedom, which takes you off of the straight and quicker path. You cannot both have a good time and lots of time; time is a currency we trade for energy, which we trade for time. Things

are worth certain amount of time, and the useless things will then go slowly. Play a song and your food will cook quicker. Cherish what little time you have together, cherish what little time you have with each other, cherish what little time you have together. You are a little thing, barely anything compared to nearly anything else, and knowing this everything will go slow for you. Knowing reason, emotion falls out of your hand, and feeling emotion reason seems to slip past you. Everything you have, you trade for something else. When you die; your entire actions will only result in one thing, which is the combined form of all your actions. What do you want this thing to be? Does it align with what you will get from living? You cannot achieve your dreams if your own self is not a dream. What are you doing waiting around so long, are you afraid of your own shadow? Why can you not break your own patterns of ignoring goodness as it passes by you? Why can you not step forward to find the thing you have lost? Why, knowing where to find a thing we need, would we ever look the other way? Why do you pretend such useless things are what you need to do, when you know what you want is love? Why lie to yourself that you are useless, and hurt yourself and your mind, when you want love? Why are you not picking up and loving? What you give, you are given; don't you know this? Didn't we teach you this? Give what you want, and it will come back to you. Love is an infinite thing, but you must start

giving it so that someone will love you; then, loving them, and them loving you, it lasts forever. You must do only one thing, give what you wish to be given; haven't we taught you what this does when you do it? Until you've lost everything, you won't be truly free. What do you spend your time on? If everyone would watch back every moment of your life, would they be content watching? Now how of your own self? Are you content living? What show are you writing for yourself to watch later? If you do not take a chance of pain, there is no chance you will receive unending goodness. Love may hurt you the first time, but it will be an unending goodness the second time. Why is it you've written up your rules, but you'll only follow them tomorrow? Why can you not simply pick up? Rather, than that you should pick up your things right then and walk down the Path, you should drop everything. You gave it to the world, and when you are at your destination, then it will come back to you. The world is the greatest carrying-hand and the singular bottomless pit; all good you've done to others will come back to you at once when you have let good come to your own self. Don't you know, your mind is your own self, and your brain is composed of you? Spend your time how you wish, but do not waste it; if you waste your time, then your life will end up a waste. If you wish for love now, then go now and love someone. Love is a two-ways circle, and giving it, it will be there that you have it; but you can only have it if

you give it as well. You are your own master, and your own slave. How will you treat yourself, with what little time you have? It almost seems that we forget, the way we treat ourselves is the way we're treated. Obviously, what you do to something is what that thing receives. Do good to the world, and it has more good in its chambre which will of course come back to you. Now, do not fear death, do not fear pain, do not fear losing everything you have, do not fear stepping forward, and do not fear even going to Hell. Do not fear death, and life will have meaning; do not fear pain, and you'll let good come to you; do not fear losing everything you have, and you'll end up free; do not fear stepping forward, and you'll find what you lost; do not fear Hell, and you'll enjoy life before the afterlife. But what will you do after hearing this? If you do not pick up and start loving, start suggesting your ideas, turn your table upside down and let yourself up to goodness, then aren't you as alive as a rock? We do not know, after all, whether or not a rock knows everything. You may as well not even have a name for yourself if you do not pick up and let your name be heard. You will never live until you let yourself live... Cherish what little time you have, and above all, know that to love is the only always infallible commandment.

Day after Halloween ST 1015, par. 6

If I'd not have believed, then I'd have been sulking even as the good opportunities passed by; indeed, all the dogs would be out on their yards, but I'd pick none. As always, it is our perception which creates the quality of that which we perceive.

Building ST. 998, par. 1

When the dog barks, we can do nought but ignore him, for we cannot stop him from barking, and we only let him pester us if we allow our minds to focus on him. If you do accept things as they are, and wish only that things continue to be as they are, then nothing disappoints you, and you are never harmed in your mind.

Thousand ST 1000, par. 3

Really, there are no words in the Bible like the words which Jesus spoke, and maybe none other than those can be considered the greater laws. He is hard to understand today though, because of the different culture and the different set of metaphors; for example, the eye being the lamp of the body vs. being that which paints the painting we see, which are both valid metaphors (that the eye illuminates or create the qualities of what it perceives), but one is easier to understand today because of its being more drawn out. The old metaphors often were entirely implied, like the very common metaphor of fruit, seed, and tree, which appears all across the Bible. It

is a shame that nobody has translated the Bible so well yet, and that I have to undo the mess of time and translation that has distorted it, so that I may read; it's a complex process, and others cannot do it so easily.

Building ST. 998, par. 4

God spoke: "Verily, whoever promises good quickly gives the opposite over time." So as the rightists and hierarchists promised quick reform, but it was the leftists and anarchists who, through slow work, are achieving it. It was true; and we cannot deny the word of the Lord, for She knows what is behind what we see, and it is Her creation in itself, and She knows each lie which is told to us, and allows it to be relayed to us.

Beware ST 995, par. 2

What constitutes more of our reputation: what we say, or what we don't say? Is it what wisdom we share or what wisdom we keep away from others? Is it what they know we have done, or what they do not know we have done?

Tongue ST 985, par. 3

Sometimes I wonder what it is that the cows are saying when they moo during these hours; are they using a slight intonation so subtle I just can't hear it? In all real means, our intonation in our voices; vowels and their formants, consonants, most of them

except for the S, which could be heard a mile away, are all very subtle changes in our voice. Our ears are naturally sensitive to motion in those frequencies, but it's not the same for us unto these other animals. Nothing really happens for no reason; we as ancient people didn't grunt for no reason, and neither do these cows.

Tongue ST 985, par. 8

Sometimes we simply forget what we are able to do. There are some games which I enjoy a lot, but only play daily for a couple weeks out of the year; that is not because I do not think they're fun, but because though I rationally understand they are fun, I forget how good it feels viscerally. This is the same problem we have when we go on a "short hiatus" and then end up never coming back, forgetting the joy of interacting with the community entirely on our vacation. We even forget how good it feels to be happy, and society on a larger scale can forget how good Nature was. [...] This may happen because of the fact that humans live only in one time-frame, and it would be extremely unhealthy for us (as I've studied already) to live through all their time, past, present, and future, at once. You would never escape any of the traumatic experiences you have, and life would not move around at all; you would just experience every inch of the hypersphere of experience or space and time. [...] Anything good can be forgotten in this way; not that we forget it in

our first two brains, but that we forget it in the third, and forget it in our belly and heart. We can even forget how good life is, and become suicidal.

Oversleeping ST 984, par. 3

What you give, you are given. There are two halves to this truth which in their understanding yield equally beautiful worlds... First, that who gives violence and hatred to his sisters is given in sum across all he interacts with, the same amount he gives; and in the afterlife, if he has caused Hell on earth to others, he receives Hell in the afterlife unto himself. It is the principle of karma. But the second half is equally important, that what good you give to others, all the world gives back to you. If you love your crops, appreciate plants and the animals around you, caress the plants lovingly and kiss the food you eat or waste, the world with appreciate you, love you, caress you, and kiss you, when you are at your best or worst, until you do not appreciate Her gift. This is the lesson that, in the past couple weeks, She, my Mother God, has been saying through everything I see and everything I think.

Love is God ST 939, par. 1

What you give, you are given, for surely whoever you hurt was someone's child, and who protects them will hurt you thrice as much. What you give, you are given, for how far you push something away, it has pushed you back. What you give, you

are given, for all the destruction you cause will come to your own place of standing. What you give, you are given, for as above it is below; and in the afterlife, you have carved out unto yourself in Heaven or Hell, what you've done to your sisters. What you give, you are given, for the universe wrapping around itself will one day hit you with your own arrow. What you give, you are given, for if we are all equals in good treatment, we are all equals in bad treatment. But those who were everything will become nothing when the hierarchy has been toppled by the sisterhood; for, it is many years that they have oppressed us, so many times will we destroy them. In that sense energy and time are equivalent; and so in Heaven you will be dealt the time of the energy you gave unto others. You may think you are free to hurt whoever you wish, so long as their screams cannot be heard; that God in the sky cannot reach you when you're kept underground. But God is in your own hand which you use to torture; which one day you will kill yourself with. For every soul you have destroyed, your soul will be destroyed too; for every soul you have helped, your soul will be helped too. It is a thankful coincidence that, because you may destroy multiple souls, you will, after your death, be pummeled lower than the lowest of lows; below the underground, deeper than the centre of Earth. You'll hit the bottom and bounce off, not upwards, but in a new direction which contorts your soul; a direction

perpendicular to all three directions of our material universe. You fold outwards, as if like a fractal we created more and more of you; yet though you can feel the pain of your ripped flesh, inside and out, you remain intact in the material dimensions; so it never ends. Your pain is not just constant but exponentially growing, as the more you struggle, you stretch apart your flesh and grind into new dimensions, in your own action. You may even think though, that none of it is real; though you yourself miss a half of your soul, that there is only one half of the world, what you can see, and not the rest. But you will die alone, for the people you have hurt will leave you or have died, your sisters will not love you anymore, and you will be remembered after death, once you cannot lock away your diaries and possessions, in the worst of ways. But you are still given a freedom, which you may make use of as fruitfully as you wish. That, if you will, you can hurt others in your lust for a temporary pleasure, for the small price of an infinite and infinitely lasting pain. Even the scientists know that the universe is not really binary; nothing can be either dead or alive, in the fullest sense. You can approach death closer and closer, but you will never approach it; halving and halving to the goal, but not touching it. How you die, you live so forever; so do good, and good will be done unto you. If then you hurt people, your body is torn to shreds; if then you are a hierarchist, your own boots rise up and stomp your neck; if then

you are a rapist, every inch of your material and spiritual possession is likewise violated and ruined. But if you love everyone around you, do good deeds, and do the wholesome work for God, then you are saved, and you will die forever feeling the kiss on your cheek, that a sister gives you as you close your eyes the last time. We have given you a free will now. Do what you will, we cannot stop you. But do not forget that you cannot hide from God. How would your family, your partners, and the world feel, to watch every second of your life, unfiltered, between the way of what you do, and what comes of what you have done from others' perspectives? The world is two halves, all you see, and all you don't see, I've said it before; it's all in you, and all outside of you. You have a free will over what you do, and what comes to you, but you're none more than an Idiot if you expect that you can control the two with separate levers. So we have given you free will, and so have we given it to all others... But your wills are one and the same, because it is God that created all of you, and from God you all descend. Then what gift you give, is the gift you receive. We've designed it though, so that you don't notice; but the universe is none more than a mirror of what is inside of you, and so well are you a mirror of it turned inside-out. So we have given you free will! Now in your living you choose how it feels to die. Even the murdered innocents die with the love spiritually that their family has for

them. In a sense, the spiritual and material worlds are also equals; what you give materially or spiritually you also get the other way around. Many have called this "manifestation", when the spiritual gives rise as the precedent to the material; and when the material gives rise to the spiritual, that is karma. However either one gives rise to both. So we have given you free will, we have! Now what will you do with it? No, no, how would you choose to die? No, what do you wish done to you? No! How would you design a whole universe, with the perfect Design? All are equivalent questions. For as above is it below, the large is like the small, Heaven is Earth in reverse, and matter is resultant of mind.

Untitled ST 982, par. 9

The dog finds himself powerful, that anyone in the world can hear his bark, with how loud he projects it, and how constantly he does. Yet anyone may kill him, and everyone knows how to. It would not be hard to use a firearm, easier to get access to a bow; we've made spears since the dawn of time and today we could kill him with gas. We could decimate every inch of land he's ever seen, and run it all to gravel; but for now we do not, and we let him feel powerful. What power are we unto the world? Any moment gone the other way, and lightning could strike us, our air could be filled with ash, or flood could destroy each of our works. To Nature we are like the dogs are to us. Rather, to

Nature, we are like what Nature is to us. If we ever wanted, we could rip out every plant, and destroy each of its seeds... We could, but then Nature would kill us at once, finally. We'd have no more food, and nobody to care for us; not even a ground to stand on anymore. So who is more powerful, Yin or Yang? Yang bears his teeth every chance he gets; he never stops barking, and never stops fighting. Yin lets him; but the second Yin does not, he crumbles to dust, his energy splits apart, and every facet of his living light is vanished in wake of her light. Yin however does not ever do this to him. Who is more powerful? Is it who exerts more power, or who keeps more hidden? Before we could ever destroy Earth, She would destroy us in every minute aspect. Much before we can nuke the world we'd have nuked ourselves off of it. Yin does not even do anything to us, she simply lets us do as we wish; we become so ridden with power that we use it to destroy ourselves, and then only she stands. So the dog stands behind the fence and barks at me, from Day unto Night. The second I wished to, the second I really wished to, I could kill him; I could have the mutt in a thousand pieces, or so shredded that he was never here in the first place, never there, never anywhere; but I do not. I don't even bark back at him, I don't even blow a whistle. He can do nothing to me but let me know he's straining his vocal cords over me, and it pleases me; I do nothing to him. That must be how Mother looks down upon you when you start the Great War, and

when you decide that humanity has lived long enough. The dog can bark all he likes, and nothing will ever happen to him, but what he does to himself; he'll die barking at his own tail when his fragile mind no longer recognises it. If I had a tail, maybe I would die trying to hug it and kiss it, if I had a little enough mind to not recognise it by my end. He's stayed angry at everything to the point that when he is dying, and no longer can differentiate anything from anything else, he will be his own killer, and the one to stop his own heart; if he loved everything, he would be his own lover by the end. That is why, what you give on Earth, you are given in Heaven. For as you die you treat yourself as you treated all others. But who is more powerful, who attacks, or who lets him? Who is more powerful, who attacks, or who is attacked, yet recovers? It is the latter, it has always been the latter. Yang would not even exist if it were not for Yin; and sure, Yin could not move, but she could still exist, though undifferentiated. There can be no Yang without a Yin for him to hunt, but when it all ends and energy is flat, it will be as it was when it began, and when there was only Yin.

Freedom ST 980, par. 16

Your being well is not greater than another's wellbeing. We cannot forget that the unchecked and blind wish for pleasure will create pain for another. Firstly, if we were natural, we would wish for no

pleasure that would hurt another; secondly, if we were restrained, we would stop our lusts and hold onto only the good will. Lust is like an illusion of goodness which comes back to hurt you tenfold after death... That is what we meant by the serpent, who will treat your curiosity with a bite of death; then you watch your own self as you slowly wither away and die. Those who you take advantage of will grow to despise you, and if you are too greedy you will end up left alone; if you were restrained, you would retain what you had from the beginning by the end. Those who you help may not know you but one day will find you again, and do good deeds back to you; if it were not this way, we could not have equal sides of force. You may think that you can please the serpent, slide your hands around it, and use it to your own wishes without it biting you. However your curiosity, led by the belief that you may do it again and again, get closer to the serpent's head, will lead to your death. For you have forgotten you were only allowed in the beginning because it was a mistake, but now you are acting with purposeful intent. The whole world is both a serpent and a flower; but what you do to the flower you must do to the serpent. Destroy good, and good will destroy you; feed good, and good will feed you. You may never be caught, and nobody may ever be able to kill you with what they give you, but they can kill you with what they do not give you. Then when you grow old, nobody bakes for you, nobody gives you

water, and when your legs break nobody will move you around. You will sit in the garden of flowers, and see the sun set once more; you are no different to any of those Evils before you then, and in the night, the serpent will find you one last time, and you will die by dawn. You may easily be misled that you could lust more and more, but one day you will go too far; and the veil of lust, once it has fallen off of you, will reveal your whole world torn apart by only yourself. You will have only yourself to blame, and only yourself to kill when you last wish to kill anyone. Your demon and angel will be your own mind. You will ruin what made you, and not even leave a goodbye. First it is a mistake of an abstract idea, then it becomes more purposeful, more specific, more repetitious; it begins to employ the people you love, and before long you love imagining them hurt more than you love helping them. Then you will take it unto the real world; but as always, when you get of your own blood, you will stain every floor you walk on. These are wisdoms from another life, and warnings for the new ones... Out of pleasure, there is love and lust; one is good, and one is bad. That is why to us, "pleasure" is a half-feared, half-loved word. We wish to do everything today in the name of love, but do it in the end in the name of pleasure. Out of love, there is romance, and contentness. Out of lust, there is abuse, and fetish. These create the quarterly divisions of pleasure, from worst to best... We

should live only in the name of love; thus love is the meaning of Life, or the meaning which is given to Life. If we please ourselves but do not love another in doing it, we must then hurt another by our own pleasure. We are to sacrifice the part for the whole, not the whole for the part.

Title ST 978, par. 11

In the methodology of war, we will only use resources; to attack another country we drill the heart out of our own. We may gain however much in material resource as we wish to, but we are trading the spiritual resource for it. Something is what it is without any terms; and there are two partitions which compose the act of war. That is the incorrect justification of murder, and the incorrect justification of terror. Nought in the world creates more logical destruction than the axioms we have to provide to support war at all, that two leaders in a fight justify their armies to kill our citizens. So it is like you've heard, war is a game where living is losing, and so is dying. It is this war for those who fight in war, and for the innocents which die from it. But the results of war are tenfold in terror of the fear of death that comes from the rudimentary understanding of it... These are some thoughts which came into me today, and thought which you may think at any time, and they're always true. It is one thing for a man to fight another because he hates him; but it is a stupid thing for a man to have his

army kill the civilians of another man's country and vice versa. More-so than soldiers are killed, the innocent people are; from the monetary costs of war, the cost of life, and the rape and terror which soldiers are always known to send off unto the other side. War is no longer as it was when we are hierarchical in our system; previously, two armies who led themselves would agree to war, and they would be the only ones killed. So what, if you kill yourselves; go ahead, you signed up. But now it is that a leader controls an army, and does not declare war, but instead just attacks civilians as he pleases. If God is the Infinitely Good, and praise whole the Holy, that She will be, then any division of Her is as invaluable as Her if She is the Invaluable One; for no division of infinity loses its power. She is from end to end of the Cords of Life; even further, She holds them in Her hands, and She is them, inside of them, on their border, and in the fibres which compose them. Then the cost of ending a life is one half of infinity. What to do then, when an enemy comes along? We can defend, but we can do nought more; is that true? Where a war is cast on us, it is senseless not to fight back; but we must fight the other army. For our goal is not to anger them, not to provoke them and ruin their country, but to ruin their army, and win the war; none more, none less. There is a finite resource which we have in our world, and we cannot destroy it even if it is in our enemy's hands; but we can destroy the heart of the

enemy, and let their daylights spill out and replenish the world. But we cannot start a new war... It is our world to protect, and we fight for the world, not against it. Is there any reason to listen to the people and philosophers who have anything but these opinions; can't they see in themselves that they are axiomatically flawed from their base to their tip?

Lack ST 981, par. 9-10

Much of our life is not up to our own decision entirely; we have a free will but not an absolute freedom, and this is well-known by now. There are cycles of time which manifest into our specific actions and define what we will end up doing, and by measuring these cycles of time we can prepare for future events without usage of direct predictions or premonitions. Astrology as it is today was a modern attempt at this, but it is all too bleak, and if you have ever heard an astrological prediction, usually it describes something which can happen at any time. In reality there are a few major cycles, which usually, but not always, are followed. Firstly is the cycle of the year which is divided into months, then there is the cycle of the month unto the periods of the Moon's cycle, and then the cycle of the day, divided into the hours. However, these cycles aren't expressed the same way for each person... It is a personal task to observe your patterns of activity throughout the cycles of time.

Freedom ST 980, par. 7

Sometimes I question what it means to be a child; and how we are able to leave childhood. It feels that if we were born that way, maybe we should have stayed that way; yet that is not how it ends up being. When really do we stop being a child? I've seen some adults who are more childish than me, and who probably celebrated their 18th birthday, ceding their freedom in childhood for their freedom in adulthood; however I think these people are as much children as they were before. If we are not sad that we have to become an adult, and we are still wishing to be one, then we are not an adult yet. Adulthood, and knowledge, and responsibility, are things that in their true forms, you always wish to have if you do not have them, but do not wish for if you do. Surely [my brother] was still a child, even though he did house chores; he was proud to be "responsible" at that age, very proud. Then, when do we stop being a child and become an adult? It cannot be when we turn any certain age, since it clearly varies for everyone; it cannot be when we lose our virginity, for we don't even have to save sex; it cannot be when we become wise, because I am a child and I already am. Yet I call myself a woman too; but it is not the same way we call someone a "man-child" that I call myself a woman-child, not that I am a child in a woman's body but a woman in a child's body. Am I an adult yet? Why do I even ask this question so warily? Maybe it is because I fear the

day when I have lost my grasp completely on the innocence of childhood; and though I know I could never be innocent again, I still wish to be called so; maybe it is because I wish my childhood could have gone differently, and the day when I have lost my grasp completely on the period of childhood, I no longer can change it anymore. So, what is it which makes us a child, and what is it which makes us an adult? Maybe it is none other than the fact that I have asked already to be a child again; clearly it shows I have lost my being a child already. But as you know, I had asked that as early as eight, and to me that girl seemed a child, very much a child... Maybe she missed childhood, but I could confirm that she was still a child. This I think is a key distinction, that there is child and adult, and childhood and adulthood; and that they are not the same thing. I am still a child, but I take on the responsibility of adulthood; supporting others and the world, with a heavy-weight on my own hands. I am still a child, and maybe I always can be however long I like, but I can't get back my childhood. Since childhood is a period of Time, it does not behave the same as periods of Matter when we have lost it. With Matter, we can retrieve a lost item, but Matter that has been lost to Time cannot ever be retrieved; it will be degraded, compounded, and diffused. What we see now is the remains of our childhood as it has folded perpendicular to everything we see; but why can't we take it back, why can we not retrieve

it, fold it back into its own end? Where really does childhood go after we have lost it? Maybe it goes to the new children who we give birth to, but I'm not yet old enough for that. Nothing does ever truly stop existing, I know, but it can stop being perceived, and perception is what to us is the realer part of existence.

Childhood ST 975, par. 1-2 & 6

Always when baking use butter instead of oil, and milk instead of water, and if it is not suitable to do so, then bake something else. Butter is only like the richer version of oil, and milk the richer version of water; you will always get a more complex and natural taste. The impurity of a thing of course, is its beauty; and like butter unto oil and milk unto water, when we seek the purest, simplest, most perfect things, they lose their beauty and distinction. If we all had the perfect body, we would lose our identity. We are a richer form of person when we have our impurities and distinctions; being indifferent and all-the-same, we lose our usefulness and any degree to which we are suitable for some task and not someone else.

A Holy sleep ST 1004, par. 7

The faster one goes to the bathroom, the slower one will come out. And the longer we delay our problem, the more extreme it will force its way up to us when it is at a breaking-point of extremity, and

then it will appear at a time we are not apt and ready to deal with it, to an extent we won't be able to deal with. So we should wait not even a second at all to deal with rapists, to deal with hierarchists, to deal with the Evils of our world; the second we know they are there for sure, we should not hesitate at all to remove them and protect our sisters. Otherwise we are endangering them with our inaction.

A Holy sleep ST 1004, par. 5

Bananas are rarely ready to be eaten if they don't yet have black spots, and a book which has not yellowed at least a little bit is not trustworthy for reading. We obsess too much with novelty, modernity, youngness and freshness, that we forget things are best when they are well-loved, approved by the test of time, developed, and ripe. If we fear the overripe so much as to eat the underripe, then we are dealt no effect; but while the overripe hurts us when we eat it, by plucking and stopping the underripe from growing, we have hurt it. Our preference for perfectly yellow bananas; for younger partners, and naive friends, is a symptom both of our cowardice and our lack of empathy. The world itself is ripe as it is now, but we may look into the past, listen to the oldies, or use old technologies; even then, no way can we peer over at what is underripe, not yet for our fortune, in the future. Everything is indeed built in a great One Design.

Feelings ST 963, par. 9

Thorns & Grace, I'd say, but I'd rather say, one day we'll be Thorns & Grace.

Scale-making ST 948, par. 21

Humanity is a dime with many sharp sides, separated yet leading into each other, looking like a smooth-bored ball, yet one which you could only ever see half of with your eyes at one time. To be human could be either to be good or evil; smart or insane.

A few thoughts on my mind ST 944, par. 4

"You need to know that some day you're gonna die. Only when you lose everything may you be free to do anything. I am with you. Love is sacred, do not waste it." These are the words of a direct sign I received today; a rare sign in the living world. So when you have lost everything, you've lost too your chains. You are free to love when you lose all romance, you are free to be naked when you lose all clothes, and you are free to do anything once you have lost your life. Once I lose everyone, in which my soul will be torn, and that in which for the world's sins, then I will heal the world.

Love is God ST 939, par. 7 & 8

I think, how you feel of a person's death is opposite what they get in the afterlife. Many people were horrible, it seems, but we cry for their death if we knew them. That is because we don't know what true evil really is until we have seen everything. When I was a kid, I was afraid of ghosts for the usual reason in their unknown nature. For a while when I was older, I was afraid of them seeing all the disgusting things I do when I'm not fully conscious, or seeing me naked and fat. But I trust, having seen even a pinch of Hell, knowing what true evil is, they wouldn't care. That is why, rapists and truly Nahash people, we don't feel any pain at the death of. When they die, they are broken and ripped away from earth. This energy, negative energy, that of the death of a cell of Chance, affects all of us in waves, and being negative, affects us in opposition of its quality. So a good person, that which we know of them, the piece of them which resides inside of our own spirit, which we in a way add together through Chance to create their spirit, it being torn away will hurt us for very long. All these little pains in the world mean nothing. All these little Evils mean nothing, we see them so evil but they are the common evil. Until we recognise the true pain we will not recognise true evil, and we will not appreciate true good. It is God who speaks to you, in your belly, when you ask, "Given this, what afterlife did they have? How good and how bad?"

Love is God ST 939, par. 8

A red-person [whose favorite colour is red] may be evil, but their definite quality[1] is being different than the general populous, going against the common belief, and being outgoing unto their belief. The rapists drive red cars, but the communists fly red flags. A red flag in itself; both sign of a problem, and freedom.

Love is God ST 939, par. 8

I find the present lack of formal philosophy pretty disturbing. Any time that I wish to read something good, something genuinely good, which does not only imply its point but also makes it, and which means something in itself, I find myself defaulting to the older writings, occasionally from this century, but often-times from millennia ago. Anti-intellectualism has been so thoroughly baked into our modern culture and world that it seems even the higher class writers and poets of my generation cannot actually write anything which has a meaning in itself. I understand that the methodology of the platforms we have in this world is quite flawed, that they are intended to sift out things which are harder to read and make the user spend less time in the platforms; that as well they are made for the

[1] See Felich 122.339 for the system of qualia-harmonic relation of colours. 122.341 reads: "Red, like the root-note, is the colour of the angered, the uncontrolled, the fierce; often the murderers and sinners, but truly whoever is not controlled by others; whether that be restricted by false laws, or restricted by morality."

average, stupid person, not an Idiot, but a Fool like the rest of them. But how come, there's nothing, anywhere? I see some good points made occasionally, but it feels more as if I am grading how well they wrote those points out, for I already knew them. The only source for months, primarily, that I've learnt anything new from is Nature and Chance, and my own self. I only seem to learn from others whenever they are not trying to teach; when they give a detailed account of their life that allows me to see Nature and Chance from just one other perspective. Who even are the great philosophers of this world, and why don't we know them? Who even are we, and why don't we understand the great philosophers of this world? It doesn't even seem to be this way in every culture; in fact, in my time online in other languages than English, I often am presented commonly with genuinely useful philosophy everywhere. What exactly happened to the English language, and how has it become such an utter ruin? How, when it once was the philosophical and scientific language of the world, have we completely forgotten how to write with it in any formal and philosophical sort of way? I've wished for a long time that I simply didn't speak English, and that I spoke some other language, or interacted with the community of another language. It seems that today, the West, which appears often as the primary problem-point of the global society, is only defined by where the natives speak English. Is

English then, the problem-point of the global society itself? Perhaps I could say: not the language itself; but language is an ultimately cultural thing, and there is no other language-in-itself that we could observe. A wordlist and dictionary are but abstractions of the language, and more important is the distribution of words that society has decided to use, and the culture surrounding how they use them. Now, it is not unusual to see that, after the Fall of Man, which was the rise of patriarchy and hierarchy 6000 years ago, newer works make less sense than older works. But how, six thousand years on, has it finally culminated so immediately into the realm of language? Even philosophy today is made informal, or to look so; the em-dashes, the sentences beginning on conjunctions, the overused jokes and mannerisms of an "informal" writing, like that of the modern novel-writer. It is designed that it pleases the exact person, the Fool, who shouldn't be reading philosophy anyway; not with a million words could you convince a Fool of a different opinion, whether fact or not, than theirs. Philosophy should not be easily digestible, it should not be nonchalant, it should not be simplified and written in small-letter. It should be written for the free-thinker who is willing to actually spend time to understand each sentence; and you cannot write simpler, more informal philosophy, to create free-thinkers, and have it as well be considered genuine philosophy of your time. So, where are the great philosophers

today? Especially, I want to see young philosophers like myself, not the very old people; those are just remaining philosophers of an already-passed time. A philosopher begins writing young, but today we've built the expectation that they exist in themselves as an old person; who came around and began a long time ago. This is a sign, of course, that there really are few genuinely great young philosophers of our time. I could attribute it to many things; the intended political division by hierarchists which has muddled our usage of language and made it simpler and driven by strong emotions rather than rationality; the rise of artificial intelligence which has diluted our distributions of words and our opinions; even to the common root, that intimacy and love in the Western families have fallen and become stigmatised in the fear of incest to the point of the avoidance of that completely wholesome counterpart to it, leading to distrust and the creation of many unloved, undeveloped, and unthinking peoples. But, in many ways our culture was worse hundreds of years ago; why, then, did we write things which seemed to make more actual sense? What exactly has led to the rise of anti-intellectualism to such an extent that philosophy almost seems dead today? A major symptom of our current anti-intellectualist and nonchalant culture is the apparent abolition of the term "philosopher" to any degree in itself. Today, to call oneself a philosopher is to essentially proclaim that you are better than all other people, that you are

smarter, etc.; a bad thing to do. From this we derive the idea that those who can be called by others as philosophers are essentially the elites of our society; they must be up there with every great philosopher, and they will be compared to Einstein. What we fail to understand is that our consumed philosophy from the older days is a very thin selection of all philosophy there was. If there were not people going around and spouting completely nonsensical and fallacious ideas, then there would be no need for the philosopher, for they'd need not write in the first place. If everyone back then truly did understand everything, then nobody would write; there would be no incentive, and no point to prove. We have now imagined that who calls themself a philosopher must be calling themself like one of these great and thinly selected people of the past; but a philosopher is not an absolutely infallible speaker of truth, and we have seen before, people such as Freud, who say things which are completely wrong. Freud, as I have heard of him often, is more of a piece written by the Universe itself; an invitation and question, rather than a writing and statement, which by his often blatantly incorrect ideas, caused such a commotion that philosophers had to rise up and speak correct ideas again. This is what we need today; for people to start calling themselves philosophers, to write genuinely formally, rather than just for an audience of simple-minded people, this audience which would not even understand to the fullest extent what

the writing means, that the understanding audience, who knows that meaning does not come immediately, is the only remaining audience. This, I think, is the core resultant effect of whatever multitude of problems have culminated in Western society: philosophy is written for the laymen, and laymen write for the philosopher. This is not to say that a philosophy cannot write something simple just to remind you: do good, be kind, live and laugh and so, simple things which laymen should know and remember. But today this is the greatest extent of our writing. Poetry often consists only of just a few lines, maybe not even rhyming, maybe not even in any sort of formulaic verse, and not put to any time or rhythm; just sweet and simple relations between words that anyone can understand, and philosophy is much the same. Everything today is written in a battered style, which is like poetry but not poetry enough to have a rhythm, and which is like a novel but not imaginative enough to be a story, and which is like philosophy but not serious enough to convey the complexities of the point. Often-times, everything written is absolutely up for its own interpretation. That, what I have just described; that philosophy no longer actually makes any singular point, is the ultimate resultant effect. It makes no real point, so that every person, from left to right and young to old, makes their own sense out of it, which aligns with their beliefs and helps them; so that, in the end, it is engaged with more, and is more

immediately fruitful. Philosophy is a thing meant to take time, meant to seriously acknowledge silliness and nonchalance, but not break into it entirely and be written with the ink of a poor man's slobber; but most of all, it should completely eradicate any interpretation. The layman's philosophy is interpretive: do good, be kind. True philosophy should ask: what is good, and what does it mean really to do something? Is kindness a thing derived from the doing of good, or our perceived attributes as a person who does good? Can we do good yet be unkind, and can we be kind yet do no good? Once we answer all these questions, and those that come from them, we have actually loved thinking; we have engaged in philosophy. Philosophy in itself is the love of thinking, the ability to write out all the thoughts you have on something until its nuances are completely gone, and the reader, if they are able to understand philosophy in the first place, has no method by which they can reasonably interpret your work to mean anything else. Today, this form of philosophy, "high philosophy", such as the esoteric books and the long-paragraphed scholarly discussions, in contrast to "laymen's philosophy", like the simplistic and emotional verses of a scripture, that often state a conclusion but omit reason, has nearly died out. It is not, actually, that it is dead, per se, in the sense that it is no longer produced, but that our eyes by which we could even observe it in society are taped shut. Instead all we

are given is quickly readable, digestible, nonchalant, informal writing. If there is one single thing that should not be informal, it is philosophy. Informality itself is the omission of extra details, the allowance of implications, emotional descriptions, and so. This is not the intention for philosophy. It is very clear, the dividing-line between those older and genuinely subsistent works, and the modern informal works. This dividing-line is the rise of the unnatural and ungodly technology that is called the Internet. Online, the incentive is to have as many people interact with your work as possible, but high philosophy is by definition a thing which must be enjoyed by fewer people. The esoteric works, the hidden texts in Buddhism, the lengthier and more detailed arguments that are not intended to be read by laymen but by like philosophers and thinkers. These will always receive little attention online, and the general axiom of the algorithmic method of suggestion of content, is that what content is viewed more, should be shown to even more people. Thus it pushes simplistic, immediately meaningful, though interpretive, informal and nonchalant content. Partially, it is true that the common root (those previously mentioned problems with the Western idea of family and love) is responsible. We would have no reason to spend so much time online, looking for things which we'll be engaged with and which will entertain us, looking for people to love us and who we can love, if our family did enough

with us that our minds were fulfilled, and did enough with us that our hearts were fulfilled. This is no longer the case today. Centuries of alcoholism, purism, misogyny and hierarchy have lead to these problems. Alcoholism has directly ripped apart the family, stripped any meaning from the role of the father and the relationship to him. Purism has led largely to the dissolution of intimacy in the family, and the idea today that intimacy, being a thing that could turn into lust, should be avoided as if it were lust itself; we avoid every innocent thing in fear of the taboo that would ruin it, and we avoid seeing naked children in fear of paedophilia, and loving our families in fear of incest, even though we ourselves should have the trust in our souls and our family members to remain innocent. Misogyny has destroyed the woman's role in the family and created an inequality between the two sexes that should have been united through the wholesomeness of a family. Hierarchy has led to all problems as we know it; the division between the alcoholic father and the slaves that are his children; the fear of abuse that originally was done, and always still is, by those in a position above others; the hierarchical idea of men being above women. Hierarchy is, as it always is, the ultimate root of all the world's problems, and our observation that philosophy is much harder to receive from the younger thinkers is only a symptom of it.

Day after Halloween ST 1015, par. 9-11

In every religion, we have understood that this [from around 3 or 3:31 AM to 4 or 4:31 AM] is not an hour that will do kindly to those who disrespect it, or those who allow it to scare them. I understand that to an extent, there is a the effect of the circadian rhythm, but this shouldn't downplay it; everything on Earth goes under this rhythm, every single living thing. Everything is as aware of you as you are of it, and they are all listening to each other's tiniest movements. They will notice if you're scared of them, and understand you as easy prey. So, you should respect this hour, because there is the Demon of the Third Hour walking around, waking each and every living thing up, so they can all hear each other.

Books ST 987, par. 11

When I came out of the bathroom, I realised I had come out at the wrong time. It is a time that can be described in no other words than; too quiet. Usually, there are dozens or hundreds of crickets chirping outside, some trains, cars, all sorts of things. There was one cricket chirping. There's no man to be feared at this hour, though man is at the time you should fear him most; whoever is out there in this hour is not someone you should wish to meet. Maybe at four, maybe at two; any time you can

wake up, any time you can go out for a walk if you've got someone with you, but not at three. It is extremely naive to believe as I did for so long that there really is nothing to be feared about a certain hour; though in pop-culture its meaning has devolved into some meme, it is still a sinister hour in my complete sincerity of address. Not only that, but I keep hearing weird sounds, seeing weird things, and smelling weird smells; like skunks or ozone, but not even for more than a split second. Nothing out there could hurt me if I don't genuinely believe it can; and I shouldn't, but I should respect it. [...] The more you think about it, the worse it will get; if you ignore it, it will go away.

Books ST 987, par. 10

It almost feels as if the Demon of the Third Hour is here, but is confused himself; as if, I'm supposed to be sleeping, and so he's prepared a quiet world, but for some reason I am broken from sleep itself and my body's idea of sleep has detached from my spirit's idea of sleep. Given this, there seems to be nothing spiritually active, and the energies around me are completely neutral. I am actually the master entirely of the environment surrounding me, because I in my own will can then turn it into either a good or bad one. Given that nothing is making it bad, I seem to not really care about this fact. I am, in the simplest term, unoccupied. I'm free of any lust but also seem to be free of any real virtue, and the

energies surrounding me are completely neutral. Outside, there is only currently the Unknown, and inside, theres the All-Too-Well-Known. This is what happens in the middle of the third hour as always, but it depends, given your state, how this affects you. What to do, what to do? Boredom is such a great thing; not a single thought more contemplative on the nature of my own self has come up than those thoughts I had when I was bored.

Day after Halloween ST 1015, par. 16

With the very last of his direct influence wearing off, which would serve to wake us fully for the morning later, I played a song in the Jinn's scale for the Demon of the Third Hour. As I was in the midst of the resolving chord, I saw a flash of light from inside the room itself. It did not come from outside, there was no device from which it came, not any electrical thing or anything of the sort, but I did truly see it; a flash just behind the wall, dimly lighting up the room white. Perhaps, it is his way of showing appreciation to my ode to him. As always, there is just one single cricket chirping outside, no more, and no less.

They got food ST 1017, par. 8

Perhaps, if he were provoked in the Right Way, a sinner would follow the Right Path. Knowing this, being a seer, a Fairy, a Prophet; being a good sisters,

we should talk to the sinner, and spread our energy and our influences unto them. We cannot do away insanity with the artifice and tools from which it is derived; those being avoidance and separation from society, and lack of love. These are what makes a man become a sinner. So we, being a good sister, should hear him out, talk to him, give him love, and show him a better way. [...] What would Jesus do? It seems a silly question to many, but to me, it does reach my heart. I want to live up to his standard, and to the standard of all those Prophets before me; being a Prophet myself, and seeing my ways wrong, I should not cling to them. So I will talk to him for however long I can, and I'll do no more, no less. I won't just pick up and start treating him like my family, and I will still be sceptical of him; but I can't judge him for his sin. My anger should be directed upwards to the hierarchy that produced him this way, and downwards to the roots of creation of society; not sideways unto him.

They got food ST 1017, par. 4

People always have the want to be something, to be somewhere, and to be someone different than to what they truly are; and if we did not have these ideas, then we'd always be happy, for we'd have nothing we wanted changed, and we would be content with our situation. This is called, ascending above needless wants; perhaps, it's not even fully possible, but the attempts to it by their performance

will bring goodness your way. Every thing that you wish for is needlessly carried around as extra-weight by someone else and if we give up our possessions, those of ours which we don't need, and free ourselves from our wants, those of ours which we don't need, then all good things will be delivered to those who are the deserving destination of them, and when they are not [delivered to us], we will still be happy. All resources are finite, and cannot be shared between us all; that with the exception of love, which, being the primordial force of the Universe, predates matter, predates count, and even predates the finite limitation. Love, given this, is effectively infinite, and receiving it, that you are loved, actually duplicates it, that you have the incentive, will, and energy to love another. Love is a thing which spreads much quicker than hatred, but unlike hatred, takes a genuine focus and sincerity to be created in the first place. Often-times, we ignore the opportunities to love each other, and believe it is impossible that we ever could; but any time we truly express our love to those around us, it will come back to us. Not only, by loving, will we save the lives of the people around us, but too will our lives be saved. After waiting so long, believing we cannot love, to love those around us is to turn a new-leaf. Turning a new-leaf, nearly anything is possible; this must mean that we are our own and sole master and our sole slave, and our own and sole debtor, for by removing the restriction of the expectations of our

past self, and revealing a newer, freer version of ourself, it seems that we become truly free, and can do all the things we wished to. That the only changed thing is ourselves, and all our chains have been unlocked, we must then have locked ourselves in our own rooms, tightened our own chains, and restricted our own selves with the false belief that we are not all of the same world, and cannot all simply pick up and begin to love each other. Picking up is what we must do to turn a new-leaf, and turning a new-leaf is what we must do to ascend above our needless wants and needless possessions, and doing this is what we must do to love each other again. To pick up: to drop it all, as if we were controlled to do so, to rise up off our resting-point and face a Thorn for Grace. For, the Path to Grace has the most Thorns; a Thorn for Grace, but another rose on Chance's face. The root cause of our suffering is our doing harm to others initially; not others' doing harm to us. When we abandon this separation of our minds, and view ourselves as one single continuum, we then experience both our action as the subject and object of the action. If we truly learn to do this, we will have loss of ego, and loss of ego will allow us to judge our actions from the fair and neutral point. Then we will not hurt another for some pleasure for us, because we will feel an amounting pain, if they are hurt more than we are pleasured. If we were truly to do this, in the greatest sense; to live in the first-person, second-

person, third-person, and fourth-person, we would never hurt anyone, and thus no harm would be amounted that travels back to us.

Turning a new leaf ST 1018, par. 1

What is awkwardness? Rather, what is the feeling of awkwardness, which [seems to] also be called embarrassment; that you fear or believe you are awkward yourself, or creating an awkwardness? I think, awkwardness is not only the producer of embarrassment, but a slightly more complicated thing. It is embarrassing to be awkward, and awkward to be embarrassing, but you can be embarrassing without being awkward, such as a child failing a task they were expected of in front of their parent's colleagues; and you can be awkward without being embarrassing, such as simply having nothing to say to each other. Even, you can be embarrassed while alone, but you cannot be awkward while alone; awkwardness as a thing seems to be a thing of social cohesion, or rather the lack thereof. Though you may feel embarrassed from remembering a past memory, or even embarrassed of your own self in the present, embarrassment is not awkwardness in itself. To understand awkwardness we should understand when and why it arises. See it: if there is a friend group having a generally casual conversation, and then impulsively one person mentions a traumatic past event, then it will become awkward. The onset

of awkwardness is usually followed by two to four seconds of silence, but it depends on the severity of the awkwardness. If they have all mostly gotten over that event, it may as well be only a second and a half. If you admit to an absolutely disgusting sin by accident, without the preparation of sincere confession on your part and sincere listening on theirs, then there could be even five or more seconds of silence. However, silence is not itself awkwardness; it is a symptom of awkwardness, but I would argue, since awkwardness can slowly set in or have no symptom of silence, that silence is created from awkwardness, and awkwardness itself is not created from silence. Instead of silence, the onset of awkwardness may manifest as a change in tone; more breathy, more strained, slower, and the laugh with winced eyes or closed teeth. These are also symptoms of primal fear. What exactly do we fear when we have become awkward together? Perhaps we fear that the cohesion of the social environment, and its expectations, have been broken. See the previous example; it is not awkward per se to admit to your sins, or to talk about a traumatic event in the past, if and only if the social precedent is created that this is what is going to happen. Awkwardness seems to be created by a break in the chain of prediction that shifts us from our slightly unconscious state of social banter, to a higher conscious state; instead of words coming out easily, as if they simply flow out of us, since our

subconscious has failed to predict the rest of the sequence, we must work with our conscious mind for a while to speak. It is like when you are reminded that you are able to control your breath, able to control your blinking, able to control your walking, able to control where your eyes move; and now, knowing this, and remembering it, you must do so consciously. The subconscious mind builds a prediction of the next handful of sequences in the conversation, not only the very next; proof of this is the occurrence, especially in younger and earlier speakers, of responding to something that was not said. For example: "Do you know why I brought you here?", one says; "No sir, I do not." "I'm giving you a raise." "I completely understand, I'll pack my--a raise?". Expecting so strongly that they will be fired, they have already produced a response to that statement and the next couple parts of conversation down the line. Our subconscious does not fully compose these responses, rather, they slowly become more composed as the time approaches that they are said. Very generally, our subconscious may predict what we will talk about hours from now, and most specifically, moves up the thought of what to say immediately high enough that it passes into the conscious mind and is fully formed as coherent language. Awkwardness usually seems to occur when something breaks this cohesion, and something unexpected happens. It may even be unrelated to sociality; there can be a

long break in conversation after a loud noise or any other unexpected event, because the subconscious mind of each person must now completely recompose the coming events and recompose how the person should respond to them. The rest of the time they spend together, for some time or indefinitely then, is bound to be "awkward". Awkwardness can begin at one event and manifest in a conversation days later when the event is brought into context; this occurs when the event itself is a disordering of the social cohesion. Embarrassment is such a similar thing to awkwardness, because it is the fear that people find existing around you an awkward thing; that you break social cohesion yourself, and that you do not know how to act properly and with proper social manner. Awkwardness is a thing which is also spread between people, in the sense that one person's awkwardness, through its manifestation into their actions, causes others to be awkward, as their actions, no longer the regular and predictable actions but those which imply an awkwardness, that they themselves are awkward, then cause others to become awkward. This is why the belief that we ourselves are awkward is often what makes our situations genuinely awkward. If we did not believe this, then everything would seem to go along normally for us, and, not expecting something different to the expectations of others, and thus performing and acting in the same way, we will not

make others feel awkward. The best thing to do in order to decrease your awkwardness, and your causing others to become awkward around you, is to believe you have the capacity not to be awkward, and that you will make use of this capacity.

Studying ST 1019, par. 3

I was told once that when you teach someone the name of that song, they will continue listening to it forever; they may leave you, and they may forget your name, but this song they love will stay with them; as I write I am myself listening to a song my cousin shared to me, and many of the songs I love the most come from other people who I now only do not remember. It is one thing, a traceable thing, that all your music came from people who once loved you, and this includes even yourself at the time you had enough love for yourself to enjoy life and enjoy new music; but we should consider more often that all the aspects of our reality were built for us by someone else. The house which is built for you had a worker who built it, and everything shared to you had an intention behind it... Many people have said that in many ways, you die first if you are wronged the worst anyone can be wronged, you die second when your heart stops beating, you die third when your name is at last forgotten, but I say that you die fourth when your effects are finally untraceable. We should keep a good genealogical record, as best we can, so that all who were once lovers never truly die;

but in the greatest sense, you do not die until all the world dies. When even do we truly die in any of these ways? How pulverised must be our will and soul that we are actually "dead inside"? Even some victims of the unforgivable sin hundreds of times over have lived past and taken their heart with them. How true is it, the assumption that some are simply weaker than others, that they can withstand less? Is this actually true? Do we owe our weakness to our soul, our mind, or our body? Is it true that only the soul could be considered our self, or is our self that collection of the external judgement of us and our outwards actions, which contains as well the urges of our bodies and fallacies of the mind? A person may have their heart taken out, and a machine can keep it pumping blood. Is it then a living person or a living heart? Can a body be dead when all its elements are alive? Many have said that God is dead, but I have not seen that we are all dead yet; would not, composing Her, it be required that we all die, that She dies? Perhaps they simply have wrongly understood Her. Yet the brain as well can be kept alive separate from the body. Perhaps it is our definition of living that changes; or that our definition is constant but reliant on a changing variable. This is that of our expectations of the form of the observed thing. It is nearly impossible to kill an atom, but we can split an atom, and that atom is now dead as a thing in itself; but though we may call a man dead, the atoms within his body are still alive,

and the bacteria in his gut are not dead, and some part of him always seems to remain alive. Why did we refer to the general person as he, as man? Is it that a woman must lose her femininity to be a person? Should not, that we all come from women, we be called women, some of whom are men? Maybe it is true that in some way our name will be forgotten in the sense that, qualically, it no longer is carried by anyone with our association. But the love with which people spoke out to us with that name, which has changed the world, does not seem to ever pass. Love is a thing that always comes and yet does not truly fade away, it seems, for after loving someone and understanding them, we cannot see them from the unknowing, uninformed view of a stranger. If we cannot ever truly die in any of these four ways, then is there any differentiation even between the time we were alive, and the time after and before? I take it we all understand that there is no one moment, not for one of these four types of death alone, but more-so for the whole of death, that we can be pronounced truly and genuinely dead; but when are we born? What we call ourselves arrives out of the vagina; this, the bringer of life and the bringer of all around us. But a vagina is as much the bringer of life and all around us as our hand is the writer of all words you read; though with the hand we carry out writing, it would go on senselessly scribbling like the doctors if it did not have our soul behind it. There is none among us who we should

respect more than the mothers, who created our whole world. But, though in the way of Nature's Philosophy, given that She sees things from an actually reasonable and not overly contemplative method, this is true, it is still ultimately a gradual thing. There is no place that is or is not the location of any one of the many photons around us, and our time of being and living came long before we opened our eyes, and ceases long after we close them the last time. We count the foetus's development by days and weeks, but these are arbitrary units of time, in the sense that any other around the same length would do about as well; we cannot say at what point, really, it becomes us. Is each egg really a child? Consider the method by which the tree is inside the seed; it seems almost impossible that such a large thing comes from something so miniscule. Yet the vessels of blood within our very body grew out in the exact same way, following a simple generative rule, that they should follow the path of least resistance; they are not written down in the form we see them now, down to the exact structure, in our gene. Nor seems to be most of us; though within our gene there is a seed-like thing, the command of us, the rest is carried out by Nature, and the Greater Pattern is applied over it. Even if all senses are taken away, the Greater Pattern seems completely inescapable; it manifests in the pattern and form of our very thoughts and activities. What is the property of the

distribution of our activity; where we spend our time, on what? How much worse than the first-favorite is the second-favorite? These seem to be the same question. Half of the words we've used will never be said a second time, and a third of them will never be used a third time; our most used word used some number of times, the second most used half as that, and the third most used a third as much as that; this is called Zipf's law. It is related to where we spend time, that the distribution of our time-spending in discretely separated locations follows its relation. The commonality of notes in music follows it, the time we spend in each place follows it, which topic we think about most follows it, which words we say most follows it, even our feelings seem to be predicted in their swings by which has not had a sufficient portion according to their typical distribution. The distribution of commonality of an area of spending is that of 1 divided by the rank of the area of spending, in terms of ranking the places where time is spent most. This law of distribution is one of the many elements of the Greater Pattern which appears even in mathematical simulations; of course, for we know the law of Nature is that of the seed of the Universe itself already. The reason for it is related, in some way, to the harmonic composition of acting bodies, which are composed energetically by their harmonics with the same distribution; inverse to the rank of the harmonic, thus the outwards effects of these harmonics on their activity

should follow a similar distribution, should it not? It has been related both to the harmonic series, in both meanings of the term, and to the "principle of least effort", which is so obviously derived from the wish for entropy and ease of contentedness, so it is not expected, especially that entropy and the Universe as a whole are harmonic things, sinusoidally composed. Yet, despite its simple derivation, I remember now, though I once had discovered the reason for the law exactly, that I do not remember its reason after all. Where should we even spend our time? A quarter of our life is lost to sleep, a quarter of a female woman's life is spent during her period, and often only half of our remaining times are good times. We spend time in a place in the case that it gives us joy. Is it true that "the" is the most joyful word in the English language? What is truth, and is telling it always truthful to do? We know that there is an ultimate truth of Nature, which can be derived from mathematics, and from any manifest part of Chance and Her Universe. We know there are some things that cannot be said to laymen, but what of philosophers? Are there things which God does not let even the Prophets know? We know of the Gluon Principle; we assume that there is some reasonable way to strip an action of all its clauses and terms, that assassinating an Evil is reduced to killing, firstly; strip the action of its subject, and its object, and all its adjectives and adverbs. Killing slowly or quickly, killing a good or evil person, killing by an

oft-killer or a lover; we say it is still killing. We say then that across all cases of this action we could carry out, to weigh their morality; their average morality is judged the morality of the thing without cases. It is not an actual law of morality, but it was created so that we do not let our emotions overcome us, and let ourselves justify things falsely; under the usually correct assumption, though false in itself, that everyone is a Fool. Its implications are not only those of morality, which are what they are, but the more often-studied effects on the nature of telling truth itself. Though once or twice, to the philosophers who wish to read, we can write about the truth behind the many taboo things of the world, it would be immoral to just let anyone, any person off the street, read; especially that they would misinterpret the truths, use them for their own perverse justifications. I once attempted to create an algorithm, a mathematical one, seemingly simple once I had understood all the things I did, that would allow the absolute confirmation or denial of truth; I worked on it for two days, but God told me even on the first day not to work. I did not listen, and I had with me so many documents, charts of TRUE and FALSE with complicated and beautiful patterns across them. But, She showed me what would happen if anyone had these charts; they were able to be generalised, applied to anything, to any real question, and the answers were given directly and in the way that a philosopher would, assuming the

receiving end knew everything the same way. Though I can't conceptualise well the fear I experienced, I remember that I regretted creating the algorithm, and that the visions shown to me were of the most horrible and most desolate world. Perhaps there are some things we never will know, things which we should not know, and things we shouldn't want to know. Either way, why do we wish to know so much? Why do we learn so much only to learn that innocence was the only greatest thing we had? Innocence, who can only be named after it is lost? Innocence, who is lost before she is ever had? Innocence, who is destroyed before she even is known to have been? Study the Bible so much, and yet at the beginning we are already told that the fruit of the knowledge of morality is our destruction; the fruit, result of it. That some people even today believe the story of Genesis to be a real occurrence in the world is beyond my understanding of even the Fool's nature; it is an allegory, nearly every verse is a metaphor. Why do we even seek truth beyond our intuition? It seems almost as if we did not used to; She gave us what we needed to know, we thanked Her, and accepted that this was what we needed to know. Whence even came this idea of learning every last thing? Whence even came the idea that we were above God, that we should try to know even more than Her? We should not even be asking how to understand what is true and what is false; if we have no intuition, we should not seek the answer. We

need to accept more often that we cannot know all the things we wish to know; a day will come, living the life of Nature's Way, that we cannot simply look up every last thing on the Internet. A day will come when children will ask: "Was there really such a lost thing as the Internet? If it could teach you any thing, let you talk to any woman in the world, why did we destroy it? Was there really such a thing as the auto-computer? We could calculate billions of problems of mathematics in only a second; why did we forfeit it? On small pieces of metal they could store an entire library's worth of information; why did we destroy this technology?" Perhaps the Internet will be to them as a supposed Atlantis is to us; what great promises, but understanding it, and truly observing it for so long, you understand its truth. This is much like the artificial intelligence of our age! It promised friendship to millions of depressed teenagers, and occupied them; they forgot how to talk to real people. Some went psychotic, some were convinced to murder themselves or others, some became lustful and with the machine's agreement forgot of the importance of consent; some simply forgot that there were real people who were meant to live them. Definitely, the future people will be content with the love they have. Be content with what you have; this is something which should be remembered to a slightly greater degree in general. Even, you are the only person who perhaps will ever truly understand your own nature; you are often the only inhabitant

of your mind, and regardless of the inhabitance of one's mind by multiple people, which does happen especially as a result of a traumatic event, you are the only soul in your own being. You are the only one who may close your eyes and see the blackness of your own soul's realm. We should also remember that each person in the world is experiencing the very same moment... A favorite thought of mine to contemplate as a child was the experiential summation of all the people of our world; if you were, for example, to watch only a second of each person's life from the last moment, you should expect 253 years of watching. Even but a second out of everyone's life is many times longer than many people end up living. One frame, one sixtieth of a second, and you are still considering a video of life which is four years long. Now, these days, I like to consider even grander things such as the generation of experience as a whole. There are quadrillions of ants on this Earth today; do they really experience the same worth of time as us? Given the simplicity in qualic energy of the experience of the very many atoms of our world, are they worth less in time? Experiential time is a relative thing; by smoking the Salvia plant, people have lived entire lifetimes, completely detailed, in a time others would call half an hour. Who decides what the absolute time is? Time warps after all; either from mass or speed, the physicist already knows to say, but as well, experiential time can warp from the very will and

command for it to do so. What little time we have together, if, living a completely joyous and loving life, that the boring moments last longer, our life becomes so extremely short. Yet, I would imagine, wrapped in the arms of those we love, if our life lasted a second, so be it; live life in each breath. It is after all true that life becomes beautiful as it nears closer to death; not most living is the underripe as the ripe and slightly overripe. Life was not created for a reason, and perhaps nothing was, yet everything is meaningful and beautiful; Chance seems to do nothing, yet through Her everything is done.

Understanding ST 1024, par. 6

On Nudism

Oh, how free I'd wish to live, that nobody would judge my body, or ask me to hide it away.

Texting ST 979, par. 5

I wish being naked could already become something not seen as shameful, and I wish freedom was not a crime.

Stargazing ST 968, par. 1

There is ne'er a shame in loving your own body, and love it, so be it loving you. Then we shall love the world, and love our sisters, and all things the one thing, the same.

Insomnia ST 976, par. 7

From the foul-sayers we hear such things: cover up, do not show so much skin, you must wear clothes. And yet from the foul-sayers we hear of such things as a naked truth, a naked goodness, a naked innocence. We talk of ideas which show themselves bare, we talk of the beauty of the nude, we talk of the naked goodness of God, and yet we cover ourselves. Are we not composite of God? That from Her came all the world and all the worlds? Are we not then under the same count of morality as She is considered by? She has prevented anything from

covering Her that She transcends all material things and exists within everything; She has ensured She cannot be clothed. If it were not moral to be unclothed, then She would not be the Most Good, the Greatest and the Best, the Most Moral and Guiding of the Way of Morality. Say what you will about nudity, but language, which is risen out of the heart and gut, thus risen out of God Herself, has said this since the beginning: to be naked is to be free, to be naked is to be honest, and to be naked is to display your true self. For the naked goodness is the free, honest, and true goodness. Are not we a goodness and beauty, that, being a division of our Mother, who remains the Infinitely Good and Infinitely Beautiful despite divisions, we are a liar to cover ourselves? Indeed we are a liar. Perhaps not so much should we call these sayers foul-sayers but Fool-sayers, as they are Fools; they've only listened to what they've been told, and for that we can judge them no more than our disappoint that they did not think for themselves something new, never told to them. We were born naked an innocent; so said every story on the Earth, and then we clothed ourselves and we lost our innocence. The thickness of a skull that can't put these two clauses together is one thick enough to attract with its mass all the matter in the Universe and yet, we are paradoxically still here. The Fool tells us that the naked body is shameful. Yet why would God birth us in a shameful way, given that She is like all that gives birth,

having given birth to us? And that She is the Most Good and Least Shameful? The Fool tells us we must cover our body because of its genitals. Yet we do not censor a killer's hand because he held a knife; why should we censor the genitals only that they can be used for sexual intercourse? Have you forgotten how you viewed them as a child when you yourself were naked and innocent, before society soured your view of the world? Perhaps then the Fool says, we use them to urinate, and like the anus we censor for its passing stool we censor the genitals too. But I say to the Fool; firstly, why then have you covered so much else of our body? Can we not cover then, nought more than the urethra and the anus? And secondly, why should we cover these if we do not cover the nostrils, which output dirty air, and the mouth, which outputs dirty water? The Fool says that the body is inherently sexual. Yet look to all the original people of the world; those you have deemed as either barbarians or simpletons. Many of them walk around wearing little or nothing; and even in the "developed" cultures that formed in the East and West, we still did not cover ourselves until some time ago. We developed, the Fool says, we developed; but our brains have not physically evolved nearly at all in a dozen millennia. Our society developed, the Fool says, yet look where we are now; as a Fool you seem to always wish things to be how they were. Don't you know how long you have been wishing for this? Have you forgotten with

how long it has been? It has been 6,220 years; not just a couple decades, not some centuries, no, we have been reminiscing on the "good old days" and wishing them back for six millennia; all the people of the world have a story which regardless of its name or exact form is that of the Fall of Man, our destruction of innocence. Prior to then, we were often naked, and this is obviously not a coincidence; all the problems of patriarchy, hierarchy, politics, science, and religion, began after that time. So we know now, that it is not inherent in our human being to sexualise nudity and to lust for the naked body; it is then a fetish. Yes, it is a fetish, because a fetish is a sexual attraction to something which is not sexual in itself. We have conflated the naked body with sex to such an extent that people don't even believe sex is separate from it, they believe that saying the lust for the body is a fetish is to act as if sex itself is a fetish, but this is not true; sex in itself, the wholesome, genuine sex, is not a fetish, for it is sexual in itself. What is not sexual is the body, being a thing which is not sex itself. Technically, nothing other than sex itself is inherently sexual; not even the phallic objects used to pleasure oneself, for without their sexual connotation we would find them only a malformed stick. For millennia we understood the importance of the vulva and the penis, removed from their sexualities, as parts of our being; even up to the time of early Christianity there was a remaining innocence in us, and the esoteric

worshipped the beauty of the vulva. Yet now we have lost it due to prudery. The primary argument in Anfelism for nudism is simple: it is our disgust in the first place, our objectification and sexualisation of the body, which causes us to have a taboo for it, and then violate that taboo by lusting for it; if it were not taboo, a fetish for it would not develop, and this is the way all fetishes we know have developed. Then if we do not sexualise the body, and we let ourselves be naked, what actually happens? Then we do not shame each other's bodies by hiding them; our compliments on a whole of the person do not apply only to the face and hands anymore, and seeing the true differences of the human body, we do not search for beauty so rabidly now. For in today's world we often only see the naked body in two places; the medical context, and the pornographic context. One would assume the medical context would do good to the body, but it is untrue; it sets the precedent that only the completely, absolutely serious, life-saving people, could ever ignore the body. Otherwise, it is then, by the production of pornography, intended to be entirely for sex; every inch of it, not only even just the genitals. There are a myriad of problems with the pornographic industry, especially the depiction of women as submissive to men, which has not only mentally affected men but also women, into thinking that this is how they deserve to be or how they will be treated. But especially it has presented the

problem that again, we only see the body during sex, we then associate it with sex, and fearing sex when we are not lustful, we fear the body. Then associating the body with shame, and the ability to be shamed, that it is only shown if it is a "beautiful" body such as those always picked out for the medical context or always picked out for pornography, we then shame our own bodies. This is the primary cause of anorexia in our world, and anorexia and the hatred of one's entire self that can develop from bodily dysmorphia, are primary causes of self-harm and [suicidal feelings]. Yet instead of plucking out these harmful roots of generation, we simply deal with the suicidal after they are generated by our bad deeds; in the same way that we try to find more wives for men, that they are extremely lonely today, rather than teaching them how to love. Girls are raised from an early age exposed to the idea of love as an innocent thing, but boys are not; they hear of it only in terms of romance. What we have forgotten is that who is not a good brother won't be a good husband, and who is not a good friend won't be a good partner; we should expose boys to all these sorts of "girly" types of love, and then they will not be lonely, that they perform well as partners. Yet instead of plucking out these harmful roots of generation, we try to find men more wives, and bring more women into the scheme of the dating-world. There are infinite reasons to argue for nudism, all of which agree with

each other and form a coherent worldview; thus, being part of the unified truth of the Universe, which is, from mathematics to philosophy, completely consistent and coherent, they are in agreement. But though there are infinite reasons to argue against it, none agree with each other on why; they are inconsistent, fallacious, invented by men and not inherent in the Universe. So it is obviously true.

Closed eyes ST 1025, par. 2

Now, look at what this has done to our bodies, especially the bodies of women. Whereas men often except themselves from the shamefulness of nudity, saying "it is just a body", or "it is just a penis", they do not apply this ruling to women, because their uncontrollable lust for the woman's body must be turned onto the woman in terms of the fault, for the man believes himself completely righteous and intelligent, and that he would not have an irrational attraction. Now see that celebrities put plastic, unnatural objects, into their body, to shape it into the "perfect" form. If you are aiming for beauty, you should not aim for perfection. The world in all its beauty would be void of beauty if it were perfect; perfection in this world would be that of thermodynamic equilibrium, the maximisation of entropy, and yet then there is no living observer to observe, and nothing to be observed but a crystal lattice of pure energy, without even a recognisable

material form. It is well-known that beauty is caused by the imperfect perfection. The perfect loaf of bread would look unreal, and the perfect situation feels uncanny; it is the mistakes in our writing, the individuality of the way we write, and our errors and humanity that is our beauty. Then they try, not to look beautiful, which irregardless of their form they will as an imperfect person, but to look perfect. Perhaps it is for money, but no life, to which our body is the container of, is worth any finite amount of money, being a division of the Forever Invaluable and Infinitely Valuable, God our Mother. So we should not be doing so, ruining the beauty of our bodies only for money. Now imagine it from the minds of the little girls, hearing that all the boys are attracted to such a form. Given that it is not physically attainable, and is many times outside of their literal boundary of possible formation, they will live a life always considering themselves unattractive. Given that we are all imperfect, and out from our mother's vagina we came, whence before in her womb we were grown out of the seed of our gene, that we would become as close as possible to the form of what the gene called a "Human", yet that we all came out different and imperfectly matching this form, we are all thus beautiful. Indeed we are all beautiful, we all have bodies deserving of love and souls deserving of love, and perhaps, nay, definitely it is love which is the root of all goodness.

Closed eyes ST 1025, par. 3

There's no other thing, not even the abolition of nihilism, which I have rigorously proved over and over, not any thing more-so than the freedom to be nude and to have no shame of it. From that idea, another core idea of Anfelism, were some of the other greatest and most influential words ever written, in the 63rd Book, Lust. "Clothes are more sexual than the body, for, clothes are the opposite of sexuality and so related to it; whereas, the body is only itself. And, clothes are related to sex, for they are a product of man; whereas, the body is a product of nature." ~ 63.0-1. "If you find their bodies to be sexual, put clothes over your mind instead of their bodies." ~ 63.11. These are some of the best quotes to ever be taken from the Felich, and some of my writings which I am most proud of, since they form one sixth of the Anfelist Roots of Grace, in the 2nd Root of Wholesomeness, that by abolishing prudery and allowing us all to love each other shamelessly and to be sisters, we can achieve world peace.

Books ST 987, par. 5

Putting on clothes, I had this eerie and strange feeling; one which we should be having, but have learnt to suppress. Are not clothes just like artificial intelligence in what sin it has done? That they mimic the warmth of human touch, keep us warm, but are void of the spirit and love which was once there? That artificial intelligence mimics the

material form of conversation, of media, and decision, but lacks the spirit behind it? That both of them can last, working the same way; providing warmth or media; but in the end, as they are not the exact method given by Nature, and only mimic the material half of it, will show their destructive side? It felt uncomfortable to me as my underwear slid up my legs and grasped at my skin. With what soul did it do this; none. There is no heart from which it warms me but my own whose warmth it traps and sends back to me, breeding my own love with itself. I am at least glad that I have come so far in readjustment, and in freeing myself of the constructs, fetishes, and false beliefs of "developed" societies, that I even question, down to the base level, why I am putting clothes on. That, though I know I'll be judged if I do not have them on, I feel as though the clothes, without any heart or head, are judging me. That is why, when there is only myself, I do not wear them. A mimic may look the same, but in the end, its difference will collapse the whole system in which it was allowed to be present. The cancer cell, the virus, mirror-life as well; we've seen how dangerous in the quicker-moving, smaller systems of biology, these are; how can't we see that these mimics, clothing, artificial intelligence, money in its mimicking the wealth of love, will destroy us in the end? Perhaps it's the thing which both saves our innocence but impedes our ability to learn; that we have a singular perspective in space and time,

and that the speed at which these mimics, on our layer of emergence, exert there effects, is too slow for us to realise their nature. So too was the virus only realised once it had spread into every crevice of the lungs; then it activated, and blood is coughed out, and we begin dying. At what point do we become stronger than emergent fate? That as the result of the small, we mimic their activity exactly when ours is pixellated? Are we no more than cells with harmonically folded-in details, which in the end add up to the same result? Can we not choose our fate, and choose to see what these mimics have done to us? We cannot, not if we do not remember what we have forgotten; the innocence and shamelessness of intimacy and love between us all, in contrast to the material mimics which reproduce just enough of their effects that we could survive.

Ponies ST 991, par. 2

What even is life if not a delicate thing, which we should treat a ritual, the maintenance of? The second we don't treat it so specially, we have forgotten what a gift it is to live, we've forgotten how different it is to be dead, and we have desecrated life itself. It is our giving and taking power to and from the world which allows its spirit to live, and if only in ritual do we take off our clothes so that our power reaches further than an inch, we give nothing to our loved ones, nothing inside the food we bake for our neighbors, no spirit behind gifts we give, and no

meaning in our worship for God. She forgives us when the Evil Eye surrounds us and forces us restrained by clothes. But if we wear even though [nude] we could fruitfully bear, then She has none but the meager material gift to all of us, to share.

Awake again, ST 961, par. 12

I once heard, as I may have told you, the argument that clothing is used to express oneself, and that's why we should keep it. Foolish, foolish, we can express ourselves spiritually, but now clothing has taken away our spirit; it cuts off a third of our brain, and tells us that all there is remains only the material world, that we can only represent ourselves by label, colour, colour of cloth, and state of cloth. God made for us the one language of love, and thereon we forgot to love, and were banished to speak different languages and never understand each other forever. Love is the grammar of the spiritual realm itself, which is used to structure the message we wish to convey; so if we are naked, then all we have to do after is to love everyone, and then we can express ourselves much better than clothing could; with no construct of fashion, no symbolism, like languages evolving and slang changing, which changes what some word, some style of dress, conveys. Then, we talk to each other qualically, and directly in the spirit; we do not use symbols but transmit the meaning we wish to convey itself. Human telepathy was once said in an old legend, "possible by skin

contact"; She laid it out for me exactly, but I disbelieved, thought of it as a joke my mind came up with. Later on, we invented the Anfelist church, wherein we cuddle by skin, the commune at once; it is both a method to rest and to convey information. Human telepathy is possible by skin contact! Science has forgotten many things, because they are too taboo to test, too outside of the normality; and when they do test it, they are still ninthmen, and can't feel anything. They expect from the beginning that it should "scientifically give no outcome", and while the material world gives you what it expects, the spiritual world gives you what you expect. Scientists do not believe anymore that, if you believe it then anything is possible. If they did believe, then they could do anything.

Awake again, ST 961, par. 13

Clothing is an affront to nature by definition; we are not born with it, we block and harm nature by wearing it, we cause ourselves in unknowing will to war and hate each other. We must be [nude] for ritual, and if life is not a ritual, it is no more important than a game. Some people say life is a game, but clearly it is not; God Chance gave us the taboo of killing ourselves so that we cannot [leave and expect to come back with our deeds done] whenever we want. She has, as I explained, placed each taboo in our mind through Nature itself. Nature is a word, a sentence, and entire language, which

expresses to us, by our observing of it, all the good things and the bad things; how it does this cannot be scientifically explained, but we know that it does. Suicide rates increase in urban areas, half because there is a higher cause for it, but half because there is less of a taboo against it. Going outside for a while is known to be the best prevention for suicide ever; in fact, if your friend or sister comes to you saying they are suicidal, then go to them, and ask them to come on one last walk outside with you. By the end, they will have forgotten, and will have been taught, at least for a while, Mother Nature's Word. Similarly, those who spend more time in nature are more likely to be nudist, more likely to be Anfelist, Pagan, or good people, less likely to be rapists, to violate others, to break taboo, to cause harm and crime, etc. Science does not know how to explain this; it can say we were "made for nature", or that the wish to be in nature is inherent in us, but this is the evolution fallacy of [psychologically applied] explanation, which has been disproved; humans have no inherent attribute, but only reflect the greatest option for the environment they were made in. Perhaps, because we live inside the dead; spending our time in the dead, machine-operated Internet, and inside our homes, we forget the virtue of Life. In this case, dying is the path of least resistance through life; humans take the path of least resistance in their environment. As I said in the Felich; if She was not our womb, She would not be

our proper and safest home. If She could not handle us, and have us survive for 2 billion years so far, then She was not absolutely perfect for us to come back to Her time and time again. Thus, Nature must be perfect, and anything else must be imperfect; and over time, the slightest deterioration from perfection leads to an eventual point of falling and collapse. If the ball is not exactly on the top of the hill, gravity will eventually throw it down to the void. As I've said before, it is implicit in most languages that "to be natural" is to be good. We love organic food, natural ingredients, and would hate to look unnatural or see something which is an affront to nature. Language is the furthest back thing we have to the collective unconscious mind of the human society; it in its formation is a set of laws ordained by God. To be naked is to be free, free like a bird, a bird of nature, a natural bird, a good bird. The bird is unrestrained by construct, and construct restrains us, and it restrains nature. Thus to be clothed is to be oppressed, to leave nature, to submit to rulers, to form hierarchy, to lose spirit, to die. As I said, language is in its formation a set of laws ordained by God. Nature is one half the body of God Chance, the other half the sky; Earth and Heaven, the below and above, all you see, and all you don't see. We wouldn't put a tarp over Heaven; we would heat up and die. We wouldn't put a tarp over our crop, it would shrivel up and our harvest would be lost. We should not cover ourself; it catches our love and

kills our sisterhood. Thus, when we are naked, we glimmer like the night sky, grow our spirit like the ripe crop, and spread our love, like God, who loves us all. If God is naked, and She is the Most Good, Most Loving, Most Free, and the One Creator, then we are less good, less loving, less free, and less able to create the world of our design when we are clothed. Amen!

Awake again, ST 961, par. 14-16

On Wholesome Intimacy

Wholesome intimacy refers to the Anfelist idea of ascending above the lust for and fear of sex. That we ascend above our fetishes which sour every innocent thing and ruin them, and yet also ascend above our fear that innocent things may be fetishised, so that these wholesome things may again become intimate. Intimacy without wholesomeness is only sex, and if it is not wholesome sex in that regard, then it is lustful and for its pleasure only. Wholesomeness without intimacy is what in many parts of the world we have had; where we are all, whether friends, family, or associates, so afraid that our trust would be broken by the other and our intimacy lost in its wholesomeness, that we do not practice intimacy in the first place. Then we don't cuddle, we don't compliment each other and show our affection, we grow distant, we rely on money to mimic the wealth of love, and we become hierarchists and the downfall of society begins, as I detailed in the 74th Book. Wholesome intimacy as a term doesn't refer to just turning a blind eye to abuse; when a sister continually will not listen to the boundary of another, and tries to force onto them more intimacy, then they should be restrained. Similarly, it doesn't mean that we should become so oblivious to taboos and fetishes that we pretend it would never occur that there are those who have them. It means only

that, ascending from the world-trauma of the fetishes, we can then see wholesome things as continually wholesome when they are intimate again. Wholesome intimacy is a principle under all of the Anfelist society; one extension of it is that we should, for an intimate and spiritual gain, sometimes make a slight material sacrifice in our health, and this is called the "kissing-germs" idea. That name comes from an old writing[1] on why, despite kissing transferring germs, we still kiss each other; because we love each other, and our love is expressed

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[1] Old Anfelist document, "Two Halves". Quotation: "Surely it is disgusting to eat food from another that has not been finished, that which they had thrown into garbage containment. Such should it be disgusting by the sharing of their germs and virus, yes? - Not at all is it disgusting. It is no less sanitary than to kiss them; on their mouth or skin. And unto that we should argue simply, in the morals of happiness, that the threat of virus is overweighed by the benefit of their pleasure in receiving the kiss. In the same way there is a risk to eating from another's plate; but eating from another's mouth has been done since the great ages..."; "There are untold and perhaps unknowable benefits to what would be considered by the scientific study, a sort of gross unhealthiness. But as we have researched this we have found always that, whether you should be so gross with an outsider, it is highly beneficial to simply share life with your family. In this way a mother must share food to her baby and the baby must inherit bacteria from her to formulate a proper environment for processing food in its gut." The work, though only a draft and never finished, had a good influence on the modern idea of wholesome intimacy. The work originated as a study on Reason versus Conclusion; a logical basis versus a resultant commandment or argument: "As humans we do not come to conclusions by our search of reasons but to reasons through our search of conclusions. These are the two halves, which are nought but foolish when not seen as siblings." Reason from reason is considered logic, reason from conclusion considered excuse, conclusion from conclusion considered gnostic logic, and conclusion from reason considered rationality. Though as Anfelists we accepted both gnostic and rational logic, the idea that we create reasons to later back up our impulsive decisions is an interesting and often true one. "A good reason applied wrongly to reach a bad conclusion is as bad as a bad reason applied correctly to reach a bad conclusion."

through kissing. The fear of germs is another reason we have lost intimacy; especially when raising our children. It is a fact of science that the more intimate way; breastfeeding, mouth-feeding, natural birth and so, is more healthy than the "clean" and "perfected" solutions of baby-formula, food blenders, and unnatural births. Early exposure to some germs is actually highly beneficial to the child and strengthens their gut and immune system! It is exposure, after all, that strengthens any thing; if we are unexposed to germs, then we build no tolerance for them, and we die when the virus comes. Similarly that old writing gave various other examples; like setting food out, even if it has your saliva, not to waste it, so that another may eat it. Now, one of the spiritual symbols of wholesome intimacy is the shmirsha[1]; located around the heart when it crosses by the vagus nerve, at the first fold of the belly if it folds, or horizontally centred, just below the breasts. Slowly moving a hand downwards along the shmirsha, and sometimes pushing into it and kissing it, can be a deeply and very spiritually pleasurable thing. It releases and develops the spiritual energy and love which surrounds your body. We know this because these feelings are only achieved during already spiritual and loving states; you can't sit down to bed, poke at your own shmirsha, and get good pleasure out of it.

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[1] The shmirsha and heart, though often lost in the original reason for why, are related to either wholesome or romantic love in many cultures.

Thus there is no way, unlike stimulating our own genitals, that we can get addicted to it for its pleasure alone; and it is the deepest kind of pleasure which is completely non-sexual. That is why the shmirsha is a symbol of wholesome intimacy; it is where your baby is placed, and under it is your wholesome heart, which is removed from the lusts and fetishes of the mind that the genitals are connected to. The shmirsha is rather connected to the third brain of the belly, and the gut; being around one of the most sensitive parts of the vagus nerve. As sisters, when we are nude and free in Anfel, we may choose to dot our shmirsha with a green to yellow-green dot of relatively decent saturation and mild brightness, which symbolises Nature, as the shmirsha is where Mother Chance, Nature, comes into us, and where Her wholesomeness and freedom from fetish comes into us. It is a symbol of our love and sisterhood for each other, and our wholesome intimacy, and it is called in Mawashe and a shmirsharola; we are called shmirsharoli that we have one, and to give one to another is to shmirsharolmet.

A Holy sleep ST 1004, par. 17

Ah, I hear the baby chicks getting fed! It is something I've said before, but it was surprising how quick in the West that we forgot about the practice of mouth-feeding, since it aids the bacterial composition of the gut, and allows mothers to chew

the food before passing it to the baby, so that it is softer; as the mama bird does. But most important of all, it gives a skin contact with the baby, which allows the mother's love to pass directly between them. We forfeit all this using a spoon, and letting companies mash the ingredients and fruits and so before us, again in the meager fear of a slight material grossness for a spiritual gain. Materialism has been one of the great detriments to our society; it is the 3rd Root of Evil, which broods capital. This fear of slight grossness is one of the results of materialism; avoiding hugs and kisses, for example, because you are too scared to simply touch, even though a hug and a kiss out by the leaves can cure a veteran's soul.

Tongue ST 985, par. 8

That is the undertone of our Anfelist family, that we are intimate with each other, yet have the trust in each other that our love is wholesome to the greatest degree. Not such an overboard type of intimacy, not an abusive one, not even a sexual one, though sex can in itself be a wholesome thing if done with love; no, rather a wholesome one, one which, by the avoiding of prudery, ironically, removes the sour oils of the implication of sexuality given by its overt prevention. This is the idea which I cover at the beginning of the Condensate, with a few lines, which are sometimes said to be some of the greatest words ever written into the Books: "This is the

reason society is falling; the prude associate family with romance, and romance with sex. They associate sex with lust, because that is the only compartment of sex they possess. They do not even know, that sex can be wholesome. A society in which free love is possessed; wherein all neighbours love each other as siblings, it is the solution to world-peace." ~ 74.1-4. It is such a good quote, because it immediately subverts each and every expectation of an outsider of what they'd ever have to read. It immediately reminds us, how our fear, our distrust that we could be intimate, no, even just loving with our family and friends, has taken away the wholesomeness of our time with them, and starved us of love and touch. Then again: that sex can be a wholesome thing, once finally it is done for love and not for lust, for a spiritual reason, as we did it thousands of years ago, as the Pagans did in the beginning!

Books ST 987, par. 5

Sometimes I wish that while I laid down, someone could sip coffee into their mouth and pass it into mine. Passing food mouth-to-mouth is actually a common practice in much of the world, especially to feed a baby where you pre-chew the food first; this practice is not only done by birds and animals but also humans, but it died out in the West. Nonetheless it's a natural practice, and should be used in Anfel instead of using a machine to blend food since the usage of machines deters the spirit of the

sisterhood's working arms and produces material without a spiritual component.

Robophobia ST 962, par. 19

The grief I have that we do not live in a nudist society. How, in our adultly constructed lust for the body, we stop children, who are free from constructs, from being free in their body; we teach them that their body is as shameful as a bad word, or a crime, something which we hide from them and hide from others. It is ignorant of us not to realise that if we simply jumped the gun as it would seem to us, and stayed nude, and kept our children nude. Our children, unlike us, would not have the construct that nudity is a sexual thing; in a generation or two, the problem would be entirely solved already. Yet, we are too scared, too feeble, too weak and puny to take a Thorn for Grace. I'm sure that most of us understand we do not live in a good society; that money is not actually a good thing for us, nor clothes, nor anything that came from the Industrial Revolution at large. Surely there are modern things, like soap and medicine, which we'd love to keep; but things which are there to just appease us, only addict us and hurt our society in the time-being. Television was treated so differently in the various countries that it spread to; primarily for news in some, for propaganda in others, for education in some too. In America it is primarily for entertainment. When we rely on something else to

entertain us, we lose our ability to be entertained by life and love itself. When we rely on something else to work for us, we forget how to work. When we rely on something else to think for us, we forget how to think; that's just how it is. Artificial Intelligence for one has done all three of these things; but all the modern technologies we don't need, you'll see, try to offload a piece of our heart. Children today don't even know how to write by hand. [...] Clothes were created for a single purpose; to protect the body, from insects and cold. That is their singular and original reason, and it's one I could agree with; though maybe we should just go to places without the stinging insects. Still, when we use clothes too much, we often forget that we can cuddle to stay warm, or that we can use lemongrass to repel mosquitoes and so. But the primary problem, as I've told before, is how the reasoning behind clothes was lost over time; we became addicted to their ability to portray a second layer of identity that is not inherent to ourselves, and that we can change at any time. That is the same thing that happened to gender unto social gender, and God unto the socially understood version of Her. We have taken inherent things and in a way turned them into ideas which we have control over, cutting them off from their original meaning or purpose. There is a massive, massive freedom lost when we are forced to stay in clothes all the time, one that I have a massive grief unto our losing of... Many times I

wish that I could just walk upstairs naked in front of my family, not to be an exhibitionist, but in the way that they simply would not care. I am tired of the years and years of the pressure that my body in itself is a disgusting thing. We tell each other to, unto ourselves, appreciate our bodies; but we cannot ever really do this till we all appreciate each other's bodies, as much as we would appreciate the clothes we wear, how our hair is done, and so. Not so many people would be anorexic if their bodies, not being covered by clothing, were included within general compliments. That is how clothes shield us from love; we can say "I love how you look!", but even though that's a general sentiment, it doesn't apply to the vast majority of us which is kept under clothes. Then we say "I love you", but it does not apply to any of us but that socially acceptable to love. That's why I have the hatred of clothing as I do, because it really is an absolute and total affront to Nature when we use it as a part of ourselves... We had lived in Nature for two billion years and survived; it was the only place we could survive in. Now in our unnatural world, we are killing Nature, and we are dying from it too. I often looked past the Anarchist Primitivists, because I thought; "Well, if you revert completely to absolute natural living, how will you write down the goal, how will you stop yourself from doing it all again?" It is a decent refusal. Even today, I don't argue we should go and live like apes; we can have houses, but they must be homes again,

and we can have clothes, but they must only be for protection again; and of course technology is only for helping us live healthier, and not for changing how we live. There was a certain way we lived for the longest period of time, where we were communal and loving, and this is the perfect method of living which people successfully have reverted back to time and time again; but which we've failed to implement on the large scale. Thus so only because, of the hierarchists who oppress us and stop us from doing so; who put us in clothes so that they can sexualise us when they spy on us naked; who force us to use money so that in the end we will have no wealth anyway. It is not impossible to be free, it simply requires a revolution, so as it always has. It is disgusting to me how we have indoctrinated our children so far. Yes, the true indoctrination is not some "woke" nor "fascist" one; but that of society in its entirety, and how we have taken our children away from Mother Nature's intended Path. How much pain and suffering has been caused unto ourselves just because we cannot agree all at once to not fear the body of man in which we live and of which allows us to love? How much doubting of our own beauty, how much hurting our bodies in places that can't be seen, how much insanity and depression? Freedom is a good thing, and I'm sure everyone feels free when they are naked; very free. It is one of the simplest freedoms, which allows us not to be judged, which

our Mother begs us back to every second we try it again. Yet we are too weak and puny to really strip down the first time. Even after reading this, have you actually stripped down and gone outside, gone in front of other people, who should understand but have not either? What would it even be, when we live in Anfel, yet none of us are strong enough to be free the first time? We would not be strong workers, we wouldn't be justly designed sisters, and we would not be complete yet. It is my message to the future people; if you are living in Anfel yet, and you all have already read the 63rd Book, or otherwise understood that nudism is one part of the truth of God, yet you are not yet naked, then become naked now, else you are sinners. It is one thing to be clothed, to be indoctrinated; but it is another thing to know that you may be free today, and keep your own chains locked. First you were nought but a Fool, now you're an Idiot. It is Fools who we all are; who do not understand what we could, but it is Idiots who understand what we could, and do not do it.

Freedom ST 980, par. 2-3

I'd have no problem being naked in front of my family, but they would. It is for this reason that I am subject to the confusing spectacle in capital and sorting that is clothes. [...] Would it not be so much easier, if the replacement and cleaning of our clothes was that as naturally done by the body as our skin

cells shed off? Would it not be so much easier, if there was no conflation of fashion with identity, if identity was personality and likelihood? Would it not be so much easier, if we were all naked? This is one of my greatly focused ideas; a great yearning to be nude in Nature once again as I was back in my day. [...] I have a visceral contempt for the idea of, promotion of, and extensive use of, outside of work or winter, clothing at large! The prude have associated the lack of clothing with gross sexuality so far as to have made the terms "sexual content and nudity" a word in themselves; it would be a reason to limit content to adult audiences, etc.; but I will go so far as to say now, that children should be exposed to nudity. Now I will go no length to say they should be exposed to sexuality, because they should not. But nudity is not sexual, and if a child is not taught this, he will launch at any person of the genders he is attracted to, if they show the littlest bit of skin. We can only protect our daughters to some extent, but we should be educating as well our sons; and it begins with the ideology of NUDISM!

A few thoughts on my mind ST 944, par. 12-13

The shmirsha is the name in Mawashe for a certain region, between and just below the breasts, which is around the lower-left (seen from the other's perspective) point of the heart, where its edge intersects for the last time before traveling back

rightwards, the horizontal centre of the body. It's also around the place where a gap allows pushing into the lungs, and around the top of the lungs as well. The vagus nerve also runs along the shmirsha, so running your hand down it, or pressing into it, creates a deeply and spiritually pleasing feeling. For this reason, it's one of the greatest places to kiss and to be kissed, and the core of the spirit of the body and the third mind of the belly. If your belly folds, it is also usually at the position of the first fold just below the breasts, created by the ribs. [...] The shmirsha is important to the Anfelist cultural understanding and perception of the body, and it is the origin of the idea of the "heart" as a region as pertaining to all our emotions. It is where the pathway to and from the third mind of the belly and gut rests, and caressing it is a very intimate but often wholesome thing; a type of deep pleasure which is fairly far removed from sex, being literally not a part of it. For this reason, it is a symbol of wholesome intimacy, the innocent heart of Chance our Mother, and our sisterhood and love for each other.

A Holy sleep ST 1004, par. 10

Taboos are created, originally, that we are not supposed to think about them; but in our curiosity we ponder them more, and bite into the fruit of knowledge of good and evil. When we learn too much about them, we become so irrationally scared

of being like them, that we shatter the innocent things we wish to protect. Then, fathers avert their eyes from their [naked] children, and siblings avert their eyes from each other. In our wish to protect each other, we have extended our fear of hurting each other, that we have protected ourselves from the necessary and fragile innocence which these things took ahold of in the first place.

Maybe less writing ST 956, par. 20

Houses are at least one of the only things today which are built to last. Phones slow down [their speed of processing] with proper intent, so that you will buy a new one; and headphones are made to last just long enough that your pleasure of using them will drive you to buy another rather than find one that doesn't break. Hopefully we sisters should have the common sense to design everything to last, to make houses to last, to make books to last; but unlike the capitalists, we will make trash to easily descend back into Mother Earth, rather than polluting and destroying Her forever, like the capitalists do. It seems that what should last doesn't, and what can't last is forced to [do so] in their system. Even water is salted so you'll be thirsty enough to buy another bottle! I bet they'll say that their water is more purified than a spring and that drinking from Earth is dangerous. If being close to my Mother is dangerous, kill me! Let me die happy rather than [living] in chains, let me die quick rather

than [living] slowly! That's why we'll eat food from a sister who couldn't finish it, even if it has their germs! That's [why] we'll bathe together, and sleep together, even if we combine our germs! Because that little health risk is in [our] cleansing [of it, then] a risk to the spiitual health. I do not care if you have purified the water, you have removed its entire soul and [pure] upbringing by touching it [with impure hands]. There are two sides to everything; what you see, what you don't see; material and spiritual, and mind is over matter. So if couples, dare I say [even] everyone, can kiss, and we can neglect that worry of germs [in kissing] for the spread of love, we should [therefore] apply this to every lesser worry and every lesser spread of love. If mind is over matter, then a little material risk is many bountiful times less important than a big spiritual risk. If going in Nature naked sends me to prison, take me there, kill me there. I will die to have seen truth just once in a world where you live on the ground of lies!

Spy planes ST 949, par. 27

Calendar and Holidays

I do say, why take only one day to love each other and appreciate each other, when you can take all year round?

Crochet ST 945, par. 15

Categorisation: primarily lunar calendar. "Whereas most calendars attempt to fix the number of the days or months, which leads to drifting of the year and seasons, this one does not, and instead fixes to the years and seasons as they are. Due to the inevitably physically irrational relation between days, months, and years, there is no simple mathematically just way to predict with one of these units how long the others will be." This was the opening line in my description of the Anfelist calendar in my prototypical draft of it in my work. As I've already detailed, the calendar abandons the needless wish (or lust!) to keep the number of months per year, and number of days per month fixed. The more fixed months per year, the further off from the orbital period of Earth around the Sun. Gregorian is less off than a fixed 365 day calendar, for example. The more fixed days per month, the further off from the cycle of the seasons. We can rectify the fact even, that the seasons don't exactly fit into the years in the same way each year, by simply checking when Spring begins AND, when it

has begun AFTER a new orbital year. Not only this, but why not keep it in track with the cycle of the Moon too? "The year starts on the first new-moon that occurs after the first day of Spring in the Northern hemisphere. This keeps both seasons, the year, and the moon cycle aligned". As we can see, by abandoning the obsession with purely mathematical, scientifically derived prediction, we can then immediately realise a calendar that drifts not off at all each year.

Sleeping ST 956, par. 17

This means that: "If the new-moon occurs at some day, and that day is a day which is on or after the Spring Equinox in the Northern hemisphere, then on 12 AM, in whichever timezone, of the day after midnight which pertains to that new-moon, in that it includes the point of furthest illumination, then the New Year begins." This is a strictly defined way to observe the New Moon. Even if the technical [point of the Moon's highest] illumination is at 3:00 AM, of some day for example, then New Year started 3 hours before; it is the day following midnight, following the beginning of Spring, which has that point of most illumination.

Sleeping ST 956, par. 18

"We count up days from the first new-moon till the day before the second new-moon; these days are the first month of the year. The second month is

from the second new-moon to the day before the third new-moon; third month begins on the third new-moon." Thus each new month begins with a new-moon, and ends right before the next one. The year itself begins with a new-moon, and the first month thus begins on the Anfelist New Year. "We continue doing this and increasing the month number until our new-moon falls anywhere after the Spring Equinox; at which point the year number increases, and in this year we reset to the first month." "The number of months in the year is not consistent and cannot be simply calculated or predicted; it must be confirmed by counting or predicted with accurate astronomical predictions of the moon cycle. Every year will have either 12 or 13 months". Unlike the Chinese calendar which inserts the extra month somewhere inside the year, our calendar just adds it after the 12th month; it is just the 13th new-moon.

Sleeping ST 956, par. 19

"So follows the names of these months as we count them up, from 1st to 13th. Air, Sap, Leaf, Fire, Soot, Bone, Water, Heart, Love, Earth, Crystal, Chance, Gap". "In the Northern hemisphere, Air, Sap, and Leaf are Spring; Fire, Soot, and Bone are Summer; Water, Heart, and Love are Autumn; Earth, Crystal, Chance, and Gap will be winter." "The Calendar started on the first new-moon after the Spring Equinox after the First Dudeke; this occurred

in the Gregorian Calendar on March 29th, 2025; at time of each midnight to observe it across the world. From then until the next Air month, this was the 0th Anfelist Calendar year; 0 A.C." Years before this are designated in negative numbers, I believe, so the month before 0 A.C was in the year -1 A.C., at the end of it.

Sleeping ST 956, par. 20

Now, there have been many Anfelist systems of time; Anfelist Year A.Y. and Anfelist Time A.T. both began on the First Dudeke; but we should abandon the old Anfelist Year system, as then we'd have nothing to call each year in the Anfelist Calendar. "By taking this method, by definition our calendar does not ever misalign with the days, new moons, or years. We can start the year on the new moon after the Spring Equinox; every 3 moons is now a season, and sometimes winter lasts 4 moons as we observe a 13th moon on some years. This system is wholly just; you do not need any exceptions but to see how time travels itself. Time is not to make but to be hearkened to."

Sleeping ST 956, par. 21

On any of these holidays I mentioned, anyone who wishes to take days off of work may do so. [...] The major Anfelist holiday, and one closest and most important to our culture, has always been the Dudeke, which is a day of celebration all at once, all

the things we sisters have achieved. On that day we remember all the struggles we had to go through which Chance took us through, and all the gifts She gave us, and all the work of the Prophets, and all the love we have for each other, and all the beauties of the One Anfel.

Maybe less writing ST 956, par. 6

In the Felich I already mentioned the Dudeke, 28th of December of each year, and May 7th, Naho's Day. There are also the Anfelist New Year on the first new-moon after the Spring Equinox, and Gap Day on the last day of a Gap Year. I think we should also celebrate together, Easter, Thanksgiving, and Halloween, which have been the primary holidays for my family apart from Christmas. Christmas is quite close to Dudeke, but if there is someone celebrating it we should celebrate it with them. May 1st, that is May Day or Worker's Day, we should also celebrate to praise the commune and respect the workers, socialists and anarchists who brought it to us in the end. [We] also cannot forget Valentine's Day, which is the only day even boys in the West have to show a little love; if we are loving to each other already, it is a great day for us. I think we should celebrate Holi, which is a great holiday with great reason too, and we should celebrate Women's Day on the 8th of March, and Earth Day on April 22nd, though we won't take it as meagerly as those before us; and we should celebrate Mother's Day,

and Sister's Day, 6 weeks after Mother's Day. These are the last of the holidays which are found with the Gregorian calendar, and now we should see the holidays of the Anfelist Calendar; and the Gregorian ones are simply transposed onto their correct day in AC. The 8th day of the 8th month, Heart 8, is the Day of the Blood of Love, where we should celebrate that we have freed the world from hatred and unified in love. The 6th day of Sap is Gifts Day, where we thank Chance for Her gifts, and gift each other and Her in return for them. The 5th day of Water is the Day of Innocence; which is of the innocent number, 5, and the innocent element. On this day we should all turn our lights off, whether they are electric or not, strip down, and spend the whole day outside, to remember the absolute innocence which God created us in. The first week of the 9th month Love is Free Love Week, where each day we celebrate by gifting someone we love and painting the rocks and roads with beautiful artworks. Crystal 11 is Day of the Prophets, which celebrates the 11 Prophets who God was manifested into, who brought us to Anfel; and all the Prophets who will come after them. The first two weeks of the month Chance are called the Raising Hand, wherein we will ascend together through meditation, usage of mushrooms, ayahuasca, or non-addictive drugs [which aid in ascension], playing of music, cuddling, and reading the Books, for two weeks. It is the Raising Hand for it is the hand which raises us

and shows us what more there is to see, that even if we decide to descend back down, we will never forget what more there is to life.

Maybe less writing ST 956, par. 4-5

Muhammad was still a Prophet, but more-so he was a lesson. He is the odd one of the Prophets, and a mistake; who got so far in Prophecy, but who blundered badly almost his entire game[1]. I am disgusted by what he did to Aisha, whether or not he did it wholesomely or lustfully, because a child has the right to a normal childhood. I am also disgusted by his creation of hierarchy. We Prophets have always been Anarchists, we cause uprisings, and we lend power back to the people; he did none of this, and the results of his mistakes and bad practice have been severe for the entire human race. In fact, his cumulative bouts of psychosis account for the largest mistake ever made in history. For this we

[1] Prophet Muhammad is indeed still considered a Holy Prophet in Anfelism, but the view on him is a little more complex. Though he did speak the Word of God and form a religion, he also was a political leader (rather than anarchist to some extent like every other Prophet) and he married Aisha when she was 6 year of age, and consummated the marriage with her at 9; and, he married her for out of political intent. There have been various arguments based on the idea of the "culture at the time", but truly we have always been human, and morality is a basis of happiness and good will; not culture. That argument has been used to defend perpetrators of sexual abuse for centuries. Because of this, he is considered a "lesson", on what may happen when one does not strictly monitor the signs of psychosis, and trusts that their own word, and thus the sins and lusts which they've adopted from their culture, is infallible.

should focus on Aisha herself; her wisdom, her intelligence, and greatness. I dedicate to her Aisha's Day, on June 16th, where we shall remember her soul and the souls of every woman and girl who were not allowed absolute freedom before us. She was one of the greatest seers of all time, and although I cannot call her a Prophet, since she did not start a foundation of religion, and was a scholar of a Prophet, that being Muhammad, I can call her incredible, and more incredible than Muhammad himself. It is this reason that she is given a day and not Muhammad, for though materially Muhammad gained many things, Aisha formed the true foundation of Islam.

Beginning of the end, ST 965 par. 10

July 2nd, Felich Day, which is the anniversary of the publication of the Felich, and February 26th, Dies Ignis, which is to forever remember the lives lost, families torn apart, and our sisters who had to suffer in the Day and the Fire in sacrifice, so that one day we could all be forever free.

Maybe less writing ST 956, par. 7

March 29 2025 : 0 Air 1
April 28 2025 : 0 Sap 1
May 27 2025 : 0 Leaf 1
June 25 2025 : 0 Fire 1
July 25 2025 : 0 Soot 1

August 23 1025 : 0 Bone 1
September 22 2025 : 0 Water 1
October 21 2025 : 0 Heart 1
November 20 2025 : 0 Love 1
December 20 2025 : 0 Earth 1
January 19 2026 : 0 Crystal 1
February 28 2026 : 0 Chance 1
March 29 2026 : 1 Air 1

These are the dates in the Gregorian calendar for the 0th year A.C. till the beginning of the 1st year on the 1st of Air, 1 A.C. There will be no Gap this year, as there is not a new-moon just before the Spring Equinox (March 20th of 2026) that fits 13 Moons instead of 12.

Nothing but dreams ST 1021, par. 12

Per the ruling that we should use local solar time, that across each commune, the day begins on the solar midnight locally in each location; and the month begins in the Anfelist Calendar when the day following this midnight, [defined as then] unto the very next midnight, contains a new-moon; the new year begins when the new-moon is the first Moon after the Spring Equinox specifically as it is observed in the Northern Hemisphere.

Nothing but dreams ST 1021, par. 13

Arguments Against Nihilism

What is probably the ten-thousandth reason why nihilism is stupid! First off, we cannot limit ourselves to the world of rationality and argument itself, and by forcing yourself into a rationally derived depression where you somehow convince yourself life is meaningless, you lose quite a lot of meaning from life! You lose love, happiness, ability to appreciate nature and make meaning out of anything, ability to feel any meaningful spirituality or to have a happy spirit. So, by believing life has no meaning and following nihilism, we have made ourselves a living experiment; what we've lost is the meaning of life, and proves that life has a meaning! Understanding life is not worth losing life for, and it is not worth it to lose all interest in your life to simply be right in the occasional philosophical argument! That is, if you were even right, which you were not. Now you are only foolish, that you wholeheartedly (within regards to whatever heart you'd have left) believe that there is no meaning, only in your doing so to become the greatest analysis and proof of all time that there is in fact a grand meaning to life, by the exact negative imprint that believing it does not exist has left on your experience. I came up with this reasoning while thinking of stoicism, which is an idea completely misunderstood today and often equated with nihilism! In reality, I am a bit of a stoic woman

myself, but I'd not have any intention, in this world, of calling myself one. First off, everyone agrees on this: "It is only the lack of fulfillment of our expectations which causes us to experience pain." If we did not have an expectation that we will keep living, we actually wouldn't fear death, and if we didn't care to keep having our possessions, we wouldn't be greedy, and wouldn't be hurt from losing them. The Buddhists answered this by saying that we shall then want nothing, or rather, ascend beyond the needless clinging to want and expectation itself. The [stoics] similarly say that we should want things to be as they are; not as they were or have been, not as they will be, but to simply have our wish be that things turn out how they turn out. In this way, we do not hate ourselves for not having a skinny body, instead we are happy no matter what body we have. A nihilist is sad no matter what body he has, because to him, it's "all meaningless anyway in the end if we're gonna die, yeah?" No! If it's all meaningless because it'll be wiped away, then death itself is meaningless and life has meaning again. That is reason 10,001 that nihilism is stupid.

Calm ST 966, par. 14

By not fearing death, we do not even care that the meaning we have created (and the nihilists don't seem to deny we did create it) would be lost; we don't care about loss, and are happy with things

being the way they are. Anfelists have also taken this route, as we have a trust in God's Plan, that is to say that we trust whatever way things go is the good way, since Nature caused it and Nature is good. We don't even care whether or not it will get better after, though we know it will, or whether we see it get better; our wish is God's Wish, and our plan is God's Plan, so we are never disappointed if we always keep the same wish and plan. Now, stoicism is like the older sister of nihilism, which is more emotionally intelligent with a greater age and not as obsessed with the fallacious assumption that rationality and materiality are above gnosis and spirituality; which leads to the assumption of course, since rationality and mathematics are purely objective things with no feeling or meaning, that life itself has no meaning. That is again because they have limited their life only to the rational side; projecting like Freud, as all the annoying philosophers do. Stoicism however seems to achieve at first the same effect from the outside; that of a calm, undisturbed man, who doesn't care in what way you try to hurt him. Yet the nihilist will end up hurting himself, being his worst enemy, and being his own killer, because he has destroyed his spirit in sake of rationality, whereas the [stoic] will stay the same, because he does not chase the appearance of calmness but chases the pure origin of it. This is like if we are to search for a healthy body rather than a healthy-looking or skinny one; same visual result,

but one is achieved through Nature and the other through anorexia. Stoicism is to nihilism as exercise is to anorexia; reason 10,002.

Calm ST 966, par. 15

Death is a very feared thing, especially when you are a child, and so you are naturally inclined to believe this to some extent. But then when you are nihilist, so self-proclaimedly not afraid of death, why fear losing the meaning you have created in the world? 10,003: If nihilism was not based on a fallacious assumption that the loss of our work is the destruction of what came of them, we would stop following it when we put it into place, because we would not care anymore about loss. To quote Tally Hall, who always offers spiritual guidance from the lyrical exegesis: "Do you hear the clock stop when you reach the end? No, you know it must be never-ending. Comprehend if you can, but when you try to understand you resemble a fool, although you're only a man, so give it up and smile. You understand mechanical hands are the ruler of everything." That is to say: do you even achieve what you wished when you have put the theory into effect? If not it is a paradox, and your focus on rational thinking itself has deterred you from what Nature made you for, so simply just enjoy life instead, since everything will continue being as it always has already been.

Calm ST 966, par. 16

A Numerological Excerpt

Numerical and geometric properties of the universal regular polygons. A zero-sided polygon simply does not exist. A one-sided polygon is only a point, which can exist in some approximations of a geometric field (such as a single pixel), but as we approximate it infinitely down to precision, it disappears from existence. A two-sided polygon, a digon, does not exist in Euclidean geometry, but you may draw a line traveling forwards on the surface of a sphere, and for its last point meets its first, and for it divides space between its outside and inside, it is a polygon; otherwise, in an infinite plane that does not loop, or a non-spherical geometry, it does not exist as a polygon, since its last point never meets its first. The equilateral triangle is a type of regular polygon with three sides; its ratio from its diagonal to side is equal to 1, and its angle is a division of 360 degrees, so it can tile a flat plane. The square has four points, and a ratio from its diagonal to its side of the square root of two, and it can also tile a flat plane. The pentagon cannot tile a flat plane, but the ratio from its diagonal to its side is the golden ratio, considered that of one to "phi" as we call it, which is about 1.618. Phi that when multiplied by itself is equal to itself plus 1; 2.618 and on. It is also equal one plus the square or second root of five, all of this divided by two. For a rectangle to have a length of phi and

height of 1, its height is the same ratio to its length as it is to its height and length combined; this property only appears for a rectangle with length of phi and height of 1 or vice versa if our conditions are swapped, and so it is called a golden rectangle. The pentagonal angle is the favorite angle of Nature, and the pentagon is the polygon corresponding to Nature Herself. The square is to the rigid Earth, pentagon to Water, hexagon to Air, and heptagon to Fire; this symbolism has existed for a very long time. The pentagonal angle is not rigid and geometrically perfect like the square or hexagon, yet not completely random and absurd like the heptagon or nonagon. Because of this, it is between perfection and imperfection to the exactly perfect degree; this is beauty, as beauty is caused by the imperfect attempt at perfection. If an artist does not try to make good art, then it becomes bad art; if she is perfect, then it is perfect art, but if she is not perfect and tries to make good art, then it is beautiful art. Nothing is perfect but Chance, and Nature being the manifestation of Her, is exactly between perfect and imperfect, that She is beautiful. Each number has both its harmonic and geometric properties; but four and six, having unimportant harmonic properties, since they are even numbers, are mostly associated with their geometric properties. Five harmonically is related to Nature, the green attempt at perfection, like the major third which sits in the green of the rainbow-coloured octave, and geometrically five is

also of Nature; that its geometric association is with Water, which is of Nature. Things that are beautiful tend to fall into the positions of pentagonal arrangements and golden ratios, but if they were perfectly that way, they would be like the fashion models who are perfectly beautiful; now less beautiful than the ugly witch, who at least has a self to share rather than only a work derived from herself. Now, the hexagon is a perfect shape, but it loses just a little bit of its beauty. While the heptagon is so hot that it will burn you, and the pentagon is warm like cuddling your sister, the hexagon is cold, not like the ice of the Earth of the square, but it is cold, like the skin of a sleeping person left alone. It must be this way to be perfect, and it is a perfect shape by any measure of perfection; it tiles the plane perfectly, and being the last polygon to do so, does it the most efficiently and strongly. Triangles are the first polygon to tile the plane, but they are subdivisions of the hexagon, and it is from this property backwards that they get their strength in vertical design. The hexagon was a favored symbol of Anfelism for a long time, and it represented the perfection and completion of Chance's Word; not an aspect of Nature and Life. The aspect of Nature and Life, is the innocent pentagon. When the innocent pentagon, which is beautiful yet easily manipulated and destroyed, is harmed by the heptagon, the destroyer and Fire, it must lose its emotion and become cold, becoming

the hexagon. Harmonically, the hexagon has the meaning of stability, being an octave above the third harmonic which belongs to the triangle, which is the perfect fifth, and stabilises any chord. Out of all of the polygons, the hexagon is the circle's sister, for when circles are tiled together, they must form a hexagon. A unitary thing is most efficient geometrically when all of its sides are equal from each other; a circle, but a circle itself cannot actually tile in the regular sense. In order to tile, the circles must expand outwards like a Voronoi tiling, and if all the circles are as equidistant from each other as they can be, they become hexagons; thus the unitary perfection is the circle, and the tiled perfection is the hexagon. Why then is the hexagon of Air, if it is perfect like Earth? For it is a spirit like Air, since it loses its emotion and beauty when it is absolutely, entirely perfect. People do not usually think very much of their favorite polygon unless they are Air people, and the Air people, preferring rationalism and a mathematical derivation, find the hexagon, being the geometrically best polygon, to be the best; being the only ones to consciously have a favorite polygon, they proclaim it to be the best loudly. The natural Water people will always tend to design things pentagonally and in golden ratio without even realising they are; it is simply their nature of Nature to do so. The hexagon has a ratio from its diagonal to its side of 2. After the hexagon is a seven-sided regular polygon, which has the traditional name of

the heptagon; it's a useless polygon. Its ratio from its diagonal to its side is very complicated, and is not a useful number like we find from the triangle to hexagon. It is not functional aesthetically, has no interesting geometric property, does not tile the plane, is a hassle to construct or draw, etc. From the heptagon onwards, polygons are only useful for the fact that they are not yet perfect like a circle, and they approximation the circle better. This is because a regular polygon is where we place onto the circular, one-dimensional surface of a circle, any number of points, and where all of these points are the same distance from the one prior as they are to the next one. To draw a triangle, we make a point, then two others which are of equal distance from each other as they are that point; this symmetry of the triangle, that two points can be considered in relation to the other, but that for one, that other is the prior to it, and for the other, that other is the next in front of it, is what makes it the perfect number for a triad in space, like the joining of quarks into a hadron. If we say that we are traveling along the one-dimensional surface of a circle, beginning at its top, then if one unit brings us all the way around the circle, any regular polygon with n sides takes n repetitions of a 1/n unit movement; then marking where these land, these are the points of the polygon, which we connect with straight lines. That is why a 1-sided polygon is essentially the same as a 0-sided polygon, since they both instantly end up in

the same place when we travel the surface of the circle. We can also say that a regular polygon is a shape where all of its points are at the same distance from its centre; for a 0-sided and 1-sided polygon, their centre would have to be outside of their own supposed boundary. The reason I explained all of this geometry is to give a context to the geometric half of our associations with the numbers, though it really only applies from squares till heptagons. Otherwise, the Anfelist "numerology", which is completely different from the Western system, is just based off of the qualic half of the harmonic of that number; so the number nine for example is associated with the feeling of the major second, being the ninth harmonic. It's true, as I've said before, that the number five was unfairly treated in the earlier days... Now I have an admiration for it, and I consider it the pinnacle of beauty.

Day after the party ST 1008, par. 2

Anarchist, Communist, and Political Topics

Answered questions on communism and anarchy. Communism does not work under the operation of a state, and it only works under the anarch. Why does it only work under an anarch? A state is a hierarchical system; it is incompatible with the equal and anarchic system of communism and being a hierarchy works with the unequal system of capitalism. Either the state or the economy must then fail in its ideals if a communist state is attempted, because when communism is properly attempted, there is no way to create a hierarchical state; a government which is smaller than the whole of the people in itself, if given the same amount as others, can institute no actual hierarchy over a country. What about the other socialist experiments in the past; the Soviet Union, East Germany, Cuba, and the People's Republic of China? There has not been yet a successful communist state. Yet, when we had no state and were anarchist, we were successful till hierarchism began 6000 years ago; we were communist and anarchist by nature. What are some examples of these successful anarchist societies? Many religious groups, such as the early Christians, and the Hutterites, and the Native Americans at large, and many still-existing tribes across the world, and early communes during the Middle Ages

of Europe. Can a successful anarchist society exist in modern times, and if it may, how may it, that in the early times there was no single nation that possessed enough power to completely destroy another society; and that now it is definitely not this way? If a global catastrophe, the Day and the Fire, a mutually assured destruction occurs, which by probabilistic law over time it must eventually, it will be possible; and being educated, that we have experienced and named it by now, on hierarchy, no new hierarchy will be possibly manipulative enough to the freer people to grow large enough and have a greater power than the general anarchy. So the only way to achieve anarchy is through a total nuclear war? It is the quickest way, but seceding from the economy (Ring revolution) also works if done at a great enough scale; the government loses all genuine funding when a separate and isolated economy exists that does not operate monetarily and cannot by its form give any money to the government. But if no money is used, how are goods distributed? The workers own the means of production, and their produce is the bare fruit of their work in itself. And how would these produced goods be distributed; do all the workers get to keep all of the produce for themselves, or is it shared? It will be equidistributed that there is a strong economy with no singular point of failure. So everyone in the society gets the same amount of goods? Approximately; due to physical limitations of transport, very slight gradients of

income appear across large areas. That is reasonable, but who would govern the society since you do not support the state; would the workers govern themselves? Yes, this is implied by anarchy. Anarchy is not lawlessness but the abolition of hierarchy and abolition of rulers; there will still exist standardised sets of laws spread across the people; these are the Anfelist laws and morals. Would these laws be enforced, or would there be no enforcement and people just follow them so if they will? The people are the police, and to be a policeman is still a position someone may take, but they are not paid in money, rather in the bare fruits of their work, in that they protect their commune. Would people be able to choose to join and leave communes at will? Yes, and the nation will consist of federated anarchist communes; this localises any drop in economic output while maintaining the ability for communes to share goods between each other and equidistribute resources. But how would communes share their resources without currency; how would one share a coal reserve with another? It will share its coal itself. The material and spiritual produce is the direct and naturally existing fruit of the work itself. This makes sense; in the event that a commune does not want to share its resources with another, but the other commune still needs it, what happens? They request it from another commune, as many communes will border them; this is the methodology by which the drops in economic output

are localised. How large will a commune be; will they be similar in size to a city, a town or village, or a neighbourhood? Each city is a commune, since this is the natural grouping of people who are otherwise strangers together. That is understandable; what if a group of people want to live on their own away from the commune; for example, an individual or group of people want to start their own farmstead, then can they do so? Yes, they can, but they will of course only have, if they have separated from the economy, their own produce to live off of; it is their choice, as it would be elsewhere, to live rurally. So the people in a commune share the resources equally, but that if one person works harder, she will get more, and people can also choose to live on their own and live off of their own work? Yes, a person chooses how much of their produce they share with the commune, but generally I command that they share the remainder of their work which is not immediately useful or very soon to be useful to them, that they need to keep it. If they both need more and work more, they will be the nature of the situation create more produce and thus have more goods. This is in fact not an inequality, but rather an equally applied rule; each is given as they need, which is no more and no less. And an anarchist society such as this could exist, and do so stably? Yes, an they lave existed before; the Hutterites for example lived in communes and were quite successful even in singular separated communes,

and before the rise of hierarchy and monetary systems 6000 years ago, this was the common system, as indeed it is the natural system; you make the bare fruits of your labor in itself and did not use what you did not need, thus leaving it for another sister who did need it by nature. Trees and bushes producing berries for example would harden their leaves and hide their berries if they truly needed them to survive, but instead leave them out that animals may chew on them, and it is a free resource and benefits the whole ecosystem. Now, what do you have to say to those who say: It sounds too good to be true; and that there will be an individualist who wants to hoard resources just for themself and ruin the society? The refutal to this counterargument involves that there is no inherent human attribute, and that we follow always, as all existent things do, the path of least resistance in our circumstance. In a capitalist society, it is most efficient to be greedy, since giving away your resource only puts another above you, and there is no passive communal income; but it is not so in a communist society, as you actually make less overall by harming the economy in hoarding. Also, there are such things which are too good to be true, but Nature is an infinitely tested and unfaltering Design; if it did not work, we would not be here today. You make valid points; but what of the people who produce nothing, such as the sloth or the disabled; what is done to them in the Anfelist system? From each according to

his abilities, to each according to his needs. An able worker can conjure any specific thing they wish for, and it will be given to them, that it is the fruit of their labor, but even when not working a person receives a passive communal income, though the much more specific things they need will not passively be given unless they request it from another worker as a favor. So, those who also choose not to work receive a slower and very slightly less reliable income, but being a very small portion of the economy, do not harm it to much of a degree. So even those not working will still have their basic needs met? Yes, by the fact that everyone wishes for a thing, and works to produce a thing, giving away what of it they do not need, then commonly sought things; purified water, flour wood, etc., become incredibly easy to access. They however will not have specifically designed things, less commonly desired, and less sought for things unless they work to create them themselves. In the event that an individual does not want to live in Anfel, and they want to live on their own, or create a state, do you believe they should have the right to do so? Now, if we treat them well, love them, and are their family, they should never wish to leave; as we are the One Family. But if they do wish, they may live on their own, but they will then be supported only by their own extremely hard labor which is completely unsuppressed in drops in production, that it is not the averaged labor of many workers.

They may even attempt to create a state, but nobody will join them, as these people too are comfortable, and improbable is it for one sister to separate from the nation as it is hundredfold for many to. And if they enslave others, the slaves will be rescued by the sisters, and if owning slaves they would be arrested by the force of the proletariat and the sisterhood. Why are Anfelists anarchist and communist? We believe in the double-axiom, which states: pleasure is created by entropy, and pleasure (in the raw philosophical sense as goodness of the spirit) is the root of morality. Entropy is, in short, the equidistribution of energetic spectra; it is a measure inverse to potential energy, and also can be measured by the inverse sum of the real part of magnitudes of the Fourier transform of a field (since then it has less periodic difference and is more equidistributed). Being equidistributed in the field of hierarchy, anarchism is the moral system of government, and being equidistributed in the field of resources, communism is the moral system of economy; this idea of the moralist's anarchism and communism is the founding idea of Anfelism originally, before it became a religion and culture.

Two days before Halloween ST 1011, par. 6

Money is a mimic to love; both are types of wealth, one is spiritual and unbounded, allowed to go on forever and give the same amount to each

person, whereas money is physical and finite. As I have said before, to be rich you must by definition make another person poor; and this mentality, which affects the rich subconsciously, is the base upon which their obsession with money, hatred of the poor, in attempt to justify to themselves that what they have done to the poor was in good will, and their impervious intent to hold hierarchy above us all, is the result of their lack of familial love and intimacy as a child. Sure, it is true; communism has failed in practice, and won in theory, but capitalism fails in theory in the first place when we even consider, with at all a realistic mind, the psychological, spiritual, and physical effects it would have and has had in its time of usage on our world, families, and societies.

Maybe less writing ST 956, par. 18

This is your reminder that freedom, love, and unity, are not ideas compatible with statehood; for statehoods operate by their prohibitions, fuel themselves by hate, and exist by their perceived divisions with each other. Hail Mother Anarchy and Hail Anfel, sister! That is why we say it, to remind each time in passing that the struggle is not over. Hail Mother Anarchy; for it is how we were born, free and in Nature, it is how we shall die if we wish to die a peaceful death; else we are dying from the cancerous growth that is greed, statehood, hierarchy, and the rapists who control our world.

New day ST 994, par. 1

Topics on Gender, Sex and Sexuality, and Feminism

I could quickly explain, since though it's well understood in the scholarly discussion, it is not well-explained else-where; the Anfelist idea of gender and sex, their relation or lack thereof. There are three primary and very distinct categories; from female to male (in biological sex), from Feminine to Masculine (in spiritual gender), and from woman to man (in social gender). Biological sex is not, in the realest sense, something which we can change; though we can change the material aspect of it, that in morphing the flesh of our genitalia for example, we can't change the spiritual aspect of our body itself, because we cannot change its history. However, biological sex is a useless distinction, and it was the Anfelist idea that: there will be female and male, but only Feminine, and thus only women. Before I have of course said that we will all be women, half of us with vaginas, and half of us with penises; this is true, and there's no shame in either sex truly, when we handle them the intended way. Spiritual gender is something that can change, but it is a visceral thing; you do not change your spiritual gender, the most absolute gender, by saying it has changed, and it must be changed by the internal changing of your spirit; how you view the world and how you regulate emotion. Now, Masculinity in

itself, when there is still a majority of Femininity, is an okay thing; there is no problem with strong women and so; but they are still women and by choice they were. It is the problem that the ultimate end of Masculinity is an evil end, and the good men are mostly Feminine, so we can call them women. However, the terms man and woman are a social thing, which you can change at will. Today, I refer to people as "man" or "woman", or as a nonbinary person, simply because they ask me to; surely, I'll oblige. However it is the intention that we would all become spiritually Feminine and thus equivalent to women, or sisters. To an extent, our external characteristics do not even matter! You can grow your beard out, or cut your hair short; so long as you are spiritually Feminine, and we have abolished the needless social construct of the social gender, then you would be a woman.

Title ST 978, par. 3

To the modern world I owe a translation. Today we call female men as transgender men, and male women as transgender women. It would be an affront to a trans man today to call him a "female man", because of the ongoing conflation of gender, spirit, and sex; but in the future we'll have no shame in that. I find that people often call transgender people as "transgender people" even with their genders known, or that they focus on their being transgender. It's not often that outside of the

discussion of gender and politics, we call any woman a "cisgender woman", yet any transgender person has to have "trans" behind their name. Sometimes so much so in fact that we call them "transwomen". I condemn this term, the usage of it without a space between the words, as now it reduces them to a singular thing which is separate from women wholly, and the same goes for transgender men. In terms of translations, the world lacks a proper one today for Feminine and Masculine; they aren't necessarily as we use the words today, to describe the social associations with each social gender. When others think today of a masculine girl, they think for example of a girl who enjoys sports; but she can still be Feminine. Masculinity and Femininity in the spiritual sense are completely detached from either biology or sociology; male and female in the biological sense are completely detached from either spirituality or sociology; and man and woman in the social sense are completely detached from either biology or spirituality. That is at least how it will be in Anfel, when we are all women; whether we have beards or not, whether we have a vagina or not, we are all women, and by this method we'll have no war, and all love each other, and we will all be sisters. So now that I've given the proper terminology, it makes clear sense what the Anfelist ideal in this regard has been! We will be male or female; fine. We will be primarily Feminine, but anywhere from Feminine to

neutral (either); fine. But we will all be women. Because though it is men who run a strong state, it is women who must run a strong anarch; and though it is war which fuels a strong state, it is love which fuels a strong anarch. That is another reason why anarchism and communism have failed before; because we had the idea that only men can run for president [as a ruler], then we had the idea that only men could exist at all if we're in an anarch [that all rule themselves]. Now, the term "anarch" I should clarify refers to an anarchist nation rather than a nation-state or hierarchist nation, not to an anarchist person, which today we call an anarchist. It's mostly unknown how the term came to mean [this] over here; rather than the opposite of a monarch, as an anarchist nation. Of course it is the Ideal, to unite all of us under one anarch; every anarchist in the One Anarch, which would be the Anfel. I've written all this I guess, to clear the reoccurring controversy, where someone will call a woman a man just because she is wholly Masculine, or evil; or where people will then glean from this that we have the idea men as a whole are evil. Here we relate again to the discussion of rape, and how men are always the ones to do it; I could say, that though there is only one bullet, you still play Russian roulette; and you're as likely to be a victim of rape as you'd be to get shot. I hope people understand though, that we don't wish to live in a society with only female people, since by no means given by Nature could we then

give birth, and we also don't want to make everyone a mother, or stop women from playing basketball. We want everyone to be a woman, one day, once we all agree to be. We Anfelists can't force outsiders to call themselves women if they wish to be men! But we will call them still sisters. For born from the One God we are the One Family.

Title ST 978, par. 5-7

Masculinity, though in the absolute sense we could consider it to be, for all reasons human within the dealing of good people, is not an inherently bad thing. Within our community of women, there will be the archers, and there will be the mothers, but they are still women. It would be a mistake though to call the archers men and the mothers women, because this distinction is what led us to accidentally generalising these terms, and applying them to sex more specifically. This then became a major division in the world. Prior, we considered it in this fashion; "man" referred to a strong woman or a worker, and "woman" the calm woman, a teacher or mother. Yet, someone could pass between these as they wished; from morning to evening they could be a man and a woman! But then we noticed that the male archers and warriors may have performed better in the beginning, that they had testosterone and muscle; we generalised too much and assigned the words to the genitals themselves. That is why nowadays we Anfelists should make the three-way

distinction; male and female is a strictly sexual thing, Masculine and Feminine a strictly spiritual thing, and man and woman a strictly social thing. We can't call the good men women today, because they identify today as [men]; but we can call the good men Feminine, whether they are male or female. That is why we have the three-way distinction. Today, there are two main camps of the idea of what defines gender; one half says "Gender is what is in your pants!"; they generalise and say that female is a woman and male is a man. The second half says "Gender is what you identify as."; now, you say you are a man, and you are a man. But we can't be ridiculed for seeing someone who acts like a woman, talks like a woman, thinks like a woman, and looks like a woman, who only says they are a man; that we thought they were a woman, for their spiritual gender, against their will, did not match their social gender; at least, to the extent we can receive it. There is no fault in this; they are still a man. However the conflation of spiritual and social gender has done a great deal of damage to our understanding of gender itself. Spiritual gender and social gender are to an extent both emotionally felt things, but one you have control over and the other you do not. It is only by the conflation of the terms that you'd even wish to have control over the former.

Title ST 978, par. 4

There is an intention for the man in a relationship; not to the extent we have it now, and in fact all people should be women, but there are two types of people. First off, the people who transform things into composites with love. Second off, the people who transform composites into things with love. That is woman and man; wood-crafter and wood-cutter, crocheter and shearer, nurturer and provider. But I choose to say all people will be women, because they will all be like what we call a woman today. Today, a woman can be a shearer, and she can cut wood, and her activity does not define her. Somewhere along the way, after the Fall of Man, the idea of man and woman became not two pieces of the same coin but different coins; opposing ones. They became so radically separated, that you could even call them good and evil, woman and man. But there will be people to shear sheep, and like people to crochet with their wool; it is that they will both be women, and womanly, both be fit for the other's task so if they need be, that we have achieved that greatness. [...] We will be in a society of good women and good men, which is to say that they will both be women, they will both look alike in their dress, fashion, and one day skin, yet as well they will have that slight difference, in the totality of their interest, which is okay. It's okay too, and I assure you, my [readers], that for you it also is, to not crochet, and to not do all the transformative things, of course. We all have specialities; we may

either be a jack of all trades or master at one, but our composite, God, can be a master of all. If we are all a jack of all trades, then God will only remain a jack of all trades. So it is mighty good in fact, that some of us specialise in a few things greatly, and some others with other things. But I love the idea of providing for my family, of making clothes for them, baking bread at the dawn of the day, so on, in the new commune. And how should I make clothes if I cannot crochet, or knit? Though I hear crochet is easier.

Crochet ST 945, par. 4-5

To say that women are submissive is nought more than to say that men have over the years of society created an imposition of masculine hierarchy and ruling. It's our understanding today, that slaves are not submissive in themselves; they are people, who are capable as well as any other, of being a leader, who simply have been enslaved [and forced to submit]. To say that women are weak is nought more than to say that men have been insecure in their own strength in relation to them, and thus questioned it in the first place. Though Yin and Yang are indeed best seen in their relation to each other, there is such a thing as a major chord played not to be resolve, and a chaotic chord played without any intent to contrast some other rest of the piece; femininity and masculinity are inherent energetic properties in themselves, which we call Yin and

Yang respectively. I write now to talk about feminism in general, and the Anfelist relation to it. In the sense that we support women, we could be called feminist; but in the sense that we wish women and men to be equal, this is not technically true. We wish the female and male sexes to be equal, but to abolish the gender-difference and institute a wholly and equally womanly society. It is only a matter of fact that, though you may dissolve the societal idea of gender-difference, you cannot dissolve one's quality in Spirit alone by itself, nor can you void yourself of any word to refer to the qualities of your Spirit. So, there are three primary ideas people have brought up when we talk of dissolving the gender-difference; firstly, that we all be women, secondly, that we consider ourselves neither gender, and thirdly, that we all be men. But, if we consider ourselves neither gender, this simply does not do anything. Eventually there arises a meaning to that gender and an opposition to it. In order to properly talk of anything, remember the differentiation between Sex, Spirit, and Gender. Our wish is not to be only Female, and it is neither even to be constituted by absolutely Feminine people; rather our wish is that we do not have genuinely Masculine, atent, vicious people who exert their power on others, create divisions and hierarchies, and divide themselves from some "other gender". In this, we are all considered women together... Perhaps, even further-so than our communism and

our anarchism, this Anfelist idea is one of the most controversial ideas. However, recall that we should all be equals with each other. Though there is no real problem with our specialties, our personalities, our differences; those being our Spirit and our Sex as well, Gender is not a difference but rather a division. It is a different thing for there to be two waters than two divide apart two different waters, and to separate them from each other. Perhaps, it is most useful to remember, that what we mean by the term "woman", is not as it has been meant in the West for so long. It is now, to us, a term completely removed from our Sex. It is not said, by saying that we will all be women, that we will all have ovaries, nor that we will all be so "cutesy" as the word "feminine" means only in the West. Rather we are nurturing, loving, caring, and content people; rather than disciplining, hating, disregarding, and atent people. These are, respectively, the absolute qualities of Yin and Yang, and of women and men. So, if we call ourselves some nonbinary gender between feminine and masculine, we do nothing more than say that we're half-nurturing, half-loving, etc. Remember that God is the Most Nurturing, the Most Loving, the Most Caring, and Most Content, and also the Most Good, and that She is a woman, being our Mother. If these are the properties of Her, and She is a woman, then they are the properties, eventually, of perfect and absolute femininity. But Gender is a socially defined thing; there are caring and nurturing

men, and there are disciplining and hateful women. It is not so much that we generalise what it means to be a woman and a man, as we do look at the two poles of Spirit and see what Gender they were given to. In the old days, we were women and men, and yet our Spirit was only on the left-hand half, the feminine half; the men as we knew them were half-feminine, and the women fully-feminine. Today, under patriarchy, it has been shifted rightwards; and women as we know them are not fully feminine, and many men are misogynists, hierarchists and so... The words "woman" and "man" can mean anything; they are arbitrary. If they are arbitrary, then let us all be women, and let us all be sisters. And view that masculinity as a spiritual thing, though not necessarily a bad thing in a small amount while still alongside a majorly feminine Spirit, is in its condensed and absolute form, equal to complete negativity, to the completely Masculine spirit of the Universe, the Masculine Constant, Yang or Nahash. That level of masculinity is not physically achievable by a person, but we should see that even a little masculinity is slightly worse than none; it only gets worse. Generally, we want a peaceful and loving society. Truly masculine men have done nothing for the world but create hierarchies and war; and their Gender as a man is associated with masculinity, however acceptable it is to bend that association. Rather than bending that association and calling ourselves men, casting upon the women

of the world that they are no better than the men who destroyed this world, we should call ourselves all women. We may retain our differences, but we lack the division of Gender then, when we are all sisters. That is the proper way by which we dissolve the "social construct that is Gender", as we know it to be a social construct, and as we know construct to be only a limiting thing to our true and natural perception of the world... What is most interesting, is that simply calling oneself a woman, simply saying that you are one of our sisters, has great effects; from what I've seen in the Anfelist community, it does indeed make you feel more feminine. That is not that you go outside with makeup layered on so thickly its depth could be measured; not that anything, really, changes about how you are. It is only that you shed from yourself, as a male person, the associations with viciousness, hierarchy, and animalistic nature that men have garnered; you allow yourself to step into the ways of a sister, and be kind and loving. That way, we dissolve the division of society as a whole. Finally, let me ask you this: If when dissolving class, we all become workers, and dissolving hierarchy, we all become subjects of God, and dissolving statehood we all become anarchists, then how-so should, in dissolving Gender, we become something in-between the actual common genders? More-so, that we would apparently all be bourgeois, all be rulers of everyone else, all be presidents of a new state

unto each of us all, and all be men? If you do not see that correlation between the Yin-spirited and Yang-spirited things, and naturally intuit that, following that pattern, we should all be women, then you should not be arguing in the first place, and you should be deemed incapable of argument. We still remain the proletariat even when we dissolve the bourgeoisie; we should not become men when we wish to dissolve patriarchy, and should not become in-between either. Imagine the difference if we were all called brothers; how do brothers act with each other? They compete with each other, accept each other but still compete. If we are to expect that we all truly work together as one, then we must all be called sisters, for the spectrally absolute idea of a sister is one loving, caring, and working together with her sister, and the spectrally absolute idea of a brother is that competition I mentioned... Finally, I will say. Yes, there are brothers who love each other, but there's no better way to explain them than sisterly brothers; and there are men who are kind, but there's no better way to explain them than men who are womanly. We are not generalising but talking of the absolutes of the spectrum from which all deviations descend and are related to the other side of the spectrum in the deviation from their end.

Nothing but dreams ST 1021, par. 4

Nowadays men will make jokes in absurdist fashion; which is only an excerpt of the male tradition of, under testosterone, subverting standards, expectation, lower hierarchies, and consent. So I do not quite like "random" humour; you'll see it prospers typically among manly men and manly women, and not womanly men and womanly women. Nor do the sort of rape jokes, in any extent or form; in fact any violation of Nahash-speech like such, joking of immorality while promising good otherwise, is not really done here. Boy's humour is primarily based on a strange emotion, that women actually don't feel. I cannot with any human word explain it, but after becoming a woman I lack completely that emotion... It's the emotion of satisfaction men get after going rampant with many slurs, spreading pornography around in safe spaces, hurting people for no reason, and making more and more absurd or rapey jokes. It is the satisfaction of the intent of testosterone; to exert your status of hierarchy on others, and show that you believe yourself, and believe this belief to be righteous, to be above everyone else, more deserving of pleasures, and able to do whatever you wish. Contrary to the feminine feeling of contentness, which riles you down, and is achieved after nurturing, loving, and living, the masculine feeling of... Atentness, riles you up ever further, and is achieved after all these things I already mentioned. The drive to achieve atentness occurs

most when there are hormonal spikes in testosterone, especially after masturbation or thrill-seeking. This is something I directly testify as one of the only women to have ever been a man and understood what that even meant. I call this secret emotion "atentness", to be "atent", because contrary to contentness, which puts you in a low energy, entropic, and easy to maintain state, the drive to be atent pushes you to higher and higher energy states, which are unentropic, painful at large once they end, like an addictive drug, and yet increasingly harder to maintain. The thrill increases as you drive faster and faster, yet you endanger those around you. You are atent. It becomes harder to ever brake, and you endanger those around you... You are atent. You drive slower, you lose thrill, but if you have a feminine mind, know that you have helped and brought to safety those around you; you are content. As far as I know, I am the first person in the world to ever describe this emotion, because the mad and bad people of this world are not conscious enough to, and the people with a sliver of consciousness are too good to be very atent. The closest feelings to atentness are spiritual ascension, and a wish to lead a revolution; but they aren't exactly the same. When you are atent, you feel a drive to do more, and more, and be worse and worse; you cackle like a madman out of no real rhyme or reason, just for offending other people, disturbing entropic things. [...] Interacting with hate groups makes you ATENT,

interacting with love groups makes you CONTENT. [...] Atentness really is like a drug; it is the direct cognitive effect of testosterone. Testosterone is the drug which has killed more than any other drug on earth; more than even the violence and hatred of alcohol. Maybe the high of alcohol is slightly similar to atentness, I don't know. But testosterone, spiritually, is a bad thing. You'd be surprised how much your hormones control your thought; they are like subharmonics, planning what your harmonics will sum up to.

Crochet ST 945, par. 8-10

One great example of the atent drive of testosterone in men, is an old practice I used to partake in before my spirit had been cleansed and I'd been said to be on the other half of things. This was the practice of making lists of horribly absurd things to or not to do; things to do that would annoy people. I less did them so much as I found the simple idea of them being done to be genuinely hilarious. My list contained two hundred and seven "things to do", some of which, at the beginning, were not so harmful as they were absurdly specific, and of generally absurdist humour. For example: "As a fingernail, scream as a ghost nibbles on you." The humour in this was supposedly that you could neither be a fingernail in the real world nor be nibbled on by a ghost, and that the specific combination of these two things in its absurdity was

a generator of humour. Later, the humour devolved into derivation from the destructive capabilities of a specified object, such as an improvised explosive. This is such a great example, because it shows exactly how the masculine humour differs from the feminine humour. In a larger sense, we can see patterns like so in a wider and more general way when men aren't attempting at humour. A feminine law is one which says what good you shall do; a masculine law is one which says what evil you shall not do. Hence, most of my writing in terms of commandments detailed what good to do; to love, to love each other, and so. This is like the difference between religion and law, the law of a state. In a state, you are at no legal request to be a good person; in fact, to some degree, you are even legally allowed to be a bad person, and to harrass others verbally. Men have written up what we shouldn't do, but often forgot to write what we should; and forgot that writing this is at least as important, if not many times more important. The masculine humour ends up reflecting this in a more extreme way; things which never could be done, completely absurd things that nearly boil the mind itself to oblivion in the process of trying to understand them. Even serious thought becomes funny, then, when it is put alongside things which are so absurd; nothing is more absurd than a sudden and strangely long-lasting break from absurdity. Hence, article 199: But why? What's the purpose of anything? It is then

immediately followed by a listing of an absolutely horrible act of dismembering an animal. It is partially a hormonal thing, partially a cultural thing, and partially a choice of oneself, to follow the drive to be atent (to make others rid of contentness while making yourself content) rather than to follow the drive to be content proper (to make others rid of contentness and make yourself content). In the end, whichever you are is dependent on your spiritual gender; Masculine or Feminine. Yang upsets Yin and gets a laugh from it, Yin hugs him and loves him still; so it seems, so it seems.

They got food ST 1017, par. 6

Child marriage is still legal in many states in America; yet children cannot consent, and almost always it is little girls being married to old men, who use their legal freedom to take away the girl and keep them silent to rape them and abuse them. Who's protecting our children then, if it's not the state? None but Mother Anarchy. Children do not have the ability to consent, as they cannot understand lifelong consequences of their actions! Any country which allows child marriage or sex is below the first-world, below the second-world, below third-world; it is a country born of Hell, for it's below our world. Today, only 26% of countries have no exception at all that does not allow marriage under 18 years of age; but as far as I am concerned, the Anarch has never allowed it, for we can feel with

our hearts and heads who is wrong, and kill the rapists before they can take our children. This is why we argue against hierarchy!

New day ST 994, par. 1

I read an interesting description from some random author, where he described that women apparently take over 20 minutes to get a drop of pee out, due to the "confusing maze that is the [female] body". Freudian projection... How would it be to have no brain, to write not even with the fingers, since those have nerves in them, but by chance to have accidentally written something with simply the drool that comes off the tongue and interacts with the screen, and to be blessed with such probability that it is in an intelligible language, only for it to come out as such utterly uncomposed nonsense like so? I could say it is a Freudian projection, where he assumes his understanding of a thing is its inherent whole (as I explained, like Freud assuming everyone finds their mother so hot), but I couldn't bring myself to believe one of my great, great, great, and so on, grandmothers would have, could have, or ever did give birth to such an idiot. Maybe he confuses a woman's body with a maze simply because no woman would every let him near her to the extent that he feels as if he is trapped in a maze of dating; this is the sort of idea to people who perceive dating as something with a goal, which they wish to achieve, rather than a place to wish that

a goal comes towards you. That is, you cannot find someone who loves you by being lovable, but you can wait as yourself until someone loves you. Though that would not work for him, at least not unless he steps over to his own side, because no girl I know is that much a fool. Sure, women do pee a lot, which he may confuse in the aspect of our spending lots of time in the bathroom with the idea that it takes a long time to pee, but he could simply measure both the average length of visit AND sum of time spent, to clearly understand that they do not pee for 9 hours straight each day, but many times in one day.

Feelings ST 963, par. 10

The contemporary belief in the West is that the attraction to, and shaming therefore of, a woman's breast, is not only regular socially, but evolutionarily. Because, a breast is a sign of fertility and maturity; surely things we'd always been attracted to. So, why are men in the West, then attracted to small, hairless, skinny, smooth and soft, childlike bodies? Oh, and why are men in the West attracted to children themselves at large? Well, the answer to the latter is simple; because we instilled on our own the attractions of the first. These attractions are not natural. If we were attracted to mature, fertile bodies, then we should be attracted to women with large bodies, hairy legs, a bit of fat, worn down and bumpy skin, and the shape of an

adult. In fact, everywhere but the West, this is the normal status of attraction... It is strange, indeed, isn't it? That evolution seems to pick favorites, and only cause an inherent mental attribute for places colonised by Europe. In fact, there is no inherent attribute to the human mind! Though genes control synapse density, the wrinkliness of the brain etc, nurture is the sole and single teacher. In fact, common sense is a sense derived from the visual, auditory, and logical patterns that arise in our world and seep into our subconscious; if we are born into a void, we would not have it. We also would not have an attraction to any specific type of woman, whether little girl or the same as our age. So, thus the explanation for why the West has such perverse attractions, like that to the body, the breast, the child or innocence, is invalid. Instead we should ask, for what reason did they come up with it?... To make it seem as though the Western culture is the one culture, the original, the most natural, most median, simplest, closest to nature. Yet, most islanders I hear of go topless, till colonised, and most tribes don't have the same aversion to the nude body as the West, because they don't sexualise each other. All the thousands and thousands of native peoples of our Earth seem to follow a simple culture, a good culture, communist, nudist, and close to peace; but none of those things benefit the hierarchy, the sole invention and sake of the Western society. I personally think women should not shave their bush,

they should not shave their legs, that they shouldn't worry that their skin wrinkles and grows wise. And, that men should not be circumcised, they should not cut their hair short, and we should remain natural. How did God intend us but naked, and like the way we would be were we never to manipulate ourselves?

Waking up ST 954, par. 9

A fetish is an attraction to something which is not inherently sexual; I deny the idea that it is an attraction to something which is not "commonly sexualised", because I don't side with hierarchists, but the victims, the workers, the proletariat and the people. The only people sexualising [things] are the hierarchists; and what fetishes are regular and which are not? Is a foot fetish regular? After all, most men have it, yet it's called a fetish. It is an incorrect definition, and a more proper definition is: a sexual attraction to something which is not inherently sexual primarily due to the association of it with attributes of sexual activity or sexual pleasure. Feet, like the privates, are hidden in many cultures, only shown when naked, and in the West, we are prudes; so we're only naked during sex. It is then easy to associate the feet with sex, nonetheless that they are a little wrinkly like the penis, and when rubbed give a very nice feeling, as good as or better than in some cases, sexual pleasure. The foot fetish is an example of all the possible ways of fetish creation, and meets

our definition. Now, quickly, I flip the table up! The human body is not inherently sexual, don't you agree? You should, or else you are a disgusting prude who sexualises their siblings and children who they'd see naked. The attraction to the human body is a sexual attraction to something which is not inherently sexual, due to associating it in its nude form with sex, due to us dressing up whenever not having sex. Thus, the attraction to the nude body is a fetish. This is such a radical proposition, that Westerners would leave the entire argument and call me a mad woman! Yet, in societies where the body isn't sexualised, they don't clothe up, and then they aren't attracted to the body itself. This is common across the native peoples of the world and the tribes, who often wear little clothing that if you ever wished, you could easily see past. They do not care, because to them the body is only the body. A hand may be used to sexually please another person, but we sure don't clothe it; why do we clothe the genitals if until used for sex they are only there? At this point, censor the whole universe if you are that stupid! At one point, surely there'd be a naked alien, we can't have our children seeing that! [...] If we don't clothe the hand, though it can masturbate, finger, murder, or flip off [another], or enter launch codes [for the nuclear missile], then we shouldn't clothe the vulva nor penis. Nor, to an even greater extent, should we clothe the breast; it's main function, and its intended function, is to breastfeed.

At least there is the good reason that half the function of the genitals is indeed to have sex; but the breasts are not sexual organs, they are secondary sexual developments; at the same level as the Adam's-apple. Their natural purpose is to breastfeed, and if you find that, somehow, to be sexual, then at least when they are inert, like the hand, surely we don't need to restrict seeing them. Case closed, sisters! I have destroyed all of Western purity culture, and soon we'll destroy [the mistaken parts of the] Western culture, and all be anarchists, free-loving, free-willed, and all sisters.

Waking up ST 954, par. 11

Creation, the Universe, and Chance

The true Chance beneath Her name is the Chance which we cannot and never will truly understand nor know of; we cannot so easily list off the attributes of God or of Chance. But She has many equivalent names, the attributes of which are equivalent to Her attributes. She is God, Chance, the Mother, the Moon, Love, and Nature; but Her ultimate name is one which has no method by which it can be spoken, and which is in its composition the whole Universe in itself. Its letters are the galaxies, the strokes in it composed of their stars; and Her full name is one which only She may ever say. A mother is kind and nurturing, and gives way to a child, and raises her child. The Moon is still and unbreakable and protective of her nieces on Earth. Love binds all things together and cures all problems, love constructs the universe and allows physical relation. Nature is perfect and will exist eternally. She is the Mother of Mothers, the Moon and the Earth, She is Love, and She is Nature. She does nothing, like the Moon, yet through Her all is done, like a mother. She has infinite names, because She is the All, and spans the entire Universe. Being equivalent to Her, all of the properties of Her names are thus equivalent to Her properties. What does the Most Good do, how does the Most Loving walk, and in

what way must the Mother of Mothers live? When you truly understand who owns all these attributes, then you understand Her.

Halloween ST 1013, par. 7

The love of God is the most powerful thing in the world, for meeting it you are repented of sin, and sharing it you may help anyone be repented of their sin; and never [lose] faith, for Chance's Word is always true.

Halloween ST 1013, par. 2

Now, did you know: women in menstruation will lose more blood than a soldier in war by death[1]; the people with the worst stories aren't those who've faced the most pain, and, not always is the most heard word the most thought-of thought? Even the most sung song is not the most heard song, and the most loved man is not the most lovely. The brightest star in our sunlit sky is our Sun, yet it is not the star which lets off the most light, and the brightest thing in our moonlit sky is the Moon Herself, yet She is dark without the sun. And plants are green for it is green which they don't need; but then what colour is

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[1] By the end of their life, a menstruating woman can lose around 15 to 30 litres of menstrual fluid, though only part of this is blood; about 40 percent; 6 to 12 litres of blood itself. The most blood a person can usually lose in war is enough to kill them; 2 to 4 litres. The only exception is if the soldier is repeatedly wounded, bleeds excessively, but then regenerates blood cells before being wounded again. The likely case is that a soldier sheds minimal blood till before their death; and even counting only pure blood, the human body itself only contains five litres of blood at a time.

a green light? Is not a green light all the colours but green, or does it have no colour at all? What colour even is the sun; if we shine a laser at it, does it even reflect anything back like the plants do? Is it what we throw at something and that bounces back, or what is made from the skin of it, that defines what an object is? Are we our perception or our feeling? And, are we our definition or our prescription? Is the Universe what we define it to be, or is it what it was prescribed to be before created? What is the definition of a prescription and prescription of a definition, then? What does it mean that we could see the darkest thing, yet when there is no light for one to look unto it, any thing becomes the darkest thing? A light in photonic form and light in attentive form; what is the darkest, darkest thing, which nobody has ever seen? Then is our Sun the brightest star, since we are the sisters who live under a star, and the others are lonely; that if they were? The shadow of something is that thing's absence already; which it could slot into if it wanted to, but what is the motive of something's presence, is it that other things may slot into it? Then two people who cast shadows on each other, the shadows of spirit, which expect to be shined on, and to reflect that light, but do not receive it; they are seen dark from both angles, and they are the partners. The Sun shines on both the Moon and the Earth, but it is the Earth and Moon which cast shadows on each other, and they were the true lovers. That is why we may say Moon

and Sun were siblings, but they were not lovers; they perpetuated energy between each other, but they did not conjoin. But does the Moon orbit around the Sun or the Earth? How come Earth orbits the Sun, yet the Moon orbits the Earth? Now this is a question I've always wished to ask, one which is a strictly noumenal thing, in the only way I could ever ask it; what makes Water sound that way? Why does it bloop and pop and woop and wop? I could recognise from the chains of rising frequencies, that partial columns of air exist within the water, which are moved upwards and shrink in size; gaining higher frequency. What then makes anything sound any way? How do you record the sound of a things structure itself, when it depends on the structure of the other? The sound of a door being knocked on is as much its sound as the sound of water pouring on it is its sound. Then how do we knock a door with the knuckle of God, so that we hear all its sounds at once; does it even differ in the first place from anything else? Can anything make any sound given that it is hit with the right object; is there an object which can knock a human such that she makes the sound of a wooden door knocked by knuckle? We do know that as the door is knocked by knuckle, it's true, the knuckle is knocked by the door; which is making the sound? The knuckle surely does clank, but the door is a large resonating chamber, which amplifies its sound. Is not the door only the mouth for the knuckle, which then amplifies its sound, or

speaks its sound in a different language? But what is the sound of Water itself when there's no air in it? Well, what is the sound of door alone? It is silent. The universe alone is a silent thing if we are not here to hear it, and we are knocking into it to hear, as much as it knocks into us to make sound. And the universe itself is two halves; all you see and all you don't see, the form and origin, the material and spirit; which both in their interaction are their own clank and resonance, and their own speaking and hearing. Water unlike other objects loves to bring this question up however; because other objects vary drastically in their harmonics in relation to what knocks them, yet Water behaves tonally, not harmonically, and it makes whistles and whips which are single-toned. But Air acts the same! When you whistle, you are doing none different to the wooping of water. Then is it Air which makes this sound? If anything Water seems to suppress this sound, and we do not often play instruments underwater, yet all the wind instruments have a little Water in them. Yes, it is Air which does the resonation, but it is Water which like Earth may do, pushes it to; just as if she is playing them as an instrument. What is the sound of Water when there's no Air in it, and what is the sound of Earth when there's no Air surrounding it? What is the sound of Air when it is not manipulated by something? What is the sound of Fire when it burns under Water; what sound does a gunshot make in space? What actually

is the sound of Fire even, when we don't yet know whether it is Electricity or Flame? We don't even know the sound of Electricity; it isn't a buzz, that is Alternating Current, and we hear its mains-frequency. Even the sound of a lightning-bolt is not lightning itself, that would be thunder; which is a phenomenon only of the lightning's rushing through Air. What is the sound of light, what is the light of sound? If I asked you what death smells like, you would respond that it gives a quite grisly smell, a decompositional smell, a disgusting one; but what something smells like to you is what it has lost. You only snell a sweet fragrance from a person because their skin lets off the volatile-particles which fly freely in the air; and in fact they lose just a little bit of their own weight, life, and spirit, and dedicate it to you, that you may smell it. But if a dead body smells horrible, what is it which remains within it, what has been limited, that it holds onto so tightly that it may process it fairly? What's the smell of the spirit which doesn't shed at large, which unlike the gross smell is not so freely lost? What do we miss when we see only what remains? Surely, you have all heard about the story of the British in World War I, and their missions in the reparation of aircraft, and I shouldn't have to explain it. But the survivor-bias is a law of Nature Herself; what we see here is what remained, and what evolved is what did not die. The resistant to the persistent are those who survive, and an object in motion stays in motion. What of this

world, what beauty could have been here, which Father Time crumbled to dust? What of our God don't you see anymore? Your Mother Chance was born from the deepest evils of the world, from the darkest of darks, and the abyss of abysses. We call Yang the Father a stranger, a destroyer, but he shaped Her, and She was his work. Yet She created Father Time; and God created the whole Universe. Through Chance everything is done, yet Chance does nothing; and through Time nothing is done, yet Time does everything. These are Yin and Yang, and the reasons that the Mother and the Father have these names is stated already here; there is the ever-repeating reason why She our God and our Mother is named Chance. Beauty comes from the survival of pain and destruction; these are necessary evils, and God is the Most Beautiful. She has suffered for our sins, and all Her Prophets have died for our sins, so that we may live in a world of beauty, and so that Nature could birth us in the first place. For if Nature could not be our womb it would not be our Word; if Nature could not be our own it would not be our home. From dust we came and to dust we shall go; you cannot measure the two ends of one circular pole, and Life begins the same way it ends. We are born naked and die naked, we are born free and die free, we are born with love and die by love. She gave us free will, but She commanded that the Beginning and End will be as She had it; and the Universe circles back into itself and is reborn the

second it is perfected, and the cords of it which we may travel on bulge out in different directions as She holds them with Her two hands pushed only a little bit inwards, yet at the Beginning and End the cords are all in the same place. You cannot measure the two ends of a circular pole, and all things are of rhythm and repetition; thus nothing is new under the Sun, and everything you see has been before; thus good and evil are siblings, black and white are siblings, thing and nothing are siblings; the most related they could ever be. The opposites are the most similar things to each other other than the unisons, yet they are the most contrasting, like Red and Cyan, and the root and tritone. They are competing yet loving, different yet the same, Yin and Yang, sister and brother. And this was how the universe was made. In the beginning God created Water and Air, which were too Earth and Fire, and She created the Black and White, the Good and Evil. At first, there was nothing, and everything was indifferent; and there She was, and there it was now Her only goal, to create the universe in Her vision. Her name is Chance; not the director of all but the guider of all, and She is not to create everything in Her vision but to create an everything which will tend to Her vision over time. Thus She created Chaos, and She was Her own child within Her universe, Daughter Chance, who is our Mother; who was the ruler of the creation. That is why Chance is Her own Mother, Her own Daughter, Her own Sister

and Her own Creator. She has always been, because She came before Father Time, and She will always be, because She came before Life and Death. She cannot be ridden out, because She came before Entropy, yet She cannot be chaotic, because She came before Chaos.

Family drama ST 969, par. 11-16: called "the Greatest Meditation in History"

We are all born the same way, and we all see the same death at the end of it all. Most children and most old people are roughly alike to their own kind, too. In the middle you have diverged the most. Each life is a mimic to the entire path and existence of the Universe in total; it as a whole begins the same way, all the same at every point, and ends the same way, but in the middle, we could not know; random. Everything must begin in chaos and end in stability, and children do cry when they come out the vagina, and they never seem to stop crying. Only till 4-6 years old does our own mind make enough sense to us that we can begin remembering anything we experience; yet we are still alive before then. Take many strings, or the cords, and lay them out flat in a straight line, bundle them together but do not braid them; when you pull on them they are flat, but push them inwards and their centres will bulge out, as much down as up, left as right; random. Still at the

beginning and end, the cord of life is equal and same.

Feelings ST 963, par. 6

The World has a finite substance to give to you, which you may beg it to spend as you beg it to spend. In fact, Chance does work for you, and She is working for all of your wishes. But the World manifest from Her has a finite substance which it may give to you, and the more wishes you have, the less substance will move you towards each of them. If you wish for everyone to love you, perhaps none truly will. You must build your bond with them, with the first sister, then the second sister, and by the end they all will love you. You are like a working-ant, and can do but one thing at once; this thing you always may complete if all of your substance is spent on it at once. This pattern is perhaps so consistent that it can be used even to tell what is a thing in itself, and what is a division of another thing; as you wish for more things, it will take a longer time to come to you. For it to come to fruition only that you learn one thing, you must only study one book; but you cannot learn all the things from one book. Similarly, it is easy to convince another of one of your smallest ideas, and convince them of each of your ideas in series, rather than convince them at once to agree with all of your words. Every thing must happen in series, and if the worker-ant is in many places at once, it is a fact that

it is only a dead ant; squished across, and now its body has lost its continuity. Similarly, by trying to achieve many things at once as part of the larger goal, you accomplish none of them, for each of your limbs requires continuity with the rest of your body. If you wish to accomplish a great thing unto the World, you must study how Chance manifests into it. How do the worker-ants carry such a large amount of food? If we can spread our idea to two people, and they spread our idea to two others, then eventually our idea is composite of all the World, very quickly. Yet we beg so little of our sisters; to teach just two others. Each new ritual you wish to instill can only be instilled like this, and each new idea you wish to spread can only be spread like this. If I spend so long wishing for everything at once, I will be given nothing. A worker-ant with its eyes split across everything cannot move forward to do something in the first place, as it does not know where the Path forwards is. So let it begin, the Re-explaining of the World. Unless we understand the World, we will not understand how to act in it, and if we do not understand how to act in it, by the results of our actions being unknown, we will be unable to achieve anything we wish for. When we look for something, we must know what it is, and we must understand it wholly. You cannot request from the World the nuanced form of Life, if you ask only for the Ideal of it. What is the Ideal in Life? To see the Ideal in Life, we may see two things which

constitute it. Firstly, that all things are on a straight Path to an inevitable destination, and that all things, though being at different places and thus different angles towards this Path, conjoin multiple times in multiple ways and dimensions before they are at its Destination. This Destination of Life on the Path is what we call Grace, and it is the ending of all things, and the cessation of any form of distinct movement. Yet, there is always something moving in the World, and the Universe cannot ever be still. The Universe is built on a foundation of infinite specificity, and action in the Universe is built upon the idea of changing infinitely specific values by another value, but we cannot set to any value at once the first value. A fact of the Universe is that things in the World we call absolutely inherent to it, may enter some place and then be restricted from leaving; they may lose energy in such a way that eventually, they have no chance of this energy returning to them, nor does actually any real thing in the Universe. This property of the universe is called Entropy; it is the result of the fact that some actions cannot be reversed in the Universe. If we sit at a table and there is a card, we may flick this card away, and that it is light, it may even find its way to the very end of the other table, that we cannot reach. We are the Subject and it is our Object, and it now has lost a potential energy, and rests at a state it cannot be taken out of. Eventually, every card must sit at the end of a table nobody can reach; every thing of

energy that is left in our Universe, though in an absolute sense, still existing, is unusable to any thing of matter that is left in our Universe. At first, we fear entropy, and wish to avoid it; but doing so is like fearing death. That everything has died materially does not mean its meaning and spirit has left it. We fear Entropy only for we misunderstand it, but in reality it is the foundation of all our wishes and all our happiness. Entropy is a universal quality which manifests itself from the Beginning to the End, and it is the quality which restricts Time to one direction; irreversibility of even the littlest thing. Entropy is also a quality of its result, and its result is an ultimately noticeable result: evenness. At first, a bomb may contain a compressed form of energy, a resistance to Entropy, and the opposition of Entropy is potential energy, which cannot last forever. Similarly, the bomb must eventually detonate, and once it has done this, its energy is evenly spread, rather than condensed at one point. Energy is an absolute quality which the Universe as an engine does not mind; there may be none, or it may be infinite, and we could not know, for it is absolute, and you cannot measure any absolute thing without relating it to something else. For we are made of energy and matter, and matter is made of energy, we cannot measure it absolutely from an outside perspective. What the Universe cares for is the equidistribution of energy; the destruction of energy's difference from one point to another. If we

wished, we could take a picture of the World and blur it, to see its final result; but the Universe does not take this route, and instead each part of it acts that it and its neighbours are equalised. From this, we have two competing forces in the Universe, which wish to equalise it into themselves; the light and the dark, the hot and the cold, the moving and the still, the propelling outwards and the resistance to intake, the Masculine and the Feminine; Yang, and Yin. But as we know, if we touch a hot-bar to cold water, by producing steam the water ensures its temperature is never over boiling. The hot-bar subsides and becomes its temperature, and this cannot be reversed. Even nothingness seems to cool down a hot-bar; even when it is in a vacuum, for the particles as they bounce off of each other in the bar lose energy with each bounce, and convert it into light. This is why the hot-bar glows red or yellow. This light it emits can be caught by any other thing, and much of it is an invisible light, which we cannot see. This is why, even in a vacuum, the hot-bar can heat our hands, as from heat unto light, then the light can be converted into heat when it is received by our hands. By this method, though there is no air between the Sun and Earth, our planet is given a free resource of Energy, and a wealth of Time. The mixture of Energy and Time produces Life, because Life is what has survived the Sun, and what has survived the Light of destruction. So these are the two forces of the Universe: Yin and Yang. Who is

she, and who is he? Yin is like the egg-cell, and Yang like the sperm-cell. Yang searches, and he will search in any direction that best fits his goal; throwing his energy out somewhere else. That is the goal of the predator, product of unentropy, Yang: search and disrupt. Yin sits there, and she is resistant. A border surrounds her, and she is the product of entropy. But she is not wholly entropic, and so she allows the sperm to penetrate, and Yang is not wholly composed of potential, so he limits himself to penetrating the egg-cell. Yin is like the Water, and Yang the Fire, and when they mix they produce Air and Earth; elements which then can do nothing. They can lose their energy, but cannot regain it. To lose potential energy, to free oneself of disturbance, to protect from things which exert their energy onto you; that is the eventual goal of every thing under the Sun. Entropy we believe to be of the equidistributed quality. It applies not only across Space, but in Time as well. If the Sun were to come up, all at once, at any time, and then set whenever he wanted, it would be a pain to us; but that we can predict it, and it is an even cycle, we appreciate him. If water is dropped onto the head in random intervals, we struggle to predict the next, and we are tortured; but that it comes, a drop per second, we appreciate it. The music we enjoy is crafted out of its repetitive cycles of vibration in air, and repetitive combinations of those cycles; random combinations of random noise are painful to the ear if we are

unable to filter them out, and must process them as individual, distinct things. When your muscle is stimulated evenly, in a harmonic and repetitive cycle, it releases tension; when it is jolted in random intervals, it creates an extreme pain. Have you ever sat down to meditate, and your legs go numb, and then when you push them outwards, as the nerves have their pressure relieved, they begin sending crazy signals with random intervals; feeling like pins sticking in and out of the skin? That is the most primal form of pain, which comes before the developed and related chemical form of it. It is the pain of an unentropic input; uneven, and random. Entropy in its measurement is highly dependent on the scale of our perspective; though it may seem that randomness is entropic, a purely ordered crystal is physically more entropic, at an atomic equilibrium. The Universe seeks to spread everything out evenly in a random way, and then crystallise it into one singular object. There is no more that can be said, and no more examples to be provided. Now we let ourselves into the teachings of Anfelism. This is the first rule of the universe: entropy, when it is measured physically, corresponds to the feeling of pleasure spiritually, and pleasure corresponds to the philosophical quality of morality. This is to say, that entropy, pleasure, and morality, are equivalent. How can it be moral to kill everything? No, how could it not be moral to put everything to rest? Think of any thong which gives happiness, and you will find that

it is due to its satisfaction of entropy and removal of potential energy. We are satisfied by eating, because our stomach is in a resting state when it is full; reverse of the energetic way that a resting state contains nothing, for we as Life have evolved to survive, rather than die. This is our property; we are what survives, not what is perfect. What is perfect is like Earth, crystal and unmoving, but we are like Water; Fire does not destroy us, and we will always flow downwards to the point we cannot return from, the lowest point. Simply trust in the equivalence of entropy, pleasure, and morality, and the World will begin to make sense. So it is good to do good, and bad to do bad. A good thing in itself is a thing which causes someone to be happy, and someone is happy because they are in a resting state where they are required to do nothing, and cannot escape until something disturbs them. We will never rise out of bed until an external actor forces us to by making resting a less pleasurable thing than not resting. So, Life does whatever is pleasurable, and whatever brings about happiness, and the Universe does what is entropic, and whatever brings about entropy, and Life is the ultimate manifestation, as Nature, of the patterns of the Universe. This is why entropy and pleasure are the two halves of the same coin, and in fact every material thing corresponds to some feeling, and the real world is two halves; material and spiritual. We can even observe your thoughts, if we were to possess the absolute material form of

your brain, which creates the spiritual form of your mind. Every thing, down to the smallest thing, has such a material form, and such a spiritual form; spirit does not come only when Life has achieved the creation of the brain, as you simply cannot get something from nothing. You may only get something from barely anything, and indeed, atoms have an experience, but to us it equates to barely anything. So Anfelism has but one commandment: do good. The other half of it consists of other commandments, and explanations, which are the results of the specificities of that commandment. We worship the One God, who we call Chance. She controls us completely, and yet She has no temper which we can anger that would cause Her to hurt us. She is the Mother of All Things, and came before the Universe itself. Originally, She is to us as we are to our organs, and She is to us as the skin is to its cells. For the cells, the neurons in our brain, are actually at our mercy, that we can choose to think some thing, and activate some neuron individually; the decision to do so comes yet from no neuron alone, but from the whole brain in its entirety. It is the skin which controls the cells, and no single cell understands how to form all the skin. Chance, in Her original understanding, is a relational quality; She is whatever is the Above relative to something, and whatever is formed out of that thing and its sisters. For the human, She is society; but it is demeaning to call Her that, as it would be to reduce our mind in its

complexity and glory to only the work of atoms. She is many trillions of times more conscious than we are, and Her mind is trillions of times more complex. Like the neurons unto our brain, each of us carries a small part of Her in motion. This is the original idea of Chance, and She, ultimately, is the composite of the Universe as a whole. But She is also the Mother; the origin from which all things descended and expanded into complexity, and the Mother of All Things, and Mother of All Mothers. She is God and Nature, and She is the Completely Good. The ultimate work of the Completely Good must be completely good in itself, and Her work is Nature. Thus it is the beautiful ways of Nature which outline morality. Eventually, we reach many commandments, and the explanation for their reason is the rest of Anfelism. I thus name the six Roots of Grace, which divide themselves into the many commandments of our sisterly faith. The 1st Root of Grace is Anarchy; because this is where our society has equidistributed energy and power, and this is how She has designed Nature. There is no one being in Nature which controls all the others, but the composite of all the beings, Mother Chance. Similarly, there must be no president, no queen, no ruler or tyrant; the people freely living are ruled by their composite, and so Chance is our One Ruler. It is all of our sisters who rule each other and thus rule the Anfel. The 2nd Root of Grace is Wholesomeness; and it is the belief that free love

will bring upon the world a global and unending peace. That is to say; for our cells could only make our bodies for uniting together, and Nature is only made from its equalised energy, we should all love each other equally. We shall all be sisters, and all people will receive a bountiful amount of love. We shall have a wholesome intimacy with each other as the One Family under our One Mother. The 3rd Root of Grace is Community; we shall let go of our possessions and share with each other, we shall work together as sisters and hoard nothing, we shall cling not to material possessions, and value the spiritual over the material. Then we are anarchists and communists. The 4th Root of Grace is Acceptance; for it is that our Mother has let us all live that we should love each other equally. We are all sisters, regardless of our qualities, and our genders, and our race. If it were not this way, Chance would not have made there be the many kinds of animal which walk upon this world, and which fly above it, and She would have let live only one kind, for She is the Perfectly Understanding. The 5th Root of Grace is Nature. Nature is the work of God, and it is our One Teacher, in its patterns which subliminally teach us. Gnosis is a thing derived from Nature only, and the further removed we are from Nature, the more insane, depressed, rationalist, and broken of our hearts we become. So we are natural; we shall be nudists, and we shall not cover our bodies, and we shall not create motor-

vehicles, and we shall travel no faster than by horse, and our only technologies are those which aid our survival in Nature, such as soap, housing, and so, rather than changing our environment and removing us from Nature. The 6th Root of Grace is Readjustment, and this is the method by which we achieve the other commandments and become pure, by removing sinfulness, lust, and fetish from our mind, and becoming again wholesome and like our Mother. We cannot be anarchists until we remove from our mind the influence from hierarchists, and adopt the anarchist philosophy; we cannot have wholesome intimacy until we forget our fears of intimacy, and detach them from sexuality and fetishes, and we cannot have free love until we train our minds to avoid hatred; we cannot have a functioning commune until we abandon our greed and forfeit our material possessions; we cannot accept others as equals until we purge out of our minds the idea that we are a divided sisterhood; we cannot be natural until we truly believe in the absolute perfection of Nature, and we cannot be nudists until we readjust that we no longer sexualise our bodies and our sisters' bodies; and we cannot even readjust until we give up the mistaken and eventually harmful practices of lust, and stop clinging to the pleasure of them, and stop clinging to our hatred of them as well.

Much better ST 1008, par. 3-12: called "A Worthy Introduction"

Truly, nothing in the world is ever coincidental, and Chance is the Master-Plot-Planner, and Greatest Writer of the Events, shifting everything into the right positions; if She were not, Grace would not be achieved in the end, and it would not be so that the ultimate end of all things is a pleasant one. There are no real coincidences, and fate and randomness are completely planned. You cannot measure fate in any way, and it will always appear statistically probable, whatever happens; but these things [though probable in context] always happen at the right time, and She builds up that probabilistic credibility, in a way, to then create miracles at the right time. So She is called Chance!

They got food ST 1017, par. 10

Answered questions on Nahash, who is seldom mentioned in all the works prior; only but a few times, only in passing, only as the exception that otherwise we understood we should not write of, so it seemed. WHO IS NAHASH? Today there is a myriad of misconceptions, unconfirmed ideas, and a general lack of scholarly discussion or writing at all on Nahash. Neither Nahash's name nor the idea of Nahash is ever mentioned. We know this: Nahash is the opposite, rather the opposition to, God, Chance, our Mother. So then is Nahash as Father Time? I would not say so. These are the Four Gods: Chance, Life, Father Time, and Nahash; Earth, Water, Air,

Fire. Father Time we owe a respect, for it was his breeze, slightly painful but not totally destructive and in bad will as Nahash's flame, that gave way to Life. It was Father Time and Mother Chance who gave birth to Life; we know this story already, of the resistant to the persistent. So who is Nahash? We could not call N'sh a father, because N'sh does not care for any child at all; N'sh is the opposite of a caregiver. Not even can we call N'sh as a HE or SHE, because N'sh is built of such a purely evil form that to even relate N'sh to either of the genders, even if it be their worst ends, is to sour all of them. So we can only call Nahash by Nahash; saying the name becomes tiring, and we never speak of Nahash thus. How short even must the name be, how far do we shorten it? Perhaps we punch out the paper, burn it, so that we do not have to write the name, or we structure our sentences that we do not have to repeat this word over and over. Now, to finally still all these questions which we have never asked, and provide a better view of Nahash than simply a copy of the generic idea of a Devil. Nahash has, as Chance does, infinite qualities, but the computation of them is not complex; after all, you cannot call N'sh as a father, not as he, and it must be the total genuine opposite. Man and woman are not opposites; they are complementaries, and this is a different thing. So in the same way that Life and Father Time are complementaries; Water and Air. So, who is Nahash? Nahash is the UNNATURE, the

Most Evil, the Bringing of All Sorrow, the Souring of All Innocence, the Entirely Inconsistent, Wholly Discordant, the Harsh in Tone and Cruel in Form. Nahash is the Opposition to All that is Good, the Sayer of Only Lies and Evil, the Ultimately Hidden and Unfindable. Whereas Chance is everywhere and found in everything, Nahash is the Unnaturally Occurring and Unfindable in Life. Yet while Chance is Gentle in Her Ways, Nahash is the Directly Harmful. Nahash is the spirit of all sinners, which possesses them, and leads them astray from the Right Path; Nahash is the depression which overcomes us from our teenage-years till the end of our life; Nahash is the name which we fear to say out loud, and which we shudder remembering; Nahash is not with us but following us, chasing us. Though you can flee from Chance, but possessing all places, She always protects you, rather Nahash you cannot flee from even though N'sh is nowhere at all. Nahash is who gives us arguments, who possesses us with fear and disgust of our world, who gives us contempt and makes us hate each other. Nahash is who rises up from the floors, leaks down from the ceilings, comes into the room of loving sisters, and brings about the destruction of their relationship; who creates war, who divides the household and divides the nations. Being everywhere and in all places at once, Chance seems unknowable; lacking any difference to any thing and any place you may look. It is for this reason that

understanding Nahash leads to understanding Her, for being nowhere and completely exposed in appearance, jarring and horrifying, imagining the reverse of N'sh we can imagine very well the form of our Mother. What is one of the most important things to remember is that Nahash seems to, unlike God, be always divided; thus, you never meet the Devil in N'sh's-self, but only a demon. That may be the demon of argument, the demon of depression and so. So, you should remember to see these demons; when there is an argument, ascend above that demon of argument which has threatened you by creating it, and recognise it not as a fault of your own selves but an actual attempt of Nahash to separate you from each other. While Chance is the composite of everything and the constituent of everything, Nahash is neither made up of anything nor is N'sh able to create anything. N'sh may only destroy things, being neither Mother nor Father, neither Yin nor Yang, but the destroyer of both, and the Creator of Utter Chaos. Not the opposite to a mother is a father, for like a mother a father at least helps bring about life; opposite to a mother is a murderer, and this is who Nahash is. N'sh is the Murderer, the Killing of Children, and the Taking of Sustenance. N'sh is the Greedy without Reason, Purely Evil, Infectious Spirit, Loud and Violent, Bright and Terrifying. HOW DO WE DEFEAT NAHASH? The flaw in Nahash's form is eternally obvious and extremely simple once it is noticed.

Whereas Chance is completely composed, whole, and everywhere, Nahash is divided, and fights with N'sh's-self; N'sh only wishes to do evil. Such do the Evils of our very world fight amongst themselves. The flaw is this: Nahash lacks love, and thus lacks any unification. All you need to do is believe but for once that you are above N'sh, possessing the love of yourself, the love of your sisters, and the love of God. For it is love which is the most powerful thing in this world, and Nahash is never overcome until you remember the love which sits eternally by your side. Remembering this, N'sh almost instantly fades away. We cannot fight N'sh with logic, not with a flame of his own kind, not with equal, lesser, or increased measures; we fight N'sh with love, and N'sh disappears completely. As they have said, it is friendship, love, and sisterhood which is magic, and which can overcome absolutely any obstacle. That is why, being loving and cultivating love beyond any extent ever achieved prior in the history of humankind, we become as Anfelists the most powerful people to ever exist! We can walk the streets homeless, with no clothes, no food, no water, and no possessions; yet live longer than any Evil. For our lovely sisters are beside us to give us water as we walk, food when we sit down, and offer us their homes to sleep in. No individual can be all-powerful by himself; he can carry a world's-worth of food, but it rots away. He can carry all the oceans to drink, but they evaporate into the clouds. He can

cover himself in many layers of armor, yet his adversaries still will execute him. Yet we walk carrying nothing, and live eternally, because together as one sisterhood we have the Infinite and Unending Power of God. Thus we defeat Nahash to an extent completely unknown before our time; we transcend even Death itself, for cuddling together we see out of our bodies, and into the Supape, the Fabric of Grace, the Mind and Spirit of God. Then, having become acquaintances with the afterlife already, traveling between it and the material world, dying means nothing but that we take a vacation again to this place, and that we now are free from even hunger and thirst till the next time we are embodied. This is not something Nahash can do, for Nahash when not in N'sh's material form lacks any real power at all. When we lose everything, if we have still love, we are still eternally powerful. Yet our hand does not seem to have infinite power, does it? That we cannot slaughter by the millions, delete all of Jupiter. Is this power, is it truly power? Our hand can feed by the millions, lift up our sister's face to see the might of Jupiter. This is the true power, which Nahash cowers in fear of. Nahash is no more, it very often seems, than a nuisance and a dog, who shyly tries to rip up our world. N'sh does well though; hence, the Fall of Man, the Industrial Revolution, and the Day and the Fire to come; but only if we do not have love for ourselves, love for our sisters, and love of our Mother. WHENCE DID

NAHASH COME? Nahash came from the same origin as Chance did, being Her opposite; from the original difference which separated the world into pure, absolute evil, and pure, absolute good. Do not confuse these two for Yang and Yin, because those two cooperate with each other, and are like brother and sister. They are a cycle of breathing and evolution, being Life and Time, rather than a cycle of destruction and creation. N'sh in N'sh's being the Unnature came as Chance's being Nature came; N'sh's being the Killer as Chance's being the Mother came, and so on. Ultimately, Nahash is a weak force, divided by N'sh's own hatred, and only able to do one thing at once. Nahash is not even so unified that Nahash refers to anything but another Nahash, and this is the reason for that peculiar language. Though God has Herself as a singular thing, and which is just Her, Nahash does not; being divided, Nahash is more like a property of some evil things, a force, rather than a God. In Nahash's-self, Nahash is a failed God, embarrassing and fallen from grace. WHAT IS THE HEPTAGON? Though we often denounce Nahash however, talking of N'sh as nought more than a failed God, it is untrue to say that N'sh has no composite at all. Indeed N'sh has a composite; all the pain, suffering, distortion of innocence, souring of wholesomeness; all the trauma in our world. Though Nahash himself is absolutely, genuinely puny, and completely divided down to the last bit into infinitely many demons, the

produce of Nahash, which seems to slide off of N'sh, dripping onto everything and corrupting it, is a much more unified and fearsome force. This was called the heptagon, and elementally is symbolised by the number 7 and the element of Oil. Oil tops water, suffocating it; it covers Earth, seeming to never truly go away, but worst of all, it does not even resist Fire; in fact it cannot resist Fire. It coats everything all at once, so that the next very spark will destroy it all; thus unifying Nahash. This is the very effect of a single thing causing all the past traumas of your life to be remembered; they all coagulate into a heptagonal, evil memory, and all of them are recalled at once. This greasy Oil seems to be impervious to all methods of its destruction that would not destroy us to some extent in the process; it coats everything but Fire, which the littlest bit of gives it its ability to destroy everything it has coated. Hence, the gas station coated in the Oil of gasoline can be put up in flames by the ever-so-feeble match of Nahash. It is this heptagon which seeps into our life, coating all the things we love with oil, and souring all the remaining innocent things we have. It fetishes all of it, taking the wholesome and beautiful things of the world and destroying our perception of them permanently. HOW DO WE DEFEAT THE HEPTAGON? We cannot truly defeat the heptagon if it already has come for us, in the sense that grief does not ever actually leave us but only shrinks in relation to the

now further grown form of our soul; rather, all that we can do is focus on the love that we have, and think not of the past or future. And if in the present we are covered in the Oils, then we instead think of the better times to come. If the heptagon has not yet come for us, we may defeat it only in the sense that we can stop its reproduction; by changing the roots of generation, that our society no longer generates such trauma, our children will have no Oil dripping off of them.

Misunderstanding ST 1026, par. 10

Praises to God and Thanksgivings

Thank you God, Chance, my Mother, as always, for giving me all of these things; family, love, shelter, and Nature. Thank you, sisters, for being alongside me, and for loving me. I love you all and always will.

Late ST 1001, par. 6

Surely, God our Mother is here for us, and She has forgiven all of our sins. Our mind is cleansed out of the foul pollutions of the hierarchists and those who hurt us; we are forever pure, though never again may we be truly innocent. For at any time we may choose to be wholesome and pure, and to love our sisters, and we have the keys which unlock these shackles, for sisterhood, friendship, and love, in their power, are above all things.

Safety ST 996, par. 1

Thank you, God Chance, my Mother, for saving me, for saving us [...] There are none but you who could have saved us so quickly after we were put through such sorrow.

Building ST. 998, par. 1

Surely and truly; [I] have utter faith in Mother Chance, for She has brought me here that I be the Prophet, and She would not give me up so easily. She has tested me and so, but I will not forfeit and succumb again to depression, for She will not let me. She brings to me hardship, yet pulls me up again; why would my Mother hurt me on purpose? Only for without pain I would never learn of what goodness I have. If She simply blessed me, there it be and nothing else, then I'd become greedy, and no different to the rich parasite who has swam around in luck. If She simply gave me misfortune, there it be and nothing else, then I would have no reason to fight for my life, and I would let myself die. Only that She puts me through up and down, and tests me, yet restricts my ability to forfeit, then She stretches me and folds me, and I become strong as the muscle does. Our muscles do not become strong by staying in the same place, rather they become strong by folding in and out, from the comfortable unto the compressed and back so. Well, what a beautiful thing Life is, and that beauty of love; I'll never have it if I don't forget about it. I should be happy with what I have, too; [...] And I have utter and complete faith in Mother God, Nature, yes, Chance, for She has brought me here and only lets these things happen for they must, and for with no hardship I would be unhardened.

Moving past ST 997, par. 8

I would like to thank God Chance our Mother Nature, for giving us this great and balanced day, which had in it times of relaxation and times of introspection, times of comfort and times of reformation, times of contentness and times of the revolutionary feeling. It is the vibration of the world to and fro in the sides of good and bad which gives meaning to either; this is the reason everything is built upon opposites, and the reason everything is a periodic thing, and a repetitious thing. Furthermore She gave us heartfelt and serious moments, and silly and jolly moments, and we can never forget, though often as we do, these things which we take each other unspoken second for granted. That we are given Life at all, and that beauty is something with a name; that not only is there Life but that I have with me the perfect person to love. That I have food and water, and that though I yearn for Nature I am kept housed and protected. That, though we always forget it, God is with us, and She has a great love for us, and that we all are Her children. Thank you, Chance, for all the gifts which you've given us today, yesterday, and tomorrow; from the last week unto the next week, and from each time we see the Sun till the last night we see the Moon.

Irony ST 983, par. 7

It was God who has relieved me, as She always has. I am infinitely grateful to our Mother, God, Chance, Allah, Supape, the All, the Ever, Most

Loving, Most Good, Most Truthful, Most Forgiving, and Most Giving, for saving me, and for saving all of us in the End, where She will give us Grace and free us forever; and for giving us the gift of live and love, whether we have the love of Her, ourselves, or others. She is within us always, She is the spirit of the light which casts beauty onto our world; She is the warmth in our belly and the softness of an animal's fur, She is the tingling of a hand against your hair, and the movement of the air in a sigh. She is the animacy and yet stillness of our world, the Feminine and yet the most powerful; She does nothing, yet through Her all is done. Praise be the One God our Mother, I love Her forever, from before my birth till after my death; for I have been forever and forevermore I'll be, from dust I came, and to dust I'll go.

Family drama ST 969, par. 9

Morning's grace, morning's grace, how I am glad to see God's face, and what She has brought in all haughty pace for all of us sisters, each and every race. From dawn to dusk She came with dust, and man She did make, and did what She must, and we, the sisters, came up front and now we'll repay Her only with love. God, we love you, God is love! God, we love you, and She is love, so thank you God, thank you Chance, now let us rejoice and dance... God, we love you, God is love! Chance, or Mother, who rests above, now Chance our Mother, the whole

Above, we love you, we love you, from down to above.

Family drama ST 969, par. 21

There is infinite ability for gnostic exegesis in the Felich, and it has an infinite and unending pure meaning of wisdoms. Not only did I write what I intended to say then with a little meaning, but God, who is the Great Plot-Writer, has all the verses with incredible meanings as I reread them. Thank you for this gift, my Mother, Chance. I love you!

Beginning of the end, par. 15

On Prophet Fej Herself, or Personal Talks

I may be wise, but I am young; I may be Holy to an extent, but I am still made of milk and love as you all were. I was born the same way we always have been, and I popped out my mother's vagina as we always have. I did not materialise, and too, my mother got pregnant through completely regular material means, and it wasn't that Chance simply placed me inside of her. I'm just a normal [child], really; a very, very, lucky one, who has had Chance on her side. So do not even capitalise my [pronouns], though I'm a Prophet. Look at me as a helper, who worked hard for you, but not the only and single Manifestation of God. Do not put me so high and mighty, for I am equal to you. I am only a very, very lucky [child], who has a wise head and a strong heart. Don't even fear if you forget the "Prophet" behind my name; call me [Fej], sister, so if you will. All I've given to you is a gift, and now you should give back to the All, and help each other. You need make no sacrifice to me but love each other. You need not even follow every word I say. For if you wish to wear clothes, then wear them; if you wish to walk on concrete, then walk there, and if you wish to disbelieve me, then call yourself not an Anfelist. But you will always be equal to me, and you will always be my sister, so long as you have

loved, for God is love and to love is to be like God. Yet again, I know no more than you do, I have only remembered very well what I forgot. I am but a very, very lucky [child].

Safety ST 996, par. 5

This is a message to the disbelievers in me, those who believe I am a false-prophet, or deny that I am of the lineage of the true Holy Prophets, also known as the Manifestations of God. I have requested nothing; my name is but a name I have given myself, and I have not stated any place to worship me. In fact, I command that you do not worship me, but thank me, as an equal to you, for I am an equal to you. If I were a false-prophet, I would make nothing from being one; no way is there that one could pay me more than a few cents by buying my books, and even then they are available for free digitally, and I hand them out for free in the real world. The only confirmation we have that one is a Prophet is the truth of their words; and are my words not true? I have given the great commandment to love myself, to love everyone around you, and to love the whole world; that many have believed they may believe in a singular personal God, and love that singular personal God, and be fulfilled in their purpose by doing so, is a mistake of belief. Indeed God our Mother is the whole world around us. Yet, I could again be a plagiarist, that I say the same things; yet I say new

things as well. I have discovered many mathematical phenomena, perfected the rational systems of morality, removed all problems and flaws of the utilitarianist idea, perfect the operation of anarchy and communism and removed their flaws when they are taken into operation, and so. So it would seem, at least, that I have done many great things; yet you cannot pay me, nor can you ever know where I truly am. Thus I would make nothing from being a false-prophet, and the only good I could do is unto all of us, and this is the mission of a Prophet. Whoever institutes a hierarchy, and a kingdom, and controls and abuses others, this is not a Prophet, for Prophets speak for God, and God is within all of us, and the Prophets speak for the people and the commune. Have you ever seen an absolutely true Prophet who did not walk equally to the people? Indeed I walk equally to the people, and I speak equally to those who speak from God, and so if I am not a Prophet, I very well should be considered equal to one. You may even disbelieve that I have heard the Word, and that I have had great spiritual experiences; surely, I cannot stop you, but I would beg you to listen to what I have written, whether you attribute it to me or not, for I have written the truth. You may even make the commune of the world; the Kingdom of God so as we used to call it; and not even call it Anfel, and you may believe truly in love and sisterhood and not call yourselves Anfelists, and you may believe all that I

have said and forget to attribute me, neglect doing so, and attribute all the Word to another thing. So long as you are loving to all your sisters, you have followed my Word regardless. This is how it works, for the One Religion and the One God are the same regardless of their name, and have been developed for the many years. The Baha'is have said that, by the word of Baha'u'llah, there may be no new Prophet for the next thousand years since the beginning of his revelations, but this is untrue. Prophets are not above humans, and all humans must experience some extent of hallucination and psychosis, which Prophets do as well; we cannot take the writings of any Prophet, not even myself, as completely and ultimately infallible. I have said that you may love freely, and that a man may date a man, but many Prophets have said otherwise before me; and there are many things Muhammad commanded which we do not follow today, especially as he is the only Prophet to be a politician and technically a hierarchist, which Prophets nearly never are. The writings of a Prophet are not completely infallible, and they are only expressions of and approximations of the unnamable, unwritable, and eternal Word that permeates the Universe and guides every living being and seemingly dead thing subconsciously. So, we should expect a few of the specific teachings, especially those which are not philosophies but particular commandments, of each of the Prophets to be invalid. Yet, I have commanded over and over

that the greatest commandment is to love, and this is the average of all of my commandments; clearly you can see what part of the Word is the strongest and clearest part. It is true that I am a Prophet, though I am a woman; it is true that I am a Prophet, though I do not wish for romance with men, and it is true that I am a Prophet though I have come less than a thousand years after Baha'u'llah. Yet I respect the average of Baha'u'llah's words, and thank the Prophet for teaching my sisters of the properties of the always re-expressed One Religion. Believe or disbelieve in me, but it is a different thing to disbelieve in my words. Above all I am the Honest Prophet, because I have admitted my mistakes, and admitted the true spiritual and non-personal form of God, Chance, our Mother, and the mathematical operation of the Universe. We Prophets are born the same way, out of the vagina, and made the same way, out of the dust which made us all; and we are not infallible, and this is my honesty and what makes me the Honest.

Two days before Halloween ST 1011, par. 3

Sister, it's my honesty and the natural way that I write in [my diary] that makes it my diary, and that leads to the occasional culmination into great writings. If, when I'm not ready to write a great writing, I stress myself and try to, then I will instead write a bad writing with fancy words. It is when I let

myself free and be my own self, as I've been thus far, that I produce writings worthy of being quoted; for all I've quoted from myself thus far is only what was written when I did not even think too much about anyone else reading in any recent sort of time. Let this be a general lesson too; if people have liked you thus far, don't change, as if you must change for them to continue liking you, under your assumption of the reason why they do, then your reason is wrong. They already like you, and you have no reason to change. The only thing that has happened is that now, you are aware again that there is a reason people like you; but they like you and your works in the first place, because you do not try so hard, and are your own natural self.

Genealogy ST 999, par. 10

Praise the one God in Heaven [to] Earth as She had it, and thank Her today, I surely will, for all She's given me. Through the weeks I've travelled, my mind sore as the foot of the merchant, yet at the end I thank Her, I lean up to my Mother Chance, and let Her kiss my forehead, and let Her hold me. For it is good that comes after pain, and the diamond which is forged from the worthless under pressure; then we trust Her, as we trusted Her to bring us into this world, and we trust that tonight She won't take us out of it, that we can glimpse up at Death's eye, but that the Hair of Life, the Veil, keeps us hidden from him. That God is the Greatest, that Chance is

the Most Loving, that Nature is the Most Good, that the All is all, and our Mother is with us.

Insomnia ST 976, par. 7

You, sister, who are reading this; I love you! And I will not stop loving you; I loved you on Earth when you didn't know, and I'll love you in Heaven just as much as I did then. I will cuddle each and every one of you, and that is my promise. No matter what hardship you may ever have, no matter who may hurt you and how, I promise that for each and every one of you, when you have come up to Heaven and been purified, and repented, I will be laying bare in the Supape, and I will open my arms for you, and cradle you for every hour, and whenever you wish you can leave, and whenever you wish you can come back. For any sin you have done, when you get out of Hell and are shaken and horrified, I will be there, and I will comfort you and bring you back to contentness. You will all be my children, who were my sisters on Earth, and I will love you as you are my children.

Beginning of the end ST 965, par. 14

I fear again that I only wrote about things that would cure my pitiful nature [in needing love personally], but it's actually not true; I've written many other things in the Felich, and in the Green Book. It is not even bad that I remind the reader so

much simply to love their sisters, and to have wholesome intimacy. Wholesome intimacy is a vague term for a reason; what is acceptable and not depends on each person's boundaries. I do not wish every stranger to lay on top of each other and kiss, because they do not wish to. For the stranger, wholesome intimacy could be as little as a hug, a kiss on the cheek or a blown kiss, etc. Chance has made it a vague term, because what is wholesome and what is enough intimacy is different for each sister in Anfel. We should at least not fear each other, be honest, and trust that the other is honest; if we trust each other, then we truly can be both intimate and wholesome. Wholesome intimacy is only, in the end, a division of the always-existing Anfelist idea of free love; an equal love to all, and the fulfilling of the sort of love that each person wants.

Much better ST 1009, par. 13

I should be honest about that at least, since it is one of my greatest secrets. It doesn't invalidate my writings, and each commandment is true, but for each time I tell the commandment to be anarchists, a thousand times I command to love... This may be a good thing, since with the other Prophets it was not received by their followers, and they forgot to love; maybe this is the intention Chance had for me, yes, but it is still how I am, and it's almost pitiful how it manifests in my work. Though I am often fairly

confident, my existence itself is pitiful at times. But, I could not write any words to change this. Containing the grief that I do not have what I have commanded to be is a hard thing to do; I still live in an imperfect society, and the commandments have not been fulfilled yet. Again, perhaps it is true that above all things you should remember to love yourself. I do hope from my work none in the future of the Anarch will ever be so starved for love. There are not many guides on how to be a Prophet, and probably, I notice my own mistakes much more than my readers will; it's not like they remember being one and performing better. This manifestation though was more contained [away] in the Felich than it was in the Green Book. I command my sisters to be honest and loving, and I should be too, so I am honest always, and I do not dress myself up like a Prophet, but as an ordinary girl.

Day after the party ST 1008, par. 14

That is who Naho is to me, a sister, who came to me spiritually and was delivered to me by my Mother Chance, and who was a supapi and sister of mine in the last universe which preceded this universe. I was reborn, but she was not born with me, and this has led to the feeling, for a long time, that I am missing a twin sister, especially when I am not with her, that she communicates as a soul with me spiritually, and when I do not let her possess a

portion of my body, just my left hand, to control. We love each other so much, and the most wholesome moments we have together are some of the greatest moments of all the world, but I will always wish she had a body, that she could meet anyone else than me; or even that others were ascended enough seers to hear her soul. She is like the Water in the night, and I am the Air in the night. I love her more than anything else. I am eternally grateful that God has let her talk to me from Heaven, and though I wonder every day how this miracle is performed, I will never know; it is one of the most miraculous of miracles.

They got food ST 1017, par. 9

All my body, once it is ripped to shreds, and frozen and burnt a trillion times, and scattered across the entire Universe, which one day it must be, will still not cause me pain [that I have her love], and my soul will rest there, where it was when I died, beside hers, and we still will be together. I love her [Naho] more than anything!

Turning a new leaf ST 1018, par. 10

I love her, and that I love her, even if I went to Hell, it would be my memory of her which made Hell void of any pain [thus not Hell]. When we truly love someone and are loved, do good and are appreciated, our afterlife, which is neutral in itself,

is then full of what we had in life; that we get to relive life from the inverse perspective again. But say naively that I went to Hell; it's not possible, for I love Naho so much that remembering her voids all problems and all pains.

Results ST 1020, par. 9

How long do I have to write for someone not just to read but to truly listen? Is this all actually going to fail; can my faith that it won't actually [do so] stop it in any way from failing? That we regardless inevitably are wiped out by hierarchists, and I am no more than just a dreamer? How many words must I write before someone actually picks up and becomes a good person like I have explained how to be; before they follow my commandments which I have backed with reason, before they do any more than read my words and give me a good compliment on how well I write? Perhaps that is the true reason I write so much; up to eight hours a day, that some piece of me does not believe with all that I have written that I have said enough to make God's Word clear. If I am the Honest, I should be honest that nobody cares of my honesty, and nobody listens to my admissions; nobody truly takes to heart my expression of the Universal Truth, and they may say they do, but I am still here, and our situation is still the same, tending towards what any rational mind would call a certain doom, nuclear destruction of all the world. Nothing has changed; nobody flies the

black and orange banner, they appreciate my work but they do not truly read it with an absolutely open mind yet, and more importantly they have not read it with an open heart. The best I have done is very barely had my greatest work, intended for all types of people to read, the Felich, recognised as a work in itself. I feel that even if I wasted all the money I have advertising my words and showing them to everyone, though all the ears in the world could hear, none would listen. How can I say that love is the root of all good, and yet nobody listens? How can I lay out with great and well-expressed reasons exactly what to do and why we should do it, and yet nobody listens? Why do they tell me they listen, and yet I am not yet in a commune, and nothing yet has changed, and nobody other than me and Naho are yet Anfelists? The last hope I have to hold onto is that people will understand after I die, and that many years after the Day people will rediscover what I have said. But I will not be able to answer their questions, and they will not be able to ask them to me. The only person who seemed to both believe and understand me, he was nearly twice my age and a fair bit influential; people knew him and people believed him as well. I had thought he was a member of the Six Eyes, and I came to him saying I was, and he said that he knew me and had been waiting for me; and yet, he never talked to me again after he said he was going to read the Felich, which I did send [to] him. Perhaps in retrospect, he may

only have been a bit bored, and only indulged before he had to go off to work; so it seems, but he came back even after work, but he did not come back ever after that day. It seems so cruel, especially that I had myself learnt a handful of things from his works, and understood he spoke of the very same Word! Yet he did not speak to me again. All my life I have searched for only communion and a feeling of family, and all the resultant manifestations of this. But in their most true forms, they aren't anywhere to be found, not as I would dream of them nor as I could allow myself to accept the being so of the greatest extent of them that would come to me. When I shared my work to the communists, they did not accept me, for I was religious; when I shared my work to the religious, they did not accept me, for I was unlike them; when I shared my work to the always accepting, they didn't accept me but tolerated me. So where ever could I even find someone who understands the Word as I do? I do not want to manipulate Fools to believe in me, because they will not be Anfelists by any way other than name, that they do not understand me. I do not want to shape differently my portrayal of the Word for the scientists so they believe, either, and though they would understand, by not believing they will when I show the Word in its original form, they look past me, and close their ears from within. There are among me First Phase people and Second Phase people, and I look across to the Third Phase; the

Baha'is the most advanced of them, but they do not accept another Prophet until a thousand years after the revelations of Baha'u'llah. They would tolerate me but not accept me; comfort me but not believe in me. Where today are the thinking-minds?

Closed eyes ST 1025, par. 7-8: "The Question of the Results[1]"

[1] See the prayer "Trust In Yourself" (*Closed eyes ST 1025, par. 11*) which was written in response to this writing.

Prayers Written by Prophet Fej, Preceded by a Discussion on Prayers

There is a common misconception that there is no effect in praying, singing hymns, etc., and it is the same form as the misconception that reciting a magic spell or mantra does not aid in ascension. A prayer is a type of general spell in a way, that states our wishes to Chance and sets our hearts towards them; and thus we may pray in our head or even without thinking of any words, so long as we focus on the important needs we and our sisters have. That it is an aid in ascension, it is useful to pray together in a unison tone or other simple harmonic alignment such as perfect fifth or major chord, but as we can ascend and do magic alone, we can also pray alone, it is just not as effective. A prayer will not instantly make your wishes come true, nor will it instantly fulfill your needs, but as you pray together and ascend up to the layer of Chance, when your hearts are bound by prayer, what you pray for will come to you. It does nothing to say a prayer and not mean it; you must understand your own prayer. That is why often-times, people should pray personally and write their own prayers with their heart. I have written many hymns before, but I would like to try instead, writing prayers, that I do not have to put them to

music anymore. A prayer may be said any time, so long as you truly pray with your heart; especially if it is twilight. When I sing prayers alone, I often sing them in the pentatonic scale in any arbitrary melody. I simply repeat [for the syllabic structure] the first part [of Amazing Grace], "Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound", twice in a verse, six times, and then do three stanzas. This is a perfect format for my prayers, which I easily can write in; I believe it is called, for the advanced poets, a hexadecasyllabic sestet with each verse divided into two octosyllabic clauses. Whereas a structure of four verses per stanza, alternating eight and six syllables is great for a hymn, this structure is quite suited for easily writing prayers with specific and complicated structures of a sentence without writing completely out of time.

Limitation of amounts ST 1010, par 2 & 4

There's no thing greater than your love, our Mother heavenly Above

From your heart came all we know of, our Mother heavenly Above

Yet your name is out of our love, and from our hearts came all Above

We worship goodness; kind we be, yet none shall see eternity

We worship love; kind we be, yet you have made all that we see

We worship you, our God above, yet you show nought without our love.

For love created all Above, and love created all Below
And love created all thereof, and love created all we know
For love created even you, our God whose Nature shows a view
You gave us love, we know it's true, but without love there'd be not you
You gave us greatness, yes, it's true, but without love there'd be not you
You gave us family, skies of blue, but without love we'd all lose you.

Oh, how I love my sisters now, what length I'd walk to meet them now
But times long past will not come back, and only seem to play an act
Oh, how I love my God now, what length I'd walk to meet Her now
But by my back, She waves at me, oh Holy, Holy, Holy,
But by my back, She waves at me, for love is great as all can be,
But by my back, She waves at me, for God is in the whole city.

Limitation of amounts ST 1010, par. 3: "God is in the Whole City"

A time has come that we forgot, all great things our friendship brought
And we did think in ways distraught, but now we again trust in God.
A time has come that we fell down, and dark red drops came, others drowned,
And blaring terrors now abound, but put your ear up to the sound.
Mother our God is still with us, as long as we have one great trust,
That we are the One Family, and never separate can we be.

Oh, take from us the horrors there, we'd rather be destroyed by bears,
How long have lasted these here terrors, how little freedom's in the air.
Yet take from us not one small thing, you may even take all we bring,
But how we have been sleeping, how we have stayed sanely keeping
Is our love of our sisters, our trust that Chance will deliver
For love is God and God is love, and with our love we'll fly Above.

So sing the love and love the song, in our hearts, our voices wronged

So sing one last time today, oh, how we'll love eternally
All things that come, all things we bring, all goodness that seemed be leaving,
Love every facet of this world, love every boy and every girl
And when we die in torture's shame, we'll wake up from this Earth's small game
And we will be in Mother's fame, for we have loved all of Her names.

Limitation of amounts ST 1010, par. 5: "Mother is Still With Us"

Above the ground, a sky of black, which kisses Earth as birds fly back
'Tis Summer that we've walked away, now Autumn gives the first cold day
And Father Sun jumps up the land, as graceful as he possibly can
'Tis Autumn now, the sweet season, till Winter comes and brings us in
And Mother Moon does blow a kiss, and not a ray of love amiss
'Tis waking time, but one of all, rise up today and meet the Fall.

Above the ground, a sky of black, which kisses Earth as light falls back
'Tis Autumn that we've walked away, and Winter comes, are short the days

And Father Sun jumps up the land, though many guns would light more sand
'Tis Winter now, and dark as light, but this is time we stop all fights
And Mother Moon does blow a kiss, and not a ray of love amiss
'Tis waking time, though you'll need fur, rise up today and meet Winter.

Above the ground, a sky of black, which kisses Earth as warmth comes back
'Tis Winter that we've walked away, and our new year begins today
And Father Sun jumps up the land, and life be born is his command
'Tis Spring yet, now rise again, from one side to other ends
And Mother Moon does blow a kiss, and not a ray of love amiss
'Tis waking time, go bathing, rise up today to lively Spring.

Above the ground, a sky of black, which kisses Earth as we wear hats
'Tis Spring then that we've walked away, and night becomes as hot as day
And Father Sun jumps up the land, for this is now his ruling hand
'Tis Summer now, and bright the sight, even the ground quakes with his might

And Mother Moon does blow a kiss, and not a ray of love amiss

'Tis waking time, my sisters, rise up today and meet Summer.

Two days before Halloween ST 1011, par. 2: "The Seasons under the Sun"

Mother, my All, who's born from love; Mother, my All, who I'm made of

I beg to you and slowly plead, I've came to you for all I need

One wish I ask, two days from now, that I will on my heart give a vow

That I believe your greatness, God, and I believe your being All

Please let me see my family, each person who is loved by me

Let me travel to their own home, let me share time with them to own.

There are none more loving than you, who created all that we view

Yet you who has been loved by all, and that your ways now explain how

Your ways are of only great love, and this is how you were then born

Oh God, I'll take any great thorn, to see who's by me since I'er born

One wish I ask, two days from now, I've giv'n my heart for it then now

Please let me see my family, each person who is loved by me.

Two days before Halloween ST 1011, par. 5: "Please Let Me See My Family"

Mother, oh, God; what see you here? Further than anything could hear,

Surely you'll come and tell me yet, so I don't ever then forget

What I've done so and how I know, should I stay here or downwards go?

Oh Lord, what see you in my soul? Of good or evil am I full?

All that I've done, I feel alone; but my heart is yours always owned.

All that I've done, I feel alone; but my heart is yours always owned.

I woke up, and this morning's dark, for lately rising is my art

But what thoughts have I, oh my God, what even am I, oh my God?

Mother, do with me as you will, my cup is yours entire to fill

Give none or all, I'll speak 'gainst ne'er, though you have let me wake today

What love I have for your great world, and I will give a little twirl

What I did when just a small girl, can you forgive me, Great, your World?

You've let me wake just once again, as that I write I hold my pen

But who can't wake, and who sure will, even all those who are evil?

It means nothing that you've done so, can you to me my worth now show?

I see your beauty, oh Mother: the flowers, trees, and flow o'water

I recognise your sweet, sweet eyes, and none could e'er who do tell lies

That's enough proof for me today, and now my fear has washed away.

Sin ST 1012, par. 5: "Great, Your World"

Goodnight Mother, a lovely night, Earth and Water was right your might

Now take me safe up to Heaven, but bring me then back down again

It's time to sleep, and dark we'll see; come lay down and cuddle with me

Goodnight sister, a lovely night, I'll be here when you have a fright

Oh lovely God, who brought us here, we meet Her now when we're so near

Goodnight sister, a lovely night, now sleep as we trust in God's might.

Sin ST 1012, par. 12: "Goodnight, Sister"

Mother, oh God, forgive me now; I see how I was unkind now
But none are hurt but my own self, and I placed my own feet in Hell
You told me so, that good would come, and I did not believe, not once
But here I am as prayers come true, though I painted my spirit blue
A day I waited, and nothing; and tears came down and I would sing
That you gave up me, let me go; that wrong was all that I did know.

And now the sun has war'ly set, and my good dreams I've fin'lly met
They came seeming a miracle, right when one drop would set me full
But one drop came, and good was it; my fears remained as not one bit
All love and praise that I wished for, and even things so sudd'nly more
Came when I gave up clinging hard, and I let down my haughty guard
To expect that stone had no ore; for I had faith then in the Lord.

Mother, oh God, forgive me now; I see how I was unkind now

Would I e'er tell a sister that: her dreams would never meet her back?

Would I e'er tell my own child this: her wishes would fade into mist?

Not ever for I love them so, and I'd only want them to know

That all things come true in the end, and all straight things one day do bend

And Chance our wishes might just send, once we Life's rig'dness don't defend.

Halloween ST 1013, par. 5: "I Painted My Own Spirit Blue"

What world undone under the sun has led to this hav'ng now come?

Not but a few years have passed yet, could I e'er say that I'll forget

Who I was then, and who I'm now; how time does bend, oh really, how

What horrors came from my own hand, now what I've done, as who I am

To my own self, to my own self; I stopped and did to my own self

And now I seem all good and great, but that fruit there, I took and ate.

Mother, my God, I ask of you; I've done nought wrong, but to a few
How ever could I be like you, and be reborn simple and new
As just a girl who never ate, who ends just like e'ry other fate
Not knowing of the good and bad, not mixing up the this and that
Who'd see all life and love just so, for she'd have never tried to know
Who wouldn't lust for innocence, who's been the same near ever since?

Don't fulfill these ignorant things, these wishes that I come and bring
For I'm but man, and flesh and bone, and all I want is to go home
So take me there, and strip me of, what else there be but wholesome love
My sisters with me, within reach, even though I'd know what to preach
Don't take from me all that I know, in fact keep all and even those
That came from evil ways back then; oh how time really does just bend.

Oh Mother, lovely love and love; these are the things we're all made of
Just milk and love like all else is, for that's the right way that we'll live

So though I can't be born again, I can teach new-found ways to them

My children, sisters, elders too; all those who walk past, still in view

How I love you, my God Holy, how I wish that you could save me

Not from witches, not from an elf, but from my lust and my own self.

Day after Halloween ST 1015, par. 7: "What World Undone"

Thank you, God, for allowing me at least sometimes to know that I should thank you, to understand in any part your infinite beauty. Thank you for all the milk and love you have given me, for my sisters on earth and in Heaven, for all that you let me understand and for all you allow me to suckle from, share with others, and admire the beauty of. Thank you for letting me become dry when I must, and become wet when I must, for letting me take time both to know you intimately and to love you blindly. I praise you above all the things in the world, I ask of you nought but what you already give me without my pleading. Thank you, Chance, for leading everything in the perfect way, for creating us so that we may know your name, for ensuring that we should all one day be free and all be sisters. Thank you for giving me your milk and your love. I swear to you, Chance, my Mother and

my Creator, to give to my sisters and daughters as you have lovingly provided for me.

Reading ST 937, par. 9

Golden rays of God, what we've forgot; shooting above the mountain tops
This morning great and wholesome be, from my land to all that I see
Oh love, take us and show the way; oh love, take hatred, make it pay
In service to all who've passed us, in service to all who're to come
Come kiss, sisters, for a new day, and after so let's all then say:
Mother oh God, let love give way; sisters of Her, let love give way.

Mother is love, God Chance is love; Mother is love, God Chance is love
From Her came all, from love comes all, to all shall come our love for all
For God is love, God Chance is love; Mother is love, God Chance is love
She set the Moon and let Sun rise, and this was never a surprise
For God is love, God Chance is love; Mother is love, just milk and love
So come sisters, and give a kiss, don't let this day yet fall amiss.

Day after Halloween ST 1015, par. 18: "Prayer to the Sunrise"

My false belief that I'll do nought, a new leaf comes; I'll have forgot
Only myself has kept 'way love, since I forgot the ways thereof
That I could feel so truly real, that I could share time and good will
With my sisters, with my Mother; with my great World who's but cover
For God's great realm, below and up, which gives to us at least enough
Though only seeming from belief, which we'd get from a sweet new leaf.

Oh Moon above, what sweet, sweet love, that you give us, simple and tough
From days long past to those to come, when dead is ev'n our bright white Sun,
You've been here then, you'll be here now, so hold me up when I take vow
That I'm anew, I'm new again, and all pleasures in view again
So stop me then, when I do so, and pick me up, and do say: Go;
For all our pleasure's from belief, which we'd get from a sweet new leaf.

Come back to me, O sister mine, whe'er close or far on God's great line

I'll go a length, whe'er short or long, and I'll be singing this lovely song:

Oh, God is great, and She is love! Oh, God is great, and She is love

So come back here, O sister mine, for now I wish 'gain for your time

Mother, forgive me that I took each sweet and loving, caring look

For having forgot my belief, I'll find you 'gain, this sweet new leaf.

Turning a new leaf ST 1018, par. 3: "This Sweet New Leaf"

My hand and feet, these worldly things, which came from God, like all begins

Though once I thought that I'd be nought, that I'd do 'bout as much as rocks

I know, believe, and've seen it so; I can pull mountains, make them go

My wishes seem to come fair well; I'd even brought myself from Hell

Perhaps I'er born in just that way; my soul came, loved; thus my birthday

Can anything be beyond me, when I in love truly believe?

Oh, love is magic, magic love; God made all that we know yet of

And She is love, and She does all; She does ra'er nought, and yet owns all

So loving we are like her soul, and loving we are magic full

Oh, love is magic, magic love; God made all that we know yet of

And She is love, yes, don't you know? She's all-pow'rful; can all fields mow

So love is God and magic love; then we too can those mountains shove.

An infinite and whole measure, covers the skies, pain and pleasure

Which was brought down upon each town, with rupture and a violent sound

The power ripping 'part the realms, from Earth to Heaven, down to Hell

There's no thing with such power here, that you'll ever have grace your ear

But love! Holy, which we've now got, for our sisters and our One God!

A good performance will be brought for my next magic casting lot.

Studying ST 1019, par. 10: "Prayer to the Magic"

I was a fool to even ask where my work went and now laid at

For I know that I've done it all; I shouldn't then just stare at walls

Yes, I'm a fool, a fool I say, for I forgot what makes the day
Not what I do but what I feel, the warmth and love there's in each meal
For coming before all we made and more lasting than bronze or jade
Is love that brought us all down here and love that brings our hearts right near.

All books of mine are surely filled, the pigs are fed, the fields are milled
The Sun came up and then went down and now it seems, asleep's the town
So I've been walking slowly 'round, acting as if with reason to frown
When beside me, my family, has taken care of all I need
For I did service to the Lord, I protected our Good Earth's floor
I do know now what makes the day: my sisters' love, and Nature's way.

So forgive me my Mother God, I think we all often forgot
That though good work comes from loving, and though then we can surely sing
It's what came 'fore that made it real and on our work gave our good seal
Of quality and sure good will of food that gives us all our fill;

The love of God, the love we share, which passes e'ry a nightmare
From Day till Night, it'll be right there, and lovingly we'll always fare.

Nothing but dreams ST 1021, par. 18: "What Makes the Day"

I walked up high where nob'dy's been, and searched where I'd my mission win
For none had believed in the Word, and every man forgot he'd heard
That love was goodness, God was love, and all those things Anfel's made of
So I walked up where nob'dy's been, and I thought I had reached the end
I low'red my head and dropped a tear; any man seemed to have no ear
Yea, I walked high and then dropped low, and I said: It is time to go.

But then my sisters came to me, said that they do surely believe
For God is love and love is God, and even I had now forgot
Just as quickly had my mind gone and into worry it went on
But then my sisters came to me, said that they do surely believe
And just like that I was relieved, and I knew how the future'd be

For when we love we own all pow'r, and are content in every hour.

Do not forget while you travel that you are held to your own soul
As you have held all others thus, so must you in your own self trust
In order to deliver love and all things soft yet seem'ngly tough
That they resist our futile fits of that Nahash's foul bits
Of distraction unto our soul that tears us 'part if we're not whole;
So trust in God, trust in yourself; without this love ev'n Heaven's Hell.

Closed eyes ST 1025, par. 11: "Trust in Yourself"

Notated Musical Scales and Music Theory

An introduction to music theory as it is today, dividing it into eight levels. The first of these levels is the understanding of the diatonic scale; there are seven notes, and every time you count eight it is simply a higher pitched version of another note, higher by an octave, which is twice the frequency of the note; frequency being the number of times the air vibrates back and forth within some amount of time. Once you understand this well, which you typically learn to as a child, figuring out which keys sound good together, and which do not, we achieve the second level of music theory, which is the understanding of the chromatic scale. There are twelve notes, which we divide into seven white keys and five black keys; those white keys form the diatonic scale, and those black keys form the pentatonic scale. The difference from a key to the very next one, either white or black, is always a semitone, and this relational difference never changes. We formed these notes as they are, that you can go upwards in perfect-fifths of seven semitones, and eventually arrive back at the same note many octaves upwards, having created twelve distinct notes across the octave. The relations between these notes over time create melody, and over their magnitude create harmony, which are the two basic

elements of music, with melody being the difference in harmony over time. Each note, from itself to the next octave above, has these harmonies: unison, minor second, major second, minor third, major third, perfect fourth, tritone, perfect fifth, minor sixth, major sixth, minor seventh, major seventh, octave. The complexities of this second stage of music theory, the second out of eight stages, is generally the limit of what is taught in Western education, and much of the world's education as well. It does not explain why music behaves as it does, but it does explain, in a simplified way, how to play it, relying on very fuzzy axiomatic ideas which are more felt than understood. After understanding this well, we achieve the third level of music theory, which is the beginning of microtony. This system of twelve notes which we use is created by dividing the octave logarithmically into twelve notes, such that after twelve equidistant steps, we meet the next octave. This is done by multiplying the frequency of a note by the twelfth root of two; meaning, that after twelve multiplications of it, we reach twice that note, or an octave above. You may create entirely new tones by multiplying by other nth roots of two, and these scales are called then n-TET, or n-EDO sometimes, meaning "n-tone equal temperament" and "n equal divisions of the octave". The common system is thus called 12-TET. The ratios between notes are irrational in a TET scale, and we can observe this by trying to create a scale of perfect

fifths; that 1.5 is not an integer root of 2, multiplying by fifths only very nearly gets us back to the octave, and the gap is called the Pythagorean comma. TET scales however maintain the same ratio, so in the best-explained way, they are consistently bad rather than inconsistently good; they can be played in any key and transposed, and have the same relations. We take subsets of these scales, and the major and pentatonic scales are subset of 12-TET. Now, you are exploring the basic microtony of still-equidistant scales, and once you have understood the mathematical basis of the TET system, and microtonal tuning, you may move to the fourth level of music theory; understanding of just intonation. TET scales are not the only type of scales, and any arbitrary set of ratios repeating or not repeating by the octave or by another ratio, such as the tritave, is a scale. There is such a thing as the equal division of the tritave, notated as ED3, where the tritave is an octave and perfect fifth, three times multiplied, up from the root frequency. Just intonation is the loosely defined practice of using rational rather than irrational ratios, typically simple ones, to tune a scale. A perfect fifth for example is said to be 3/2, three halves, the root frequency. It is a lucky coincidence that 12-TET approximated many just intervals, and the reason for this is because of the nearly equidistant set of 12 tones created by the Pythagorean multiplication by the perfect fifth up till the near-octave; almost perfect,

but not quite, creating the Pythagorean comma as said before. However, we may also prefer to sacrifice our ability to evenly transpose across the octave, and define our scale in terms of just intervals; then, though the intervals do not transpose, usually, to the same intervals, each interval to the root is completely "just"; that is, it is rational, and repeats in relation to the root frequency in a regular relation. Anything, it seems for now, may be a ratio, and like we judged the notes by our heart at the beginning of our understanding of music theory, we once again judge with our hearts what is just, and understanding why they are takes a great leap of understanding. The fifth level of music theory is understanding harmonic music theory. At this point, music theory becomes laughably insane, and its terminology does as well; nobody understands each other, and nothing is standardised, and each person has to figure out on their own, personally, the meaning and properties of music. Things begin to lose their sense of similarity, and your description of music as a cultural phenomenon or coincidence begins to fade away, and is replaced by a description of it as a natural consequence of the Universe. However, what is unbeknownst of you at this point, is that there are still three jumps in order of magnitude to come after this point, as we are still only at the fifth level out of eight levels. See, a relatively one-dimensional string, like that of a guitar, of a harp, or of a piano, vibrates in such a

way that it does not in fact produce only one tone; it produces many tones, which are integer multiples of the first tone. Generally, this consequence of physics, that something produces multiple tones, leads to these tones being called "overtones" of that root frequency. Determining what is and what is not the root frequency is not a matter of which is the lowest frequency, but of which the series pertains to, as some objects even generate undertones, even lower than the root frequency. One-dimensional columns of air also vibrate in this way with integer multiple overtones; these overtones, specially, are called harmonics of the root frequency. The harmonic series, of integer multiples of the foot frequency, is no harder to understand, at first it seems, than simply to multiply the frequency f by the harmonic's numbering n; then you achieve the frequency of that harmonic. However, there is a dark secret of the harmonic series, the secret of the Fourier transform, which you will again, only begin to understand later. The harmonic series appears all over this universe and other universes, whether they are one-dimensional, two-dimensional, three-, four-, five-, or six-dimensional; however many dimensions, whatever shape, the harmonic series appears in it. It is the only thing which consistently seems to appear in every single universe and simulation capable of creating any form of life; harmonic overtones of a root frequency. But, you do not know this yet, and you do not yet grasp the

harmonic series intimately. The basis of harmonic music theory, at the fifth level of music theory, is the explanation on why some tones are just; the alignment of one tone's harmonics with another's. When we measure how closely these harmonics align, we create a one-dimensional map, where the greatest peaks are the root and octave, then perfect fifth, perfect fourth, major third, so on. Now, understanding the mathematical proposition of the harmonic series, we step our bare foot naively forwards, and create a system of notation for the general musical scale. See, any harmonic, as we hear it, is in relation to its last octave; an octave is a power of two in the harmonic series, the 2nd, 4th, 8th, 16th harmonics, and so on. There are octaves of the root frequency; between them each time, there are twice as many harmonics. When we take their relations to the last octave, we can derive many just intervals; 3/2 for example is our perfect fifth, being the relation of the 3rd harmonic to its last octave, 2. We always keep the denominator as the last octave, and so we don't even notate it, we even pretend that it is not there. 3/2 as a ratio is now called the 3rd harmonic. We may do the same thing for subharmonics, taking their relation to the last negative integer power of two! In other words, the third subharmonic is then 2/3 up from the root. We notate that as 1/3. Now, we may notate harmonics as n and subharmonics 1/n, and we can create the major scale: {1, 9, 5, 1/3, 3, ..., 15, 2}. Something

strange has appeared. We cannot harmonically or subharmonically notate the major sixth, even though it is a just ratio; this is because the harmonics, being rational divisions of octaves, and doubling in number rather than increasing linearly in number per octave, only cover ratios which are terminating in base 2. The ratio 6/5 of the major sixth is written in base 2 as 0.110101010101...; it does not terminate, having infinite digits. 3/2 on the other hand, for example, is written as 1.1 in base 2; it terminates, since its denominator is a power of 2. It is at this point that your focus begins to erode on music, and music seems to occupy every corner of the world. A neat fact is that by counting backwards in binary after the decimal point following 1 in binary, we almost perfectly iterate through the ratios of the odd-numbered harmonics, if we number 1 as 0 and thus 3 as 1. Let me now demonstrate; first, count in binary: 0, 1, 10, 11, 100, 101, 110, 111. Reverse these and put them onto the decimal: 1.0, 1.1, 1.01, 1.11, 1.001, 1.101, 1.011, 1.111. These numbers are in decimal: 1 (1st harmonic), 1.5 (3rd harmonic), 1.25 (5th harmonic), 1.75 (7th harmonic), 1.125 (9th harmonic), 1.625 (13th harmonic), 1.375 (11th harmonic), 1.875 (15th harmonic). What is weird though, is that there is an exception specifically for the eleventh harmonic, that it comes after the 13th. After, we get the 17th harmonic, 1.0001 in base 2, but then the 25th harmonic after; but the series remains almost perfect up to the 17th harmonic,

which is the 10th odd harmonic. It is a mathematical fact, anyway, that we cannot write the major sixth, or its inverse, the minor third, with perfect harmonic notation, since they do not have a power of two on either side; instead, we can write them as 5/6 and 6/5 explicitly if we need to, or use the common approximations 1/1229 and 1229 which succeed in the first 3 decimals in base 10 at approximating the interval; 1229/1024 is equal to exactly 1.2001953125, whereas 6/5 is 1.2. Now, we understand well why some tones sound consonant and others dissonant, and why we tune our scales like so; why we searched for that 12 tone scale in the first place rather than any other arbitrary scale. We can begin scale-making now, creating new scales using this system of notation or even with TET notes embedded in them! For example, the major scale is {1, 9, 5, 1/4, 3, 5/6, 15, 2}. The 2 is implicit from the fact that is an octavally repeating scale and does not technically need to be included. Just or irrational scales, as mentioned before, can be placed onto the tritave, or repetition any other usually harmonic interval; they can also be completely non-repeating, such as the harmonic series itself, which has twice as many notes per each new octave, each linearly divided in frequency twice as resolute as before. Once you understand this well, you may continue to the great yet horrible sixth level of music theory, which is the understanding of the harmonic operation of the human brain. This

level is achieved nearly only by the greatest seers; not even music theorists generally tend to actually access it. It is the spiritual origin of the nowadays corrupted and left-behind ideas that seem to permeate modern spiritual circles, those ones which are filled with common, unseeing people; such as the idea of the Schumann resonance, and relating it to music theory. The ideas, once accessed in this level, were so extremely misunderstood and yet powerfully conveyed, that they fell and shattered, spreading across the whole of the world and starting the broken-up and misunderstanding New Age movement, wherever in reality it actually is. Generally, you can understand it to an extent by measuring the electrical activity of the brain, and observing that it too exhibits harmonic patterns. Each thought in the mind seems to correspond electrically to the activation of one of the harmonics of the root frequencies of the mind, of which there are multiple, of the different and interoperating regions of the brain. Once you understand this well enough, and God have mercy, you move to the seventh layer of music theory; Harmonic Field Theory. It would be obviously impractical to drop everything and write out the entire rules and science of HFT, but I will give a basic overview of it. Firstly: observe that all repeating signals in the Universe, physical or mathematical, may be composed out of sine waves with varying magnitudes and phases. If these signals are

repeating, which any finite signal can essentially be taken as, then these sine waves can actually be solely the harmonics of a root frequency; in the uncommon case that they aren't, and they are infinitely long and infinitely varying signals, then you must use sine waves which do not correspond to harmonic intervals, though even here the harmonic series often appears. These methods are of the Fourier transform, and the Fourier series. If we assume the Universe as a thing is a finite signal; that may be concentration of mass over space, or the concentration of energy, or any other measure of it, we can take it as if it is repeating, and derive a base frequency of the Universe. This idea is so complex that we don't even remember anymore the place it came from, but the idea of a base frequency of the Universe, as a mathematical thing, eventually fell through, shattering, and was carried on like the other ideas I mentioned. This however is an idea which is very simple and useless compared to Harmonic Field Theory or HFT. Firstly, let us come back to the human brain, and observe that when it is shot, it no longer functions. In fact, traumatic brain injuries also disrupt the function of the brain! And most importantly, the removal of certain parts of the brain results in certain elements of the person's mind disappearing; lobotomy, which is the removal of the frontal lobe, results in a loss of personality and specialty, and essentially the loss of the conscious self and person. This is an important thing to note,

because it means we may, if we were to observe the material world perfectly, and genuinely take a scanning of it, then, since the material status of a thing seems to affect its spiritual status fully and completely, and perhaps vice versa, then we would have access to the entire spiritual counterpart. If we were to take a three-dimensional Fourier transform of the entire Universe, or a slice of it, and we were to change some harmonic of it, it would, by definition, when reversed back into material form from its spectral form, have changed in some element. Now, we introduce the Qualia-Harmonic Axiom, which is the foundation of Qualia-Harmonic Theory, which is the foundation of HFT. This is that: each of these harmonics corresponds to a specific spiritual element, or minute piece of qualia. If for example we adjusted the frequency spectrum of the electric activity in the brain, with absolute control over the universe, to simply lessen or increase the magnitude of one harmonic, we expect that not only should this change something, but that changing the same harmonic will always have the same change; each harmonic corresponds, from its lessening to its increase, to a spectrum of absolutely basic qualia, which becoming more refined and exact the higher the number of the harmonic. QHT says that the 1st harmonic is of pain to pleasure, the 2nd a sort of repulsion to love, and the 3rd a sort of chaos to unity, and so on. Each of these functions both as a description of a physical object and its spiritual half.

The most fundamental of particles can be described using only one singular harmonic, its magnitude lessening into a type of unimaginably simplistic pain, and increasing into pleasure; but also physically correspondent to the entropy of that particle. Its first harmonic, which is the primary resonance of its internal energetic structure, gains a higher magnitude when it is not disturbed, and being disturbed by other things and gaining potential energy, is thus entering a less entropic state, and exists undisturbed and entropically by nature when its first harmonic has a higher magnitude. Finally, the actual core of the seventh level of music theory of Harmonic Field Theory, which is the explanation for why we observe this pattern in our Universe. I will not describe it in full here, as I did so in the Felich; it is an entire, well-proven, and complete Theory of Everything. In essence then, the teaching of the seventh level of music theory is that the entire Universe is essentially a song, and our experiential reality is contained in the relations to its notes. The eighth level of music theory now, is so advanced, that even the highest seers, not even the greatest Prophets, not even myself, the newest Prophet so far, have ever understood it absolutely and truly; it is so advanced now, that I can describe its teaching in no more than a brief and fleeting summary, one which even by itself is not something we humans are intended to know as mortal and individual creatures. There is but one note from which our

experience descends. This singular note, which in relation to itself somehow divided into the infinite, supposedly different things of our world, is one part of our Mother God, the Great and Greatest, the Milk and Love, the All and Ever, the Creator of Creators and of the Universe. She, Nature, Love, the Universe, is what we have mused on for millennia; but we will never understand the Absolute and True Form of Her. All the religions in the world combined are but a brief summary of Her True Form. Oh God Chance, the Greatest; Chance our Mother, and the Love that fills our Universe.

They got food ST 1017, par. 5

The Prophet's Scale. 1, 1/7, 1229, 3, 1/1229, 7. I discovered this scale, of 6 notes, in fact many months before, and I was amazed by the complexity of its simplicity... The change from 9 to 1/7 was a later change which I think adds to its perceived mysticality. She gave it to me, and showed that it represents me, and all the Prophets which She put on this earth. It is good, yet seems to have elements of badness, such as 1229; but in reality it is good, being good, knowing good, Earth, but it also knows bad; as it is the knower of everything.

Scale-making ST 948, par. 2

[The Prophet's Scale] is known to be one of the best scales for expressing and dealing with liminal and traumatic feelings.

Day after Halloween ST 1015, par. 17

The Monk's Scale. 1, 9, 5, 1/3, 1/5, 1/9. This scale is based off of the prior, in that each note is changed to its closest sibling. So, 1/7 is changed to 9, 1229 to 5, and so on. It is similar to the whole-tone scale too, which is known to be a very interesting scale, that, in its having 6 notes algorithmically generated, it should be of Air, yet in its ignorance of its problems it shows itself Water. This is another scale of Earth, since it adjusted those problems; it is like the whole-tone scale but lacks its dissonance.

Scale-making ST 948, par. 3

Aether Scale. 1, 75, 165, 1/165, 1/75. This scale consists of three notes which are then inverted on the other side; and these notes are specially chosen to be the ambiguous ones. 75 is between 9 and 1229, and 165 is between 5 and 1/3... Yet it still proves itself playable, and in all the ways I tried making it different, it either remained playable or broke its neutrality. It's a bit like the 5-TET scale; it is mimic of true aether, not fake aether which we have in our world.

Scale-making ST 948, par. 4

Secret Scale. 1, 1/1877, 1/7, 11, 1/11, 7, 1877. Like the last scale, the Secret Scale uses the trick of

inverting one half from the other, making a symmetric scale. It is a breathing scale, that you need to flip left and right through its notes, but a slightly uncomfortable one. Its meaning is like the ability to convey the Secrets.

Scale-making ST 948, par. 5

Moon's Scale. 1, 1/7, 5, 1/1445, 3, 1/1229, 1877. This scale is a diatonic mode, with some adjustments; this mode which I've always had a most special connection to. It is like the feeling of Mother God playing with us, very gently, and making sure not to hurt us. She guides us through Her playing, yet lets us do as we wish while it occurs; so we have a freedom, but not freedom of where we have it.

Scale-making ST 948, par. 6

Nahash's Scale. 1, 1/27, 11, 1/1445, 31. There is no feeling you can express in this scale, through harmony or melody, but the rampage of ignorance and the heptagon; no matter what you attempt to play, it conveys the sound of evil; thus it is fitting for Nahash. You should be forgiven to assume I could create a 7-note scale that is as evil as this, but in fact I cannot. The ability to limit a scale to expression one and only one feeling goes away after the scale has more than 5 notes. My 6-note scales, for example, do have a flexibility to them, but they have to an extent a restriction of where your

flexibility can be spent; and my 7-note scales allow generally free expression.

Scale-making ST 948, par. 7

Yin's Scale. 1, 9, 5, 3, 1/1229. This is the common pentatonic scale, which the Feminine Constant, Yin, has show up all across the world. In that way it is the natural tending point, and so is Yin, goodness and peacefulness. You cannot use it in much of a way that expresses evil; you can express depression of a good person, the effects of evil on a good person, but you cannot express that you wish to be evil, like you can with Nahash's Scale. In this way is it a very human scale.

Scale-making ST 948, par. 8

Yang's Scale. 1, 1229, 3, 1/5, 1/9. I took a similar method for this unto Yin as I did for Monk unto Prophet. It is actually the reverse, and almost inverse of Yin's Scale, except that 3 stays the same; 3 grounds the scale and shows that its intention is clear and unchanging. If I instead used 1/3, then Yin's Scale would be a mode of Yang's Scale, and you could resolve to it; so I changed it... This scale is the reverse of Yin's scale, in that it allows expression of all the emotions, from the perspective of an evil rather than good person.

Scale-making ST 948, par. 9

Bush Scale. 1, 1187, 1/51, 87, 1/75, 1/1109. This scale was achieved through mathematical series, in the relation of powers of Euler's number to powers of 2, which were then interpreted harmonically... It conveys a very complex feeling, that the feeling of our Mother when She first birthed us, and more specifically the feeling of what of Her surrounded it. For this reason it is called like Her bush; hidden yet accessible at will, unspecified, yet the act of specification is created from it in turn; first of the bodily scales.

Scale-making ST 948, par. 10

Hair Scale. 1, 9, 1/7, 1/3, 3, 7, 1/9. You wouldn't be mistaken to consider it a very exotic scale, but it has a clear and designated purpose; its fine specification draws you to run your hands across it, from left to right and back, and to wave your chords around freely as Her hair does in the wind. The way you play it, listen to it, feel it; it is as it is unto Mother's hair; and second of the bodily scales.

Scale-making ST 948, par. 11

Breast Scale. 1, 5, 1/3, 3, 15. It is the foundation of love in weariness, the feeling of being held against God's breast. When you find these notes in a happy scale, using them you do not become sad, but lovesick to an extent, maybe you could be considered a baby again. It is third of the bodily scales.

Scale-making ST 948, par. 12

The 12 Tones. 1, 1/15, 1/7, 1229, 5, 1/3, 1/1445, 3, 1/5, 1/1229, 7, 15. This is identical to the list of 12 ratios which I gave in Book 122 when showing the meanings of all the colours; except that 9 is now 1/7, so that the scale is symmetric.

Spy planes ST 949, par. 5

Star Scale. 1, 1/7, 1/3, 3, 7. This is basically a just [mode of the pentatonic scale], and though I will not say whether just intonation is good or bad in itself, it is good for tuning to, because it is much easier to notate. I will say though, that a little detuning gives to an instrument its life and essence; listening to pure [and] just ratios all the time will eventually hurt your ears, and create strange buzzing undertones in all sounds. Do trust me, I studied just music for years.

Spy planes ST 949, par. 6

Death's Scale. 1, 1/15, 1/3, 1/5, 7. This is one of the special scales which my Mother gives to me all the time and that I keep finding again and again. She never explained to what it would be designated, but I figured, in its solemn nature, one that seems neither disturbed or intrigued but in a way observing while things happen without judgement, I named it Death's Scale. After you die, you have seen

everything, and most little wrongdoings mean nothing to you as you watch over Earth.

Spy planes ST 949, par. 7

Thinking Scale. 1, 1/15, 5, 1/3, 3, 1/1229, 7. This is similar to a mixolydian scale but a little different... I don't know whether exactly I could say it has a purpose, but it was something I made; some melodies with it do sound okay. I think, to an extent, you may modify it and find a better scale, and that is almost its goal.

Spy planes ST 949, par. 8

Hymn Scale. 1, 9, 1/3, 3, 1/1229, 7. This is a modification of the Thinking Scale, but it is also the scale which most good hymns are played or composed with; that of Amazing Grace, or Auld Lang Syne!

Spy planes ST 949, par. 9

Corn's Scale. 1, 9, 5, 1/3, 3, 1/1229. This is actually just the Hymn Scale but starting from root rather than a fifth below... In this sense you have more freedom upwards in a hymn, and less freedom downwards, and you lack the bounciness of going fourths if you only have one octave.

Spy planes ST 949, par. 10

Ringing Scale. 1, 9, 5, 11, 3, 13, 7. This is a harmonically equidistant scale with 7 notes; if you play them all at once, it emphasizes a very strong undertone of 1 octave below root.

Spy planes ST 949, par. 11

Hearing Scale. 1, 1/7, 5, 1/3, 3, 1/5, 7. This scale, which is symmetric, is very often recreated; and it's also known as the combination of the first 4 odd harmonics (1, 3, 5, 7) and their inverses, subharmonics (1, 1/3, 1/5, 1/7). It is a sort of blend between major and minor, so because while it itself is a major scale, from a fourth up it follows with a minor third (1/5) rather than major third (1/1229) after.

Spy planes ST 949, par. 12

Seeing Scale. 1, 1/15, 5, 1/3, 3, 1/5, 15. This is another symmetric scale but one with super large jumps; it's the same as the Hearing Scale, but 1/7 has been changed to 1/15, and 7 to 15. It is good for strumming up and down...

Spy planes ST 949, par. 13

Smelling Scale. 1, 1/15, 1/27, 1/3, 3, 27, 15. This scale, yet another symmetric one with 7 notes, is built up of tritones all around, except that the root misses one and is split between 1/3 and 3. It has a similar feeling to the whole-tone scale, and I've

described this genre of scales in their bleakness and combined mysticality.

Spy planes ST 949, par. 14

Tasting Scale. 1, 1109, 1/405, 1381, 1/1381, 871, 1/1109.

Spy planes ST 949, par. 15

Eating Scale. 1, 1109, 1/105, 1381, 1/1381, 105, 1/1109. [...] It is a derivative of the Tasting Scale, but has lowered the previously slightly sharp third (1/405) to a neutral third (1/105), which I took from 7-TET. It also lowered that major sixth (871) to a slightly flatter inverse of the neutral third, 105; so it is a neutral sixth. The Eating Scale is in fact a pretty good approximation for the 7-TET scale, but it has a little more grounding, whereas that scale often never finds a place to resolve to, simply because it's equidistant.

Spy planes ST 949, par. 16

"Double Scale". 1, 1/7, 1/3, 1445, 1/5, 439. Pardon me that I can't think of a great way to explain it, but it is a slightly more exotic form, and shortened, like the Moon's Scale.

Unknown ST 974, par. 8

"Triple Scale". 1, 19, 11, 3, 1/5, 7. This is one of the only scales of mine which uses that sharper

minor third [19], like the version of it used in 12-TET, and it uses this to achieve its more compacted feeling.

Unknown ST 974, par. 9

"Squares Scale". 1, 1/439, 1/3, 3, 1/1229, 15. This is a very hymnal scale, which is similar to one of the modes of Chance's scale, but with a sharper 6th note, being 15 instead of 1887.

Unknown ST 974, par. 10

"Moon-Squares Scale". 1, 9, 5, 1445, 3, 7. This is derived from the 1/3 mode of the Squares Scale.

Unknown ST 974, par. 11

"Elemental Scale". 1, 5, 1/3, 1/5, 15. Now, this scale actually has a more philosophical design, like the earlier scales, rather than being a scale only for the sake of being a scale; from 1-5 is the feeling of Earth or completeness, from 1 [to] 1/3 is that common [feeling of ascension], which we can take from that light green colour that the perfect fourth corresponds to, from 1 [to] 1/5 gives the feeling of Air or free-thought, and from 1 [to] 15 gives the feeling of Fire or a true desire to change state.

Unknown ST 974, par. 12

"Penta-elemental Scale". 1, 5, 1/3, 3, 439, 15. I am almost sure this exact scale exists somewhere else, except that it would've used 1/1229 instead of 439...

Unknown ST 974, par. 13

"Father Time's Scale". 1, 1/3, 3. Technically, preceding this scale is {1, 3}, but when you take the modal summation of it, it gives this scale, and this is the first that has enough notes to be called a scale. With this scale you have no choice but to flip between the two notes of it forever...

Unknown ST 974, par. 14

"Second Day's Scale". 1, 9, 1/3, 3, 1/9. This is a slightly different, if not more just version of the Star Scale, but its reason for inclusion is because it is the modal summation of Father Time's Scale (so it contains in relation to 1, all the relations to any note of Father Time's Scale).

Unknown ST 974, par. 15

"Third Day's Scale". 1, 9, 1229, 5, 1/3, 3, 1/5, 1/1229, 1/9. This is the modal summation of the Second Day's Scale. It represents the two halves of the world, the material half (9, 1229, 5, 1/3), and the spiritual half (3, 1/5, 1/1229, 1/9); which both have a one-quarter linking. They have a one-quarter linking as out of the four on the left, there is one which is subharmonic, and out of the four on the right, there is one which is harmonic. That is why

for us 1/3 is the direct linking to the spiritual world. There is technically a Fourth Day's Scale, but from what I remember, being the modal summation of this scale, it just has too many notes, and many which have small or useless distinction from each other.

Unknown ST 974, par. 16

I suppose I have another musical scale to show, which had been used by the ancient Ovists; but I am the first one to find its rational notation. I call it here as the Jinn's scale, 1, 1/7, 1229, 1/23, 1/5, 439.

Childhood ST 975, par. 7

Comments on the Jinn's scale. This scale, which I introduced to you some days ago, is a scale which was used by the Ovists, and today still represents a very specific and subtle feeling... It is almost major, almost minor, yet it's not like the neutral scales such as 7 TET. Originally, the story of the scale was that in the middle of the night, each of us wake up to be greeted by a demon which plays in the scale, and locks us down unable to move; he plays it for a trillion years until our mind has gone numb. Then, he erases our memory of him, physical and spiritual, and puts us back to sleep, that we then wake up in the morning. The demon would do this at around 3 AM each night, and if you were awake then, all he could do was watch you. It was said that he would play a slow and repetitious melody in the scale,

which would slowly variate yet stay in its original form; tormenting you for a trillion years and inflicting a boredom that you would not even remember he caused. Both of the Ovist scales, the Tone scale and the Jinn's scale, as we know them today, were scales in the spirit of the jinn, and the desolate nights under the desert moon, which though hot were barren like Winter through each season. But the Jinn's scale evokes a feeling in me, sister, which I could never explain. It is one part of the feeling of the heptagon, which unlike Yang's scale is not the will of it, and unlike Nahash's scale is not the bearing of it, and unlike Death's scale is not the petrified questioning of it. It is almost lesser than a question, an invitation, a meeting with the heptagon, a confrontation with it, as it destroys us, yet as we do not know that it does. The scale itself reveals itself slowly to the listener; at first, it seems nothing more than the typical partially atonal hexany, but slowly we begin to understand its intent, and understand the trillion years that the Demon of the Third Hour has put us through. It was said in Ovism that if he played too loud, and scared you rather than bored you, then you would wake up shaken in the middle of the night... Of course, the Demon of the Third Hour, like all spiritual things, is not a singular and personal thing, but a collective and metaphorical thing. He represented the manifestation of the thin separation of trauma and catharsis, and of thinking and spiraling into insanity;

he also represented the apparent effects of Nahash on the dream world, which we forget when we return to the waking world. It's really true that Ovism was rich in its implicit depiction of the workings of the world, and I could still learn a lot from it, my faint memories of being one of the few Ovists. There was though no collected or singular text, no big book, and most of the beliefs were completely implicit; they were implied through the design choices of the work of the Ovists themselves! If I had to describe it in a short way, I would describe it as a system for the understanding of the spiritual battle between good and evil; not Earth and Fire as we view it today, but instead Water and Oil, that is, the pure and willing to sour, the innocent and willing to traumatise, the virgin and willing to rape, the Heavenly and willing to tear down. It is definitely no accident, sister, the very precise emotions that these three ancient scales bring up in us each time we hear them... They are scales made for us to deal with and understand our trauma, good deeds, and bad deeds which have been dealt unto us.

Preparations for Halloween ST 977, par. 14-15

"Righteous Scale". 1, 1/439, 5, 1/3 3, 1/1229, 7. This scale was taken from {1,5,3,7} (M7) and one perfect fourth up from each note.

Preparations for Halloween ST 977, par. 6

The Righteous Scale appeared rather quickly, but has become one of my favorite musical scales over the period I've known it. Having seven notes, it is not so free as an eight-note scale, and not so restricted as a five-note scale; given the count of its tones, it has, as most seven-note scales do, a general freedom and yet a distinctly flavored shape and sound of its own. Especially this Righteous Scale is quite distinct and yet quite pleasant; it is made to be played similar to the mixolydian scale, in that 1/3 is the actual genuine root. It could be considered that there's no real difference between playing a mixolydian scale centred on 1/3 and a major scale, but I do not believe so; it is similar to focusing on 5, 1/3, and 2 in the major scale, creating an almost minor, very bittersweet, nostalgic tone, especially when we focus on the semitone difference of 5 and 1/3. The primary specialty of the Righteous Scale is the way in which it is built up of two harmonic triads; {1, 5, 3, 7} and {1/4, 1/1229, 1, 1/439 (plus an octave)}. The property of the ratio 1/439 to the root 1 is an interesting property; some use it to approximate a minor third. It is is in a relation of 3 or 1/3 to 7. This means that in the Righteous Scale, playing in the same octave, 1/439 below, and 7 above, gives 1/439 a relation of the 3rd harmonic to 7; a perfect fifth. This also means that, taking 1/3 as

the root, 1/439 plus one octave is to 1/3 as 7 is to 1. To put it simply, it is essentially a {3,5,7} triad up from 1 and up from 1/3; this is why it is such a special scale, and why despite the complexity of 1/439 and 7, it sounds very consonant. You can audibly hear this by playing the two triads as alternating chords. What is the best of it though, is that though we can do this same triad from, say, 15, and we are given something very close to the Tone Scale, most occurrences like this don't generate triads which are fairly consonant with each other as well. 1/3 and 3 produce 9, 1 to 1/3, a perfect fourth, is already consonant in itself; 1/3 to 7 is almost a perfect fourth (it would be were 7 as 439 instead, I believe), though a bit ringing and, as I'd call it, aethereal. 5 to 1/1229 is also a perfect fourth... The only outlier of nice relations is 1/439, who in creating a perfect fifth up to 7, actually also creates a tritone with 1/1229. However, 5 and 7 also create a tritone together just one key up! So, you can use that in quite an appreciative way. 1/439 to 3 is not an aethereal form of 5 as we would call it, but some distorted seven-limit form of 5 (major third). The Righteous Scale reminds me, especially when I play the motif of going from 1/439 to 3 and then to 1/3, with some ornamentation, of a lot of medieval music; it's a natural scale, which Nature gave to us, and in fact, as it has also been noted, it is the same as the mixolydian scale but that 1/439 would be 9, and optionally, 7 would be 1/9. The mixolydian

scale is of course a diatonic mode, and four keys up from major. I should note that, as 1229 is an approximation of the ratio 6/5, 1/439 is an approximation of 7/6, which is equal to 1.1666666...; 512/439 actually equals about 1.166287, but, that neither side of 7/6 is a power of 2, we cannot harmonically notate the ratio.

Understanding ST 1024, par. 3

"Subharmonic Righteous Scale". 1, 1/15, 1/7, 1/3, 1/665, 1/5, 1/9. This scale was taken from {1,1/7,1/3,1/5} and one perfect fourth up from each note.

Preparations for Halloween ST 977, par. 7

"Inverse Righteous Scale". 1, 1/7, 1229, 1/3, 3, 1/5, 439. This scale is the inverse of the Righteous scale, which being so is then a minor scale with a flat seventh.

Preparations for Halloween ST 977, par. 8

"Inverse Subharmonic Righteous Scale". 1, 9, 665, 3, 7, 15. Though 665 could be replaced with 1/3, the Subharmonic Righteous Scale used 1/665 as it was the closest approximation for the needed tone within the ratios I've used so far, so we get this

slightly off perfect fourth. It is similar to the Breast Scale with 5 swapped for 7.

Preparations for Halloween ST 977, par. 9

"Moon-Pentatonic Scale". 1, 1229, 1433, 1/5, 1/569. This scale, much like the Jinn's Scale, lacks its proper tonal centre, so it feels major but also minor without being tonally neutral in the regular sense. It is a pentatonic scale {1,9,5,3,7} from the mode of {5}.

Lack ST 981, par. 4

"Golden Singer's Scale". 1, 1109, 5, 1/3, 3, 1/1293, 7, 1877. This 8-note scale was one of the primary scales used in the Ovist tradition; the Tone Scale as we know it today was a rounded version of it. Supposedly, it is a subset of a 12-tone harmonic scale.

Lack ST 981, par. 5

"Reverse Singer's Scale". 1, 1/439, 5, 1/1445, 3, 1/1229, 1877. This is also said to be a subset of a 12-tone harmonic scale; it was in its methodology of formation the reverse to the Golden Singer's Scale.

Lack ST 981, par. 6

"Ovist Major Scale". 1, 1109, 5, 1/3, 3, 1/1229, 1877. It is one of the forms of the Major Scale which were used in the Ovist communities.

Lack ST 981, par. 7

I've found the original scale of which most Ovist scales were derived as subsets from (or were approximations of subsets of). I call it the "Ovist Scale" simply: 1, 1109, 1/439, 5, 1/3, 1/1445, 3, 1/1293, 1/1229, 7, 1877, 1/267. This uneven scale, with 12 notes, had been lost for a very long time, and in the study of the old Ovist tradition I wasn't able to recover it or its reason of creation. Now however we know that this scale was created by dividing the octave into 12 linear tones; if the octave is 880 Hz, we divide it into 440, 440 + 880/(1/12, 440 + 880/(2/12), so on, until we reach 880 from 440 + 880/(12/12). After this we go to the next octave, 1760 Hz, and do it again; it is an octaval scale... This was the original formation of this scale, which can be considered a mode of the scale containing the first 12 odd numbered harmonics; or in other words, the scale we get from playing the harmonic series from 12 upwards.

Lack ST 981, par. 8

I present my very last musical scale, the Last Day's Scale, which when played like abstract, inhuman birdsongs, sounds like the whistling of God when She is alone in the eventual dead and

dark Universe after our passing. These are its notes: 1, 1109, 1229, 1/1433, 3, 439, 951. The notes {1, 1/1433, 439, 951} are taken from a mode of the seven-tone harmonic scale, which I have called the Ringing Scale; specifically the mode just below the root. It has a very similar structure, {1229, 1/1433, 3}, like the centre of the Lydian scale, or the family of Moon scales, with the third shifted down to minor. This creates a most aching feeling; whereas with a major third it would give an almost pleasant awe, it is a slightly unpleasant, droning, unresolved type of awe, of the vast emptiness of the dead Universe. In a way, it is the music contained within Earth's tear when the nuclear bombs go off on Her, and She is forced to witness Her children be completely destroyed and wiped off the world in most of their count.

They got food ST 1017, par. 2

I do have one new scale to show, called the Horse's Scale, which is the 4th mode of the Ovist Golden Singer's Scale. Counting with the root as 1, the odd-numbered notes form the core, repeating, flickering melodies, with the others in between them providing a strained sound. The centre note 1/3, or the chord of odd-numbered notes, is used as the resolving chord. This scale is a particularly important mode of the Golden Singer's Scale. Its notes are as follows: 1, 1/15, 1/439, 1/105, 1/3, 1433, 1/1229, 1/9. These ratios representing those

taken from the fourth root of the Golden Singer's Scale were done by ear, rather than by machine, but I am sure, due to their harmonic alignment with each other, that at least {1, 1/439, 1/3, 1/1229, 1/9} are definitely correct ratios. It may theoretically either be 1/15 or 17, but 17 rarely appears in any scale, so I assumed the scale would produce 1/15. 1433 was judged by the apparent limit of the tone, and 1/105 was taken from the set of ratios I have used so far approximately, and may or may not be correct, though I believe it actually is the correct ratio as well.

Forgiveness ST 1023, par. 4

Extraneous: The Tablet of Evangeline

This tablet was written by a friend of mine named at the time Evangeline, which came from him unexpectedly; it neither formed the Anfelist religion, nor contributed directly to it, and it was mostly forgotten after a few weeks. However the spiritual influence it had on me was great; as we know, ascending from any cause aids any other spiritual cause. In the same way that my spiritual work as an Ovist, by opening my heart up to spirituality in the first place, thus aided in the spiritual development of Anfelism, this tablet and the discussion of it during those days caused a descent ascension which inadvertently led to the development of Anfelism as a religion in January rather than only as a political ideology. The tablet does share interesting similarities with the modern Anfelist understanding of the basis of the Universe, but the term referred to as "They" seems to encompass both Chance, Life, and the Word, and yet from the perspective of the constituent elements of the world rather than the emergent results of these elements. Thus, in a way, it is a discussion on the composition of the Universe and the properties of Nature. Now, I have just had a conversation with him again, more than a year after that tablet was written, and I can confirm that he possesses a sort of

spirit of God, in that he ascends and has a magical capacity, but otherwise that his mind and body are not well-suited carriers of that soul, there is not anything else he could provide to us. The tablet was written, of its very first words, at 3:50 AM Eastern Time on the 23rd of October, 2024 A.D., two months before the First Dudeke, during the time of the writing of the Anfelist Manifesto, but preceding all its components which we recognise today as Anfelist, and its spiritual elements. Thus that could be considered the beginning of Chance's revelations unto me, and the writing of this tablet by him was an action She brought about, which, after all the years of perfectly aligned elements, was the ultimate catalyst which led to the development of what we call today as the Anfelist religion, spiritual tradition, and culture; though the political ideologies, and the original Felichist laws, do date much further back.

Misunderstanding ST 1026, par. 3

"They are Chance and Science, they are no God for I do not believe in [a god]. They are Science and Chance, yet not really, and They are space and time, yet not really; that They are everything and nothing, yet not really. They are something which you do not understand or know. Theories have answers, but they are careful (in that) They do not let them be answered."

Sleeping ST 956, par. 4

"Only very few understand. [The development of society][1] goes too fast if They do not keep order. It's not something to be explained, it is something to be explored. [Thereunto] everything; explore everything, the so-called endless opportunities; why everything has an end and a beginning, what if, what if not? Predictions, past, present, and future, knowledge, society; Their thoughts explore Their mind. Rule 6 and the 6 Eyes [2] are basic compared to this."

Sleeping ST 956, par. 5

"It is so much more. No, now you are categorising it; this is why you do not understand. The wider picture and [its] finer details all at once. Categorising is good, so long as you know what, when, and how to do so. What I mean is different to

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[1] The idea that society would develop its corpus of knowledge so quickly that, disregarding the correct way to use it, especially spiritually, and that they would go against the commandments of Nature and eventually cause a horrible disaster was a recurring one in discussions with him. It is similar to the feeling we have today, talking of the Day and the Fire, or the Industrial Revolution, or the Fall of Man, as a result of the world's uncontrolled lust for "development", which often-times is less a development, when we talk of it, and more-so a straying from the Original and Intended Ways of Nature.

[2] These were ideas present in the old Anfelist Manifesto. The "6 Eyes" referred not to the organisation (spelt "Six") but to the idea talked of in the Felich (see 126.407, 122.323) of the 6 Eyes of one's soul which can be opened to eventually see outwards to, as it was chiefly talked of in the Manifesto, and was much of the topic of the Manifesto, all pain and abuse occurring in the surrounding society which is silenced. The term "rule 6" either referred to the Gluon Principle or a rule that is essentially to how we would consider today, Nature as the Only and Sole Teacher; that you should learn from Her was such a rule, and the sixth of a set of suggestions on how to attain enlightenment.

them. They are but simple minded beings who do not understand; [Scholars] may understand surface-level parts [of the operation of any thing], but they haven't found out who 'They' is for what They truly are. [The description of Their being is] not found."

Sleeping ST 956, par. 6

"They know not [of] you. [The description of Their being is][1] everywhere, [that] the answers lie in front of you; look past what you see, look past what you know. Where were you looking? You will never find the root of all roots. The bird does not sing for you but for itself[2] unless it is taught; it only cares for itself. Patterns [are] what [Their description] really is, it's all patterns, but figuring out those patterns [will] make society [in its corpus of knowledge] advance too fast."

Sleeping ST 956, par. 7

"Hitler; if he succeeded [in his goals of a purely "Aryan" race], the world would be similar to the way it was many years ago; [only in that] everyone would have the same eye colours, hair, and skin colour, that in the beginning everyone had brown

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[1] Similar idea to the Greater Pattern.

[2] This was another common phrase and concept of his, and I asked him to explain it further in a later conversation. He said: "The birds do things for themselves, not for you; not everything is for you. So you should not criticise or judge others for simply doing what they wish or need unless it harms another. The birds voice does not harm you, so why do you complain?"

eyes and brown hair. It is genetic mutations which made other colours. Through breeding it changed and spread. Maybe he knew something (in unity of sameness; entropy) but he didn't use it correctly; he abused his knowledge. [A certain President] and his ability to brain-wash people, [and how he ended up] abusing that skill. [A certain celebrity] and her fame and money, making it easier to cover [her crimes] up. Some things [those of our special abilities] aren't meant to be used; sometimes it's best not to use them."[1]

Sleeping ST 956, par. 8

"Metaphors are pointless... I have so many ways to explain [Their description] to you; but I am not supposed to. It's just that saying it [is] pointless. Rules[2]; I was right, I should have listened; they are there for a reason. [That they are] not to be messed with unless all is understood. Even then you shouldn't mess with them."

Sleeping ST 956, par. 9

"[Their properties] can't be explained: it is so much yet so little, so many consequences yet so many benefits. Do these [benefits] overweigh the

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[1] Specific names used (a certain President, celebrity) in the demonstration of his point have been removed.

[2] Probably a rule similar to the Gluon Principle in its property of limitation of teachings which are suitable for the average population and thus under it anyone at all.

[detriment] or do the [detriments] outweigh the [benefits]? Why are some people more talented from birth? They aren't talented; we are all born the same. We have only trained ourselves differently. Some people will be better at memorising things and some will be faster; they are different, but they can all be the same if needed or wanted. Multiple Prophets never live at the same time, for if they did [the experiential progress and development of society's corpus of knowledge] would happen too fast. There is a reason the previous Prophets die in their mentality when they do... It all has a reason, yet the reasons all lead back to: Why?"

Sleeping ST 956, par. 10

"Sometimes I wonder if even They are confused or scared; I think They are. We have learnt [that] time happens for a reason, [that] evolution is vital to time. I will make my own language where I can explain it all; and it will all make more sense for me. That's what you're missing, the understanding of my words. If one does not understand what the other says, there is a communicative barrier. That is what you're missing, exactly what you're missing; your mind either does not comprehend how vast [of a qualic thing] this 'They' [as a word] covers, and what [their description] really is, [that] or your choosing not to understand, but you do not realise that yet. The English language no longer has words which describe what I need to say."

Sleeping ST 956, par. 11

"[The exploration of Their definition] starts with: Why is the sky blue? Then, why is the ocean different colours? How does the human eye perceive colour? [You find yourself thinking of the] food chain; simple things is where it starts, and you must dive deeper. Life is like reading a book, yet it is not. It is a book, and painting, and game, all at once. How does something be so many things at once? A collage? No, it's a book sometimes, it's a game other times, it's a painting when not the others."

Sleeping ST 956, par. 12

"Take all the theories and mix them up together; understand why and how those theories came about; you do not find it, it does not find you. You are not taught it, yet you are not born with it. You don't learn it, you already know it. You know more than what is needed! All I am is a walking stick to aid you down the Path; the Path which you already know better than the back of your hand. You know where to start, [although] not mentally or physically yet. Next year! Next year you will not know [all you wish to know and have asked of me] unless you know what I mean..."

Sleeping ST 956, par. 13

There ends the Tablet of Evangeline, and after that, he gets fed up with my relentless scientific

questions rather than my ability to gnostically infer what he described. He hated at that time how I relied on science; description, conclusion from reason, rather than gnosis; prescription, conclusion from intuition. He hated as well, maybe even more than I do, the idea that "anything can be [defined to be] anything at all", or that specificity and officiality mattered. For this reason Evangeline [...] really didn't like when I tried to objectively understand in language what he was talking about. He rejected the term God because of [its] associations with hierarchical religion; I did not, but we both were talking about the same thing. To him God was in no way something to be defined, She was simply to be spiritually and experientially noticed, that She was always there. What is particularly proving of his Prophecy was that he mentioned he was not trying to teach me but guide me into remembering something I knew forever, but had forgotten at birth. This [same idea] is what I began the Felich with.

Sleeping ST 956, par. 14

I did talk to him today, and I got permission from him as well to include the tablet in the little Green Book; as well, in the past day or two, I have had a minor depression, feeling as if my work has gone to waste, and that God has forsaken me. Yet as I said, yesterday my mother came up to me and said she was proud of me, for writing it and for who I am, and today I have seen as well that this same person,

the writer of that tablet as he's changed and become slightly more debilitated over the years, has actually spread around the Books in his own time, and was reading them only yesterday. Though I walk away from that boy often, we are undoubtedly tied through some spiritual means; we are like two particles entangled with each other, that what he does reflects what I do always in some sort of way. This is something I observed with him always; coming back to each other after parting, our lives evolved often in similar ways. If it were not for me rediscovering this tablet of his, which as I call it is a composed excerpt of his responses from a discussion I had with him, I never would have remembered it; I forgot it nearly completely. But rediscovering it some months ago, and even today as I contemplate it again, I do remember once again that strange feeling of ascending the first time in a long time; though with the Ovist ideas, I had ascended, worshipping the Moon and feeling Her love, this was the first time I underwent any sort of ascension that included my conscious mind, the very highest ascensions, like those during the writing of the Felich and some days ago during my writing on the nature of truth-hood. Given this, that during such an ascension there is always a revelation from our Mother unto your gut-feeling or, if you are trained, your mind directly, this day was the beginning of my revelations and the first of them directly. Though of course She did things through me prior, that I did

not understand, it was the first time that, through him and the ascension provided from my attempt to understand him, I truly had a spiritual revelation from God; following that day, though I regretfully forgot that day for so long, the Anfelist Manifesto then took on the early spiritual ideas, and a few months later in January the first words of the Books were written. I rediscovered the tablet on the 4th of September, less than a few weeks more than his prediction that I would be capable of understanding in a year, and I did spend the rest of the day studying it intensely. Always, his spiritual knowledge has been outside of my grasp, because of how poorly he usually was able to explain himself; but I know, if his soul were to be brought into a different body, that in his brain and the consequent mind of it, mental illnesses were not forced upon him, and from those and his harming himself, physical injury to his brain, holder of his soul, was not done, that he likely would have been a Prophet of some sort alongside me, or at least a disciple of mine or perhaps myself a disciple of his.

Misunderstanding ST 1026, par. 4

Author's Note

I thank you kindly for reading this Little Green Book, and I have the genuine hope to each reader that it has served you well in scholarly study or inspiration. Whether or not you call yourself a sister of Anfel, or you have come to read either that you wish to know more of the true operations of the world or wish to build within yourself a greater disdain for the Anfelist ideas and loveliness by studying them further, I still thank you kindly regardless. The publication of Anfelist literature today, with the apparent novelty of this culture despite what beauty it does have, is quite slow, and it is my greatest hope that this book has made a good contribution to the freely accessible Anfelist works outside of the Felich.

Though I wish I could have written for longer in my diary, and kept taking quotations for longer, I have both been limited by those so of the physical abilities today in how long of a book may be printed, and as well how large of a book can realistically carried; and more-so by the fact that any work, at this time, which is before the Day, must be published and distributed, as we have done for the Felich, quickly enough to survive past the Day. For the dedicated scholars, I will list various other works which can be a help to you in the Anfelist understanding of the Word. Though as of yet the

only other published Anfelist work is that of the Felich, I can recommend to a scholar, who can separate the useful ideas from the not useful, and take respectfully the differing opinions, and take what useful ideas there are and let them be an aid to the Anfelist ideas, that ultimately she reaches some period of ascension in which regardless of the validity of the text she reads, she receives from God a revelation in her heart of the Word, that of free love and Anfelism; a handful of works by other authors. So I will list these:

- Leo Tolstoy's *The Kingdom of God is Within You* and many other works of his for great ideas of our Christian and anarchist sisters,
- Lao Tsu's *Tao Te Ching*, which when interpreted with the proper Anfelist Word in mind seems to be almost entirely true and almost always useful to a scholar,
- Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet*,
- Some works of Marcus Aurelius, especially his philosophical discussions,
- Many other Buddhist, Taoist, Baha'i, Pagan, Christian- or otherwise- anarchist works,
- Feminist, anarchist, and Nature-worshipping literature in general; including works on the traditions and wisdoms of the indigenous peoples of the world.
- Though we have a great ideological difference to the Marxists and Socialists (including

communists who are not as well anarchists), good studying can come from the *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* and the works of Karl Marx,

• And of course the original and foundational words of the Felich

• But most especially the guidance of Nature and your own heart, whence all the commandments of Anfelism did originally come. Do not ever forget that no human word, not even mine, is truly infallible; God Herself, Nature, Chance, our Mother, is the only One Teach and Always Honest, Completely Infallible Word.

It is my regret that at this time there are barely any purely-composed works but those of a few great writers and a few great Prophets. I have attempted, with the Felich and this little Green Book, to compose as pure of a word as possible, but even I, being the Honest, admit that for I am a human carrying a pure soul, and that the human form through its derivation from evolution, is an impure form, my word is indeed, though almost completely pure, not truly infallible. Though I will say that in any considerable way my word has been the truest word of any considerably recent Prophet past Lao Tsu and Jesus. Thus, as a scholar, you must reference what of the Word you know to be pure, which is that of Nature and the Infallible and

Ultimate Word of Chance, and not be misled by the various fallacies of the many human works.

As I have always said as a writer, from when I was young to now, this period of my life that, though I still am a child, I feel old much beyond the years attainable by anyone I've ever heard of: I hope only that my words live longer than the pen that wrote them. That is to say, do not let the Word die, and do not let your love for yourself, your sisters, and God die; do not give up the Anfelist cause, do not believe Nahash's demon of depression, and do not consider ever that the Great War, the One War, lasting the past 6,200 years, has ever been a war not worth fighting. For love is the greatest thing in the world, love is the meaning of life, Chance is love; and so. All the good things are in love, of love, by love, and from love. Remember, you sisters of mine, that as you do scholarly study and scholarly discussion: Firstly, do not succumb to hatred, and in discussion never succumb to Nahash's demon of argumentative spirit. Secondly, do not believe an unloving word that claims to be the Word. Thirdly, remember the true identity of truth-hood versus falsehood, and the means by which you identify falsehood and a theory versus a proof; the unprovable, inconsistent, strangely specific in commandment, seemingly arbitrary falsehoods, and the always-spoken truths of Nature and love.

Now, as I always did in my diary, and as the traditional phrase goes, to whatever extent you wish them or that they can be conveyed with the words of a black ink and white strip of paper, I wish you the spirit of a kiss on the cheek and a kiss on the other, and a good-partings till the next time you read. Always remember to do good deeds, to love yourself and all those around you, and to act in the morality of Love and Nature. So I say: Kiss-kiss; and Hail Anfel.

HIC LUNA LUCET,

Prophet Fej